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THE

# MONTHLY

# RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

## VOLUME IX.

SECOND SERIES, VOLUME VII.

F. D. HUNTINGTON, EDITOR.

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# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. JANUARY, 1852. No. 1.

## THE NEW ENGLAND FATHERS.

OUR Fathers, where are they? Two hundred years have rolled over their graves. God has been merciful unto us, and blessed us, and lengthened out our lives, so that, in the measured revolutions of time, we are now brought to another of the seasons that call upon us to consecrate anew the memory of our ancestors. Let us, then, lift up our hearts in gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the peculiar privilege of our birth, which has descended to us through so many generations. As Americans, let us rejoice in the glory of our Forefathers. As Christians, let us pay the reverence due to the virtues of the Pilgrims.

The 22d of December is the birthday of New England; of its noble perseverance, its prosperous fortune, its exalted patriotism, its steadfast piety. No other single day in our annals bears such a baptism of fortitude and faith. There can arrive no future era to cast it into shade. On that day, 1620, the sun first shone on the brave beginnings of American liberty. Its cradle was the wintry sea, and its lullaby the pitiless storm. But Heaven smiled on that adventurous life, and gave it a giant's strength from the everlasting rock on which it first set its foot. More than two centuries and a quarter have gone by since that eventful hour, when all that was precious of Puritan principle and Puritan zeal, blended with a wealth of affection which no danger could daunt, nor oceans wash away, was cast like a treasure



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unwelcomed, unvalued, upon our desolate shore. And now, the children of this land, from sea to sea, bear up in their solemn devotions a proud yet holy remembrance of that perilous enterprise of a few from which the present blessings of millions and millions have been unfolded.

We are accustomed to speak emphaticatically of the period of our struggle for Independence, as a time that tried men's souls. Then it was, we may apprehend, that our country felt the severest blow of suffering. But, without extravagance, we may be persuaded to a different opinion. There was another strife carried on with unreclaimed nature, with cold and storm, or with burning heat; with disease; with distress; with a wavering, half-blighted hope; with human infirmities within, and human intolerance abroad. Another strife there was, I say, such as this, carried on antecedent to any formal enterprise with arms; and it assumes the first place, not so much from precedence in time, as from preeminence in trial, — yes, the first and the most affectionate place in our sympathizing retrospect. The heart-felt pains, the privations, the weariness, the patriotic woe, of those who went forth into the thick of battle either to conquer or to die for inalienable rights, and for sacred honor; blessings more precious by far than the breath of life, — ah! they cannot parallel the misery of hunger and thirst; the shivering weakness of exposure; the sorrows of a bitter separation from country and friends; the pangs of bereavement, when frequent death diminished their number; and the disheartening, because continual, dread of disaster, which must have abided long with that forlorn company, whom persecution drove, as the first exiles, to our inhospitable shores. But this comparison will be out of place, if it seem to bring disparagement upon those military heroes who won for us freedom, and a place among nations. Those contenders for justice were, indeed, noble descendants of a noble race. Their heritage was one of high principle, of magnanimous loyalty to the right and true; and they kept it unimpaired. No fading honors can be theirs. Wherever beneath the sun a heart beats high with the holiest and most generous emotions awakened by a nature resolved to be free, their names shall be watch-words, and their examples like beacons of fire. Still it is to the Forefathers that we must turn to behold the glory of an achievement that stands alone in history. Grecian and Roman annals record no worthier enter-

prise. Let us rejoice, then, that we can look back with filial reverence upon the virtuous struggles, the dreary hardships, and final success of the Pilgrims.

That our assent to this animating truth may not rest upon simple assertion, let us sketch the outline of that wonderful event.

Follow me now, back, in imagination, to the middle of the sixteenth century, when the religious mind of England was tyrannized over by the cruel Catholicism of Queen Mary. Take note of the harrassed heretics, who, compelled to fly from that realm of disorder and martyrdom, sought shelter and safety in the free cities along the Rhine. They were only refugees from the flames of a Bigot; and, when the reign of that bloody Queen was over, you can trace their grateful return to the soil from which had sprung up their stern faith, and in which their most tender associations were yet rooted. But, under another woman's rule, they found hardly less of trial and intolerance. Queen Mary had persecuted them as wanderers from the Church of Rome. Queen Elizabeth now persecuted them as nonconformists to the Church of England. Again they are under the ban of royal disfavor; but their doctrines remain firm, — their creed secure. The cherishing arms of the Genevan Church have received them in; and Calvinism, with all its strictness, is imprinted more deeply than ever on their hearts. Was not all this experience of suffering the very best means for the growth and establishment of a sect that regarded the license of kings as a foul abomination, and believed religious authority to be the worst feature of despotism? Thus the century passed away; and, within three years afterwards, Elizabeth leaves the scene of her splendid supremacy. James the First ascends the throne. How will this change affect the Puritan reformers? It brings them no good; no restoration to privileges; no sufferance of their faith. A mark is set upon their bold enthusiasm, — a mark of shame and expulsion; and no corner of their native land will afford them a peaceful home and a permitted altar.

At length, in 1608, another act of this memorable drama begins. It was then that John Robinson, one of the most learned, refined, accomplished of that independent body, — a minister of high degree, and of gentle, unoffending temper, — felt constrained to seek a quieter sphere for his duties, and a freer atmosphere for his worship, under a foreign sky. A company of serious fel-

low-believers gathered around him, to follow his fate. In stealth were they obliged to leave the English shore, to avoid tumult and pursuit. Amid storm and darkness they prepared to sail from the land of their fathers. But interference, as they feared it would, broke in upon their plans; and a portion of them, only, were able to effect an escape into Holland.

Here might we pause, and what a commentary might be read on the impressive truth, that most momentous may be the consequences evolved from the feeblest beginnings! But, as we hasten over our slight detail of that inauspicious pilgrimage, this truth will shine out, even more impressively, to the very close.

A residence of eleven years in Leyden fails to relieve the Puritans from a variety of inconveniences incident to their exiled condition. Their number is increased by occasional emigrants from across the channel. Friends and kindred come together, bound more closely by a persecuted faith, and interested by a common desire for a more distant asylum, afar from the reach of malice and reproach. Their eyes turn instinctively across the Atlantic towards the new world, broad as a continent, and hardly trodden by the foot of civilized man. Was it inspiration that gave birth to that marvellous idea? Was it a prophetic glance which they cast beyond that wide waste of waters? Surely, it was God's hand which sealed their decision to pursue what, to the rest of the world, must have appeared a perilous delusion. There must have been brought to them a whisper of heavenly promise, in the wind that blew fresh from over the ocean. They saw the star of their fate in the western sky, and followed its beams with unhesitating devotion.

Behold them now, adrift upon that stormy sea, in one poor vessel, as it has been most eloquently represented, "the May-flower of a forlorn hope,"—that little May-flower! tossed or toiling from wave to wave; freighted, how heavily, how preciously, with the wealth, the glory, and the virtue of a nation yet unborn! Behold them leaving behind the dim headlands of a country which for years had afforded them no refuge from oppression, and which must now be the place of their saddest remembrance. What varied forms, what a multitude of scenes and experiences, as if then taking shape and reality for the last time, melted gradually away, and were lost in the gray distance! What a sinking of the heart was *there*, when the first sun went down, which was to

chronicle their weary voyage! What prayers went up beyond the stars, as the first night gathered round their uncertain way! What tears may have fallen, not from fear nor regret, but from a depth of feeling in every true heart, before their eyes closed first in slumber on the lonely deep! Parents and children, the young and old, the bride and the betrothed, the soldier and the man of prayer, they are all assembled in that trembling ship to try the unaccustomed cold and confinement and want, and to be beaten by all the storms of heaven. Will they indeed survive this terrible adventure? Will they continue to listen to a whisper of hope, swept by the blast through the shivering sails and the creaking cordage? We need not ask; for the fulness of time is now come; and the blessings that surround us, in the comforts of every homestead, and in the solemn advantages of every temple of God, are visible and abundant tokens of their ultimate good-fortune, of their sober thriftiness, and unswerving religious principle.

But imagination may yet remain on the watch, and descry the almost disabled bark rolling at anchor in the offing; while the snow-clad sands and the unbroken wilderness present but a blank prospect to the poor fugitives, who, for five long months, have been leaning on His especial providence who holdeth the wild waters in the hollow of his hand.

Shall we proceed further, and be horror-stricken by the calamities that soon fell upon that devoted band? Shall we enter their wretched abodes, where lie the sick and the dying? — where hunger is barely appeased, and the most inclement winds are hardly excluded? Shall we stand beside the graves, where, within four months from their landing, nearly half their number were at sleep for ever? Ah, no! It is not needed. Our hearts bleed for them. We will reverently withdraw from that melancholy scene. We will not darken the happiness of to-day by more than a reference to the trials and sorrows of that heavy time. Rather let us attend to the glorious lesson which those reminiscences teach. What they sowed in weakness has been raised in power. They planted a promise of good; our heavenly Parent watered, with his love, its unfolding fruitfulness; and we have reaped a harvest of fulfilment, such as none, save by a mysterious foreknowledge, could have dreamt of anticipating.

That eventful story is now opened before you, — the story of

the Pilgrims. We have marked the development of the Puritan principle from its germination in the fires of Smithfield, till it was transplanted to the Plymouth Rock. Do you ask what spirit it was that supported this principle, and raised it superior to the dread forebodings of a hazardous experiment, upon which not a smile of human patronage fell with encouragement, and that preserved it alive through all the terrible surges and tempests of adverse circumstance, till it was settled once more upon a new and more favorable soil? Was it not the burning enthusiasm of a deep religious feeling, which it was as easy for tyranny to subdue, as for a mortal hand to press down the flames of a volcano? Yes! that high spirit was the life of their life, their guide amid doubt, and their safeguard in peril. It led them by the hand, without faltering, over a long interval of distress, and beneath an ever-threatening cloud of destruction; — led them on from the pleasant spot of their birth, to build up here, in the forest, temples of God, where worship might be simple and unconfined; and temples of home, where their children and their children's children might be reared with honor to their lineage, and with honor to themselves; far from the touch of the corrupt manners, and the oppression, and the vanity of the old world. Thus were they led hither. And we have also, in retrospect, followed the guidance, and have seen our Fathers introduced to the frozen wilderness, which, with the accomplishment of their hopes, was to flourish and blossom like the rose.

Lift up your eyes, and be grateful! For these very fields of your summer toil and of your autumn wealth, now whitened over with December snows, were then but a howling waste. Be grateful for that benediction from above, which has insured your prosperity; and which has so ordered it, that our hymn of praise can this morning rise and mingle, without one discordant strain, with the hymn of the Pilgrims, which has been echoing down to us from the same consecrated morning more than two hundred years ago!

We have seen that our Fathers were actuated, in their undertaking, by a motive which transcends every other, and which exalts them to the highest pitch of admiration in the esteem of mankind. It was not devotion to a political cause, such as a few years later filled multitudes with a sort of frenzy to follow the sinking fortunes of Charles the First and Charles the Second: it

as not this which induced those whose names we celebrate, to make their accustomed firesides and shrines, to brave the fury f the elements, and to cast themselves upon the mercy of an nknown land; but it was the fervor of religious faith. And this lowing zeal kept their souls unchilled before every cold discouragement and every freezing blast. If we can draw a line of sepaation between Church and State in England, we may say of our reat progenitors, that they stood at variance, not with the laws f the land, but with the laws of the sanctuary; those abominable ws that would stifle conscience, and compel all spiritual worship ithin one prescribed line of a ritual observance. They were igitives, not from honorable justice, but from insulting injury; ot from a mild, righteous rule, but from intolerant usage. hese few facts reveal their prominent traits. In character they ere singularly simple and eminently devout. How different om the dangling courtiers by their side, who were busied in udying the latest fashion of a sword-knot, or in tracking the azes of every sensual desire! True to their loftiest convictions, — stanch defenders of purity, and the liberty of opinion, — our athers could not breathe that infected air, nor be subject to the way of that ecclesiastical establishment. Therefore they went orth to a region untainted by the civilized and refined, to search, mid the freedom of primeval nature, for a new privilege to worhip God.

Regarded in this light, the only light, indeed, in which they hould be regarded for our present advantage, how plainly appear heir virtues, and, we must add, their errors! Standing in this elation to their age, I mean as religious reformers, we find them erfect to a fault. The Puritans saw every thing through the ame medium, which was religion; colored every thing with the ame interests, which were wholly sectional; weighed every hing in the same scales, which were balanced on the exact letter f the Bible. Of necessity, they were one-sided thinkers and ne-sided actors; frequently extravagant, and often led astray. f it be possible, they exaggerated the moral side of every ques-ion. No worldly matter but was converted to the spread of a ost solemn piety. Their garments and their manners were of piece, very grave and very sombre, without either grace or fit-ess. Whether in speech or in meditation, whether sleeping or aking, whatsoever their affairs, serious or common, one idea

possessed the entire class; one idea that might have been set down as the alpha and omega, the beginning and end, of a new revelation. Their language was trimmed with most holy phraseology. For their very names they were indebted to the old kings and patriarchs of scriptural celebrity. But a peculiar feature like this has a far more important aspect than its absurdity. We may smile, but not complain of it; no, not till we discover, as we must, into what a depth of fanatic hard-heartedness, cruelty, and injustice this zeal for a persecuted faith may drive even the purest of its adherents.

Nevertheless, in spite of all that we ridicule or lament or condemn, we must claim it as our highest honor to have a descent from those steadfast, brave, sincere, enthusiastic men who kept heaven and heavenly things for ever on their minds and in their hearts. It will not do to follow the frivolous bent of the world's inclination, and to slur over any sacred memorials of the stern rectitude and prayerfulness of former times. Again, I will say, for the sake of the nerve of our characters; for the sake of good morals; for the sake of every thing intrinsically pure, lovely, and excellent, within the borders of our land, let us rejoice that we can call ourselves descendants of the Puritans; happy if some of their blood yet runs through our veins!

It was not merely to eulogize the Pilgrims that we have dwelt upon this stirring theme. Our Fathers were not immaculate. They had their foibles and their frailties; and we have mentioned them as was fit. But the imperfection which clings to humanity, and covers the earth, throws but a faint shadow on the front of this memorable day. The sun, which gives it light through its course over the whole continent, will behold broadcast the glory of that inheritance which the Fathers have left to the children. The influence which has made New England what it is has gone abroad over the land, without let or hindrance, until stayed by the Pacific Sea. What inestimable benefits are these which the spirit of our Patriarchs — the spirit of enterprise and integrity — fostered upon this bleak and barren shore! They are visible in our unnumbered provisions for learning, in our culture of elegant arts, in the progress of science, in every useful and every beautiful invention; and may we not say, that, above all, they are visible in the unlimited privileges of our religious institutions? Yes, that rude church which the Pilgrims built in the wilderness

has its likeness, more adorned perhaps, wherever a Christian hamlet, leavened by one family bond with New England, dots the extent of our country. The sabbath-bell, ringing out over hillside and river, is the sweetest reminder of that day of rest, when only the measured murmur of a swelling Psalm broke through the tangled woodlands, canopied with snow, or hung like a tabernacle with "the leafy honors of the spring."

In the place of the Fathers are the children. God grant that we may be worthy of our origin! May the legacy they left us, of enduring faith and of pure principle, be honored by an increase within our breasts! And may the filial affection, which every Pilgrim-day sanctifies anew, continue to be our grateful portion and blessing till we shall pass hence as pilgrims to a better land!

R. P. R.

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## SABBATH BELLS.

THE chime of bells breaks softly on my ear.
Far over hill and dale their joyous notes
Are borne, upon the pinions of the breeze,
Wafting rich music to my restless soul.
They seem like breathings from the spirit-world,
Whispering of peace, and joy, and love divine;
Enkindling in my heart a holy calm,
A brief cessation from earth's troubled cares.
As on the bosom of the parching earth
The genial dews descend, and with them bring
Refreshing moisture and awakening life, —
So in my heart, your solemn chime, O Bells!
Dispels the dearth of doubt and discontent,
And kindles there devotion's holy flame.

B. L. S.

## ON JOINING THE CHURCH.

THERE are some in almost all congregations who love the spirit and precepts of Jesus, and who confess him to be their Master by their conformity to his rules; and yet who are not church-members. Their pastors are very desirous to have such join the church, and thus add another testimony of their faith in Christ. Such believers cannot be said to deny Christ before men; for they show plainly by their daily lives that they have the spirit of Christ, and are striving to become more and more useful in their day and generation. They have a conscience that evidently has received its tone from familiarity with the New Testament; and, so far as we can see, many of them lead as Christian lives as church-members. We cannot exactly accuse them of recreancy to Christ, if they confess him before men in every way, except by joining the church. And yet we cannot help feeling, that, did they look at this matter of church-membership in its true light, they would be convinced that they ought to adopt this mode of confessing Christ as much as any other.

Good men and women are praying that the gospel may have power over all hearts and all lives, and that progress in faith and love and peace may be made in the world. If they know that the kingdom of heaven is thus enlarged, and that the world is beginning to realize that Christ is "the way, the truth, and the life," then are their hearts encouraged and their hands strengthened. A minister, for instance, who labors year after year among his people, absolutely requires some proofs that the word is taking effect, and that he is adapted to the place where he labors. He may judge partly from the interest manifested in his ministrations upon the Lord's day, and partly from the manner in which he is received at the homes of his people, and partly from the condition of the Sunday-school and other voluntary associations; but, if he would know certainly whether he is working to advantage, he must ascertain how many of his congregation have become personally persuaded and determined to lead devout, self-denying, disinterested, holy lives; looking directly unto Jesus and his doctrines for authority, guidance, and inspiration.

And what an impetus would be given to the cause of truth and

righteousness in any society, and in the world, by some twenty or thirty of the congregation coming forward, and publicly confessing their personal interest in the doctrines and institutions of the Lord Jesus Christ! How permanent would be the impression made upon young and old, of the supreme importance of magnifying the name of the Redeemer in the world! Such a step would not alter their absolute duties, but it would impress more deeply than ever before, their feeling or consciousness of those duties; and it would increase the honor of Christ in the world.

When we pray, "Thy kingdom come," we mean, May Christ become outwardly recognized as Master and Friend in every community, nation, and neighborhood; we mean, May everybody acknowledge Christ to be mediator and authority in all matters pertaining to conscience and duty, to faith and hope, to life and death. Alas! how few acknowledge their allegiance to his spiritual laws! How little is he in reality honored and esteemed throughout the wide world! How far short of the spirit of Christ is the spirit of trade, politics, and social life! What an inestimable benefit it is therefore to increase, even a very little, the visible company of Christ among people generally; to multiply the number of our young merchants, mechanics, and farmers, who, in their common dealings and intercourse with society at large, shall exhibit more deference and love for the name and peculiar injunctions of the great Master! The world, of course, is influenced more by example than by precept. Christ's glory is more promoted by acts than by words. If all parents went to meeting on Sunday, it would be an almost infallible means of making it the custom and habit of all children to go to meeting every Sunday. If many of the most influential people in our congregations should join the church, and thus show a decided interest in their allegiance to Jesus Christ, the whole town would feel the solemnizing and salutary influence of such an act; and Christ's sway over the world at large would be extended and strengthened. This, having a reference to Christ's extended power, ought, it seems to us, to actuate those people who belong in their hearts unto Christ, but who are holding back from a public profession of his name by not joining the church, and sitting at the communion-table. Well do we remember the sorrowful expression of face, and the subdued tone of voice, with which a departed teacher in our Divinity School expressed his

regret, that little or no stress had been laid upon promoting Christ's honor in the world, by a class of students who had brought in dissertations, or had been debating, upon the perpetuity of the ordinances of our Master.

Many are the privileges and the benefits which the communicant enjoys. He makes more real and positive his Christian position in the world; and, though many eyes may be upon him, his own conscience has discovered his failings quicker than they. He feels the restraining power of his committal to Christ. It helps him say no to sinful propensities, and it secures him the companionship of the good. Especially does he enjoy the communion-season, when he feels the nearness of the perfect Master, and the sympathy of brothers and sisters by his side. But of these and other enjoyments we wish not now to speak; we are addressing those who belong to Christ, but do not belong to the church; and we would humbly ask if some of them are not committing the life-long weakness of shrinking from joining the church for fear of what people will say or think of them? Simon Peter was a glorious apostle of Christ, and a sincerely devoted man; but he exhibited the weakness of which we have just spoken. Need we allude to that lamentable occasion when Peter denied his Master for fear of losing caste or receiving taunts from those around him? When Peter thought thereon, he wept bitterly, that he, who had been so much interested in the conversations and companionship of his Master, and who was still with him in heart, should fear to say so in the moment of trial, when it would have been so gratifying to Jesus to see him true, firm, and faithful! Are there not many in our congregations who are with Christ in spirit and truth, who are with their pastors in prayers that the good work of the ministry may be prospered, and yet who are not quite firm and considerate enough to follow their Master in heaven, and strengthen their pastors on earth, besides reaping many personal benefits by joining the visible church and sitting at the table of communion? Is it unkind to say, that they *err* in thus regarding the speeches that others may make of them as of more consequence than their own feeling that they ought to join the church, or that they would love to join the church? Is it unkind to say that their weakness, in thus yielding their convictions to their fears, resembles the error at the thought of which Simon Peter wept? W. G. B.

# THE PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF CEBES.*

We were walking, by chance, in the temple of Saturn; and we noticed there, besides many other consecrated gifts, a tablet hung up before the shrine, on which was painted a picture foreign in manner and representing strange legends, so that we could not conjecture what it meant; for it seemed to represent neither a city nor a camp, but an inclosure containing two other inclosures, — the one large, and the other small. There was a gate to the first inclosure, and by the gate a great crowd of people were standing, while within a number of women were seen; and an old man, standing by the portal of the first inclosure, seemed to be giving directions to the entering multitude.

When we had for a long time discussed with each other the meaning of the picture, an old man standing by addressed us thus: —

*Old Man.* It is not surprising, strangers, that you do not understand this picture, since few of our own citizens know its purpose; for it was not dedicated by a native, but by a foreigner who came here long since, — a man of great shrewdness and wisdom, and both in theory and practice a follower of Pythagoras

* Cebes was a Grecian philosopher, a disciple and intimate friend of Socrates, and was born about B.C. 400. The only work of his extant is here translated. It consists of a philosophical explanation of a painting, in which the whole of human life, with its dangers and temptations, was symbolically represented, and which had been dedicated in the temple of Saturn at Athens or Thebes. Its design is to show, that proper mental culture and the possession of real virtues are the only means of happiness. It has always been extremely popular, and has been translated into most modern languages, even into Russian and Arabic; but, as we know of no English translation which can be easily obtained, and as the original has long ceased to be read in the course of preparation for college, we suppose a new translation may not be unacceptable to the readers of this Magazine. We commend it to their attention as one of the best specimens of the ethics which the unassisted human reason has arrived at, and, as Jeremy Collier, a century and a half ago, called it, "a serviceable emblem for the acquiring of prudence, and the direction of human life." In translating, we have followed the text of Schweighaevser, whose name we hope none of our readers will attempt to pronounce. — TRANSLATOR.

and Parmenides.* He dedicated both this temple and the picture to Saturn.

*Stranger.* Did you see and know this man?

*O. M.* Yes, for a long time, and, as I was younger, greatly admired him, for his words were serious and weighty; and I have often heard him explain this painting.

*S.* Unless it will be a great inconvenience, I beg you to explain it to us; for we are very eager to understand it.

*O. M.* Willingly: but you must first know that the explanation is somewhat dangerous; because, if you attend to and understand its meaning, you will be wise and happy; but, if otherwise, you will live wretchedly in folly and misery and ignorance. The explanation is like the enigma proposed to men by the Sphinx; for whoever understood that was saved, and whoever did not understand it was destroyed. It is the same with this explanation; for folly is a Sphinx to men. The picture darkly teaches what is good and what is bad, and what is neither good nor bad in life. If you do not understand these things, you will be destroyed by it, not all at once, as men were by the Sphinx, but little by little through your whole life, as by slow torture. But, if you understand it, your folly will perish, and you be saved, and be happy and prosperous all your life. Attend, therefore, and do not be listless.

*S.* We will be as ready to hear as you to speak, since so great a penalty is held up before us.

*O. M.* (Taking a staff, and pointing to the picture.) You see this inclosure. In the first place, you must know that this place is called LIFE; and the great multitude standing by the gate are those who are about to enter into life. The old man standing near, with a paper in one hand and seemingly pointing out something with the other, is called a Genius; and he instructs them what they ought to do, as they enter into life, and what way they must walk, if they would be safe in it.

*S.* And what road does he bid them go?

*O. M.* Do you see a seat by the gate near this inclosure, where the multitude goes in, on which sits a woman with a com-

* These philosophers insisted chiefly on the duty of subduing the passions, and of attaining the perfect virtue which consists in likeness to the Deity. — TR.

posed expression and winning manners, with a drinking cup in her hand?

*S.* I see her: who is she?

*O. M.* She is called Deceit, the misleader of all men.

*S.* What is she doing there?

*O. M.* She makes those entering into life drink as much as she can of her cup, which contains error and ignorance; and, having drank this, they enter into life. All drink, but some more, and some less. And do you not see farther within the gate a great many women of different forms and fashions? These are called Opinions, Desires, and Pleasures; who, as the multitude enter, start up and embrace every one of them, and then lead them away, — some leading to safety, others to destruction through deceit. And they all profess to lead them to blessedness, and to a happy and useful life. But the new comers, on account of the error and ignorance which they drank from the cup of Deceit, do not find the true way of life, but wander heedlessly about; as you see those who went in first going round where chance leads them.

*S.* But who is that woman who appears to be blind and mad, and stands on a round stone?

*O. M.* Her name is Fortune; and she is not only blind and mad, but deaf too. She flies about everywhere, and takes from some every thing that belongs to them, and gives it to others; and again she takes away what she has given to those very ones, and gives it to others, in a heedless and fickle manner: so that the device aptly betrays her nature; for she stands upon a round stone, which signifies that a gift from her is not sure or safe, since whoever trusts to her gets great and hard falls.

*S.* But what do all the men standing near her wish for? and what are their names?

*O. M.* They are the Imprudent, and they are begging the things she throws around.

*S.* And why do they appear so differently; some seeming glad, and others stretching out their hands in distress?

*O. M.* They who seem glad and laughing have received something from Fortune, and call her Good Fortune: those who appear to weep and stretch out their hands are those from whom she has taken away what she first gave them; and they call her Bad Fortune.

*S.* What does she give them, that the former are so glad to get, and the latter so distressed to lose?

*O. M.* Those things which most men think good, — wealth, fame, high birth, children, power, kingdoms, and very many similar things.

*S.* And are not these things really good?

*O. M.* We will discuss that point by and by; but now let us mind the picture. You see, after you pass this portal, another higher inclosure, and women standing before it. This one of them is Intemperance, that one Luxury, that one Avarice, and the other one Flattery: they are watching for those who have received any thing from Fortune; they start up and embrace them, and fawn on them, and beseech them to stay with them, promising that their life shall be merry and toilless and sorrowless. If one is persuaded by them to give himself up to pleasant living, its pastime seems joyous so long as it beguiles him, but no longer; for, when he comes to his senses, he perceives that he did not enjoy it, but was devoured and insulted by it. And so, when he has lost every thing which he received from Fortune, he is forced to become the women's slave, and to endure every thing, and to do for them all sorts of villainy, such as theft, sacrilege, perjury, treachery, and robbery; and, when all these fail them, he is handed over to Punishment.

*S.* And what sort of a person is that?

*O. M.* You see behind them a little door, and a narrow, dark cavern, where you perceive some women in filth and rags. The one with a scourge is Punishment; the one with her head bent down to her knees is Grief; and the one tearing her hair is Anguish.

*S.* And who is that man near them, so deformed and lean and half-naked? and that wretched woman that is so like him?

*O. M.* They are Lamentation, and his sister Despair. To all these the slave of the other women is given up, and he lives with them in tortures; till at last he is cast into the house of Unhappiness, and passes the rest of his life in all misery, unless Repentance should happen to meet him; for she rescues him from his evils, and introduces to him other Opinions and Desires, — one that leads to True Science, and another that leads to False Science. If he receives the first, he is cleansed and saved by it, and is happy all his life; otherwise, he is led astray by False Science.

*S.* Another great danger! Which is False Science?

*O. M.* Do you see that second inclosure, and at the outside of it, near the portal, a woman who appears to be neat and well-behaved? The common multitude call her Science, but her real name is False Science. And those who are saved from Misery come here on their way to True Science.

*S.* Is there no other road to True Science?

*O. M.* Yes, there is.

*S.* And who are those men walking up and down within the inclosure?

*O. M.* They are the mistaken disciples of False Science, who think that they are living with the True. Some of them are poets, some orators, some logicians, some musicians, and arithmeticians, and geometers, and astrologers; some voluptuaries, some critics, and others of the same sort.

*S.* And who are those women, running about everywhere, who look like Intemperance and her companions in the first inclosure?

*O. M.* They are the very same; though they get admittance here more rarely than in the first inclosure.

*S.* Are the Opinions, too, admitted?

*O. M.* Yes; for they who drank from the cup of Deceit still retain the potion, so that Ignorance and Folly remain with them; nor do they rid themselves of the Opinions and the other evils, till, renouncing False Science, they enter the way to the True, and drink of her purifying cup. When they have thus lost all their attendant evils, the Opinions and Ignorance, they will be finally saved. But those who remain with False Science will never be released from a single one of these evils, in spite of their studies.

*S.* Where, then, is the road that leads to True Science?

*O. M.* Do you see that high place, where no one dwells, and which seems an entire solitude? and a little door, which is reached by a road not much trodden, because it seems steep and rough and rocky? and a high hill, of difficult access and with deep precipices here and there? That is the road that leads to True Science.

*S.* Its very look is frightful.

*O. M.* And on the summit of the hill you see a great and lofty and craggy rock, and two beautiful and healthy women

standing on the rock, and eagerly stretching out their hands: they are sisters, named Self-control and Steadfastness.

*S.* Why do they stretch out their hands so earnestly?

*O. M.* They are exhorting those who are coming to the rock to be of good courage, and not to flinch; for, if they endure manfully a little longer, they will come to a pleasant road.

*S.* But, when they get to the rock, how do they climb it? for I see no path on it.

*O. M.* The sisters themselves come down from the cliff, and draw them up. Then they bid them rest themselves, and soon fill them with strength and courage, and promise to bring them to True Science, — and point out how delightful and even and easy and safe the road is, as you see it painted. You see too, before that grove, a grassy and flowery spot, covered with a bright light, and in the middle of it another inclosure and another portal. That is the home of the happy; for all the Virtues and Happiness dwell there. And you observe, near the portal, a woman of about the middle age, with a beautiful and composed countenance, and wearing a simply ornamented robe. She is standing, not on a round stone, but on one square and firmly fixed; and with her are two other women, apparently her daughters. The middle one is Science, and the others Truth and Persuasion. Science stands on a square stone, to signify that the way to her is safe and sure, and that her gifts are secure and enduring.

*S.* What are her gifts?

*O. M.* Confidence and fearlessness, because the recipients know that they will never suffer any evil again throughout their life.

*S.* What beautiful gifts! But why does she stand thus without the inclosure?

*O. M.* To take charge of those who come there, and give them her purifying cup to drink; and, when they are cleansed, to lead them to the Virtues within.

*S.* What do you mean? I do not understand you.

*O. M.* I will explain. If a man becomes very ill, he goes immediately to a physician, and first by medicines gets rid of the causes of his sickness, and then he is restored to health by the physician. But, if he does not obey his prescriptions, he is deservedly given up and finally destroyed by his disease. In the

same way, when one comes to Science, she takes charge of him, and gives him a draught to drive out the evils with which he came to her, — the ignorance and the error that he drank from the cup of Deceit, and the arrogance, lust, intemperance, anger, avarice, and all the other vices which clung to him in the first inclosure. When he is thus purified, she sends him in to Knowledge and the other Virtues, whom you see within the portal, seemingly handsome and well-behaved, and dressed simply and unexpensively, and not covered with ornaments, like the other women. The name of the first is Knowledge; and the others are her sisters, Courage, Justice, Uprightness, Temperance, Prudence, Freedom, Self-control, and Mildness.

*S.* How beautiful they are! and how strong a desire to be with them they inspire us with!

*O. M.* You may be with them, if you understand and practise what you hear.

*S.* We will as well as we can.

*O. M.* Then you will be safe.

*S.* And, when the Virtues have received any one, where do they lead him?

*O. M.* To their mother, Happiness.

*S.* Where is she?

*O. M.* You observe the road which leads to that lofty building, which is the highest point of all the inclosures; and you see at the gateway a handsome woman sitting on a throne, of easy and artless manners, and crowned with a fresh and many-colored chaplet? That is Happiness.

*S.* When one comes there, what does she do to him?

*O. M.* Happiness, with the other Virtues, crown him with her influences, as if he had gained the greatest victories.

*S.* But what contests has he conquered in?

*O. M.* The greatest contests with the greatest monsters which formerly devoured, tormented, and enslaved him. All these he has conquered and put to flight; and he is master of himself, so that those things now serve him, which he himself once served.

*S.* What are these monsters?

*O. M.* In the first place, ignorance and error, — which are certainly direful monsters; and grief and lamentation and avarice and arrogance and intemperance, and every other evil. Of all these he is the master, and not the slave, as he once was.

*S.* Oh, noble exploits, and most glorious victory! But what is the influence of the crown, with which you say he was crowned?

*O. M.* It makes him happy; for he who is crowned with it becomes happy and blessed, and rests his hopes of happiness, not on others, but in himself. After he is crowned, the Virtues lead him to the place whence he first came, and show him how wickedly and wretchedly those live who continue there; how they are shipwrecked in life, and wander about; how they are led along, like captives by their enemies, — some by Intemperance, and others by Arrogance; some by Avarice, and others by Vainglory and other Vices, from whose chains they cannot escape, so as to come safely here, but are troubled all their life. And they suffer all this, because they could not find the right road; for they forgot the injunctions of the Genius.

*S.* That is plain; but I am at a loss to know why the Virtues show him the place again whence he first came.

*O. M.* Because he had no exact knowledge of what happened there, — but, on account of the ignorance and error which he had drank, imagined what was bad to be good, and what was good to be bad; wherefore he lived wretchedly, as all do who remain there. But now, having gained a knowledge of what is really useful and good, he both lives happily himself, and sees how miserable the others are.

*S.* When he has seen every thing there, what does he do, or where does he go?

*O. M.* Wherever he pleases; for he is as safe everywhere, as those who hid themselves in the Corycian Cave,* — so that, wherever he goes, he lives in all happiness and security, and is received by all as gladly as a physician is by the sick.

*S.* And does he no longer fear any harm from those women whom you call monsters?

*O. M.* Not at all; for he will never more be vexed by Anguish or Grief or Intemperance or Avarice or Want, or any other evil, since he is now master of them all, and above every thing that formerly troubled him; just as those who catch vipers are not harmed by those animals, which bring danger and even

* A cave on Mount Parnassus, in which the inhabitants of Delphi concealed themselves from the invading Persians. — Tr.

death to others, because they have an antidote to their venom: so he is safe from these evils, because he has an antidote.

*S.* I understand that; but who are those that seem to be coming down from the height, — some crowned and joyful, and others uncrowned, full of sorrow and confusion, and with their bodies bruised, and followed by some women?

*O. M.* Those who are crowned are they who came safely to Science, and are delighted with finding her. And, of those without crowns, some have been rejected by her, and are going back in wretchedness; and others were frightened and discouraged when they came to Steadfastness, and are going back and wandering through difficult roads. The women following them are Grief and Anguish and Despair and Infamy and Ignorance. And when they return to the first inclosure, to Pleasure and Intemperance, they do not blame themselves; but they reproach Science, and say that those are miserable and wretched and unfortunate, who have given up the life in the first inclosure, and have lost the good things there.

*S.* And what do they call good things?

*O. M.* Luxury and intemperance, to sum up all in two words. To fare sumptuously, and enjoy themselves like brutes, they consider the greatest blessings.

*S.* And who are those other women coming down from the height?

*O. M.* The Opinions, who, having led to Science those that have been admitted to the Virtues, are returning to lead up others, and to inform them how happy those are whom they have already led up. They themselves are not admitted to the Virtues; for Opinion is not permitted to enter the dwelling of Knowledge, but only to lead men to Science, and, when she has taken them, to return to bring up others; like ships which, as soon as they have discharged one cargo, return for another.

*S.* You have explained these things clearly; but you have not yet told us what directions the Genius gives to those who are entering upon life.

*O. M.* He bids them be of good courage; wherefore be you also of good courage, for I will explain every thing, and conceal nothing. That woman standing on the round stone, who seems to be blind, and whose name I told you is Fortune, he orders them not to put trust in, and not to consider her gifts as firm or

safe, or as their own property; for nothing hinders her taking them back and giving them to another, and she very often does so. He therefore commands them to be unconquerable by her gifts, and not to be glad when she gives them nor cast down when she takes them away, and to neither blame nor praise her; for she does nothing by calculation, but every thing by accident. Wherefore the Genius bids them not to be amazed at any thing she does, nor to be like those dishonest bankers who, when they have received money on deposit, are pleased and consider it as their own; and, when it is called for, are vexed and think themselves ill-used, not remembering that they took the deposit on the very condition that those who placed it in their hands should receive it again. Just so the Genius commands men to regard the gifts of Fortune, and to remember that she may take them back, and speedily give more than before, and then resume all again; he bids them therefore take what she gives, and immediately go to seek the sure and lasting gift which they may obtain from Science, if they come safely to her. She gives them a true knowledge of what is good and useful, — a sure and lasting and unchangeable gift. Wherefore the Genius commands them to go directly to her, and, when he comes to those women whose names are Intemperance and Pleasure, to leave them without hesitation, and not to believe them, but to go on to False Science, where he bids them wait a little while, and take from her whatever they wish for their journey, and then leave her and go on to True Science. These are the injunctions of the Genius; and whoever transgresses or neglects them will perish miserably. I have now explained the whole meaning of the painting; but, if you have any farther question to ask, I am willing to answer it.

*S.* Thank you. What, then, does the Genius command the men to take from False Science?

*O. M.* Whatever seems to be useful; such as literature, and such of the sciences as Plato says are a bridle to the young, to keep them from being drawn away into worse pursuits.

*S.* Is it necessary to take these things, if one could reach True Science?

*O. M.* It is not necessary, but it is useful. Yet they do not contribute to make men better.

*S.* Not contribute to make men better!

*O. M.* No, for they may be good without them. Yet they

are not useless; for, though we may understand a language by help of an interpreter, yet it is better to understand it ourselves; and so we may be good without the help of learning.

*S.* What advantage, then, for becoming better men have the learned over others?

*O. M.* How do they have any advantage, since they appear to be deceived as to what is good and bad, and to be involved in all kinds of vice? For nothing hinders a man, who is acquainted with literature and all sciences, from being at the same time a drunkard or a miser or a traitor, or unjust, or lacking common sense.

*S.* We certainly see many such.

*O. M.* How, then, do they have any advantage for becoming better men, on account of their learning?

*S.* I by no means see. But why do they stay in the second inclosure, as if they were in the presence of True Science?

*O. M.* And what advantage is it to them? since we see some coming from Intemperance and the other Vices in the first inclosure to True Science in the third, who pass by these learned persons. How, then, do the learned have any advantage? On the contrary, they are more sluggish and dull; because those in the second inclosure do not know what they profess to know, and, while they are in this ignorance, there is nothing to urge them forward towards True Science. Besides, you perceive that the Opinions, from the first inclosure, enter in among them; so that these are no better than those in the first inclosure, unless Repentance comes to them, and persuades them that they are with False, not True Science; and that they have been cheated, and, while continuing there, are not safe. And you also, strangers, cannot be safe, unless you consider and practise what I have told you. You must think over these things unceasingly; otherwise, you will have heard nothing useful.

*S.* We will do so. But explain why those things which men receive from Fortune are not good, — such as life, wealth, health, fame, children, victories, and similar things; and why the opposites of these are not evils; for your words seem strange and incredible.

*O. M.* Come, then, try to answer some questions I will ask you. And, in the first place, when one lives miserably, is life to him a blessing?

*S.* Rather an evil than a blessing.

*O. M.* How, then, is life a good thing, if to such a man it is an evil?

*S.* It is an evil to the bad, and a blessing to the good.

*O. M.* Then life is both a blessing and an evil, both useful and destructive, both desirable and hateful. That is absurd; for it is impossible that the same thing should be both good and bad.

*S.* But, if a bad life is an evil, how is not life itself an evil?

*O. M.* Life and a bad life are not identical; and, while a bad life is an evil, life in itself is not; otherwise, it would be an evil to those who live good lives. Therefore, as life is common both to the good and the bad, it must be indifferent in itself, — just as lancing and cauterizing are an injury to the well, but a benefit to the sick. Again, you would rather die honorably, than live disgracefully; so that death is not an evil in itself, since it is sometimes preferable to life. So with health and disease; for often a man would be better off sick than well: and so with riches. You can see many with wealth living wickedly and wretchedly, so that their property does not help them to live uprightly; for character and importance are gained, not by wealth, but by the principles of True Science. Riches, then, do not contribute to make men better, and they are a disadvantage to those who do not know how to use them. You cannot, therefore, believe that an absolute good which it is often injurious to possess. He who can use wealth rightly and wisely, may live well and happily; but otherwise, miserably. And in fine, valuing these things as blessings, or despising them as evils, distracts and ruins men; for, when they value them highly, and think them essential to happiness, they commit the most impious crimes for their sake. And this comes from their ignorance of what is truly good; for they do not know that good cannot come from what is evil. But we see men come into possession of wealth by the most wicked means, — as by treachery, robbery, calumny, murder, and rapine; but no good thing can result from evil deeds, and therefore wealth is not in itself a good thing. Wisdom and justice are not attained by wickedness, nor injustice and folly by righteousness: indeed the two cannot exist together. But wealth and glory and conquest may be attended by the deepest villainy; therefore, in themselves, they are neither good nor evil. But Wisdom is the only good, and Folly the only evil. E. S.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

FTER the death of our Saviour, the disciples gathered together ith their converts to recall his words, to dwell upon his miracles, d to preserve, not only in their hearts, but upon their lips, ery recollection so precious to them of his life and teachings. unted, proscribed, persecuted, as they were by the haughty Jew d luxurious Roman, they were compelled to meet together in ves, tombs, and the subterranean catacombs, beneath the eternal ty; yet still they increased in number, not only among the poor d lowly, but in the palaces of princes, until they reached the perial household. Like our Mississippi, that gathers, as it flows n in its mighty grandeur, all tributary streams, so the preachers f the early ages of Christ, simple and unlearned as they were, rew into the bosom of the church the disciples of Plato and ristotle, who, after long seeking for truth, found it in the hurch of Christ.

Sick of the profligacy and degeneracy of the age, all that reained a spark of virtue took refuge in the Christian doctrines, nd thus became purified and strengthened for those trials that waited them under the persecutions of Nero. Still this religion ncreased; it extended to the provinces, penetrated among the ordes of barbarians, and, wherever it appeared, carried with it ealing on its wings. It softened the heart of the warrior, humled the pride of the prince, and breathed purity and love and eace through every family that acknowledged its sway.

And now the church of Christ was about to be erected; but ow was this to be done? Was the simplicity and plainness f the gospel to be observed, or was the pomp of the Jewish ritual nd the splendor of the heathen temple to be imitated in the hurch of the Redeemer? Each convert wished it to be contructed after his own idea.

The rich and noble wished to erect it of marble, and fill it with ems, paintings, and statuary, like the Parthenon, that wonder of recian art. The pious and humble ministers objected to this lan. They said, Christ came to preach to the poor and lowly, o bind up the broken-hearted: what to him was all this display f wealth and art? The sacrifice of one contrite spirit was dearer,

far dearer, to him than all this; and so they went on constructing and reconstructing, while the true church existed only in the hearts of its worshippers.

This state of things continued until the third century, when the council of Nice assembled, determined to impose laws upon the Christian world. Emperors, princes, bishops, were there assembled to dictate a code of belief to their subjects. Here they first introduced the Athanasian Creed, which was to be forced upon the consciences of all believers with the aid of the sword and spear, the fagot and the stake. Alas for the church of Christ! there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The Scriptures were proscribed as not suited to the people. Latin prayers were introduced; and the priest was placed between the worshipper and his God, instead of that divine Mediator who lived and reigned in all hearts.

And now the church arose, bedecked with pomp and gold and all the wonders of art. Convents and monasteries were built; the Pope reigned supreme, trod upon the necks of kings and princes, denounced the vices of others, but freely indulged his own; so that the papal chair became a disgrace to the religion it professed, and its priests, reckless of virtue, followed the example of their head. And now, where is the church of Christ, — that pure and holy and spiritual edifice? It is found only in the heart of the lowly, the humble, and the penitent, the contemned of the earth. For them is the kingdom of heaven prepared, and for them are reserved the joys of heaven.

Is not this also true at the present moment? Do we not think too much of greatness, of riches, of pride, of vain-glory? Thus shall we not learn Christ. Our hearts must be purified from this earthly dross, before he will come and take up his abode with us. Let us strive after this greatest of all blessings, that, while living here, we may be prepared to live hereafter.

L.

# THE CHRISTIAN THEORY OF LIFE.

A SERMON BY REV. W. P. LUNT, D.D.

Col. iii. 3: "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

In this manner and in such terms does the apostle address the Christian believers of the church at Colossæ. Like the other early Christian churches, which were gathered through the labors of the apostles, as at Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Galatia, and elsewhere, this church at Colossæ was composed in part of those individuals who had previously been Jews, and in part of those who had been born and reared in the midst of pagan influences. Their minds had not yet risen to a true Christian conception of life. The Jewish converts had been taught to attach a superstitious value to the rites and forms which were prescribed in the Hebrew system of religion. Those rites and forms, when they were instituted by Moses the servant of the Most High, had a deep and real significance. They were adapted to a people in a state of pupilage, all whose notions on moral and religious subjects were immature, and who were incapable of receiving, because their minds were not yet unfolded and enlightened sufficiently to receive, the pure truth. Their teachers, therefore, instructed and impressed them by means of signs and types, in the same manner as Christ, when he appeared, taught by means of parables. He had many things, as he declared, to say to his followers; but they were not able at once to receive and inwardly digest them. Therefore he taught the multitudes in parables, that seeing they might see somewhat, but not perceive the chief doctrine; and hearing they might hear his words, but not fully understand the hidden meaning they contained, — the mystery to them of truth and righteousness which those words involved.

The forms and rites, I say, of the Hebrew system were thus adapted to a people in pupilage, — a people who were subjected to a training, in providence, for something better that would succeed. And no one can study, with the help of what little light history sheds upon the subject, the condition and character of the Hebrew people as compared with the idolatrous, heathen, polytheistic nations around them in ancient times, without being convinced that

in point of civilization, of morals, of worship, in regard to every thing that constitutes the security, the purity, and the happiness of domestic, social, political life, they were greatly in advance of other nations of the earth. While other people had their gods many, with attributes borrowed from the worst forms of humanity, the descendants of Abraham were believers in, and worshippers of, one God of infinite perfections. While other people had lost from their minds the law of right conduct, which is written upon all human souls, and were given up to vile affections and to the practice of all unrighteousness, and were left to put evil for good, and light for darkness, and to substitute what is wrong for what is right and holy, the descendants of Abraham received a written law which was a copy of God's law of nature, and which had the effect to keep the consciences of his chosen people true to themselves and true to him in some measure; at least prevented those wide and monstrous departures from the natural law of right and duty, which were so glaring in the nations that surrounded them. The ceremonial portion of their system was designed to keep them separate from all corrupting influences, until a time should come, steadily looked forward to, when it would be safe and practicable for them to break down these partition-walls, and to join in worship and in spiritual obedience with a new church or community gathered out of every tribe and nation upon the earth.

But even after Christ had come into the world, and when churches had been planted in his name in various places, among other places at Colossæ, the error of the Jewish converts was that they still wished to adhere to the forms of the ancient ritual, — forms which the apostle teaches them, in the epistle we are considering, were dead. And therefore the apostle says in the text, Ye are dead to these things; these are but the rudiments of the world. "Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath-days, which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." The apostle would have his Jewish converts feel that that old form of life in which they had been educated, and which they were so desirous of retaining, was now deceased; all the virtue it once had was gone out of it; they were, if true to their calling, risen with Christ out of the dead forms of the past into a new spiritual life, to the consciousness of a new moral being, to the

possession of new thoughts, affections, convictions, hopes, and principles. The life which they were called now to live was not indeed outward, external, apparent to sense, limited by visible acts according to the directions of an express law or commandment; it was rather a hidden life of the mind, involving a righteousness that did not always give outward tokens and manifestations of itself; a righteousness that was done not to be seen of men, but in obedience to the Father who seeth in secret, to Him who looketh upon the hearts of his children. The life which they were called as Christians to live might not always be able to vindicate itself to the judgments of the world, who judge only according to appearances; it might, and very likely would, involve disgrace and dishonor: as Christ the Master had been put to an ignominious death, and had been removed out of the world, and hid from men's sight; so his disciples could not expect to be in good repute, or to experience a constant, uninterrupted course of prosperity and success. They must lie, and be contented to lie, under a cloud; the life they were appointed to live must be a hidden, an obscure, an inglorious life often: but it was "hid with Christ in God;" and when he who was the life of his followers should appear, when the time should come for him to emerge out of his obscurity, then they too would appear with him in glory.

And in like manner the apostle reasons with those members of the Colossian church who had been heathens. As the Jews were exhorted to put away their forms and idle ceremonies which had no longer any use and meaning, so the gentile or heathen converts were exhorted to lay aside their pagan, idolatrous practices, the impurities and crimes which had been tolerated and even sanctified by their old religions, and which they had been taught from their youth up to mingle with the offerings to their cruel or licentious divinities. When they were baptized into the faith of Christ, they were dead as to the religion and morals of their infancy. They were now to rise to a new life, — a life that was "hid with Christ in God." They had been taught, as heathens, to set their affections upon this world; to regard most highly, if not exclusively, those things which minister gratification to the senses; to value above every thing riches and honors, and distinctions of place and rank; to labor only for the meat that perisheth; to inquire what they should eat, and what they should drink, and

wherewithal they should be clothed; and in what ways and by what instruments they might vary and multiply the sensual, or, at most, the intellectual delights of life. This, their old life of sense and sin, they had put off when they entered the Christian communion. They were dead to this. The life they were now called to live was a divine life. It was the hidden life of the soul. It had reference, not to the external things of this world, which perish in the using, but to imperishable good. It was the life, not of the body, but of the higher and nobler part of man's nature, — the mind and soul. It was a life in harmony with Christ's life, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," devoted to useful and benevolent offices; a life of faith, as was the great Master's life, having a hidden secret foundation in God, the Source of life, and the Inspirer of all holiness and wisdom. To such a useful, pure, self-denying, spiritual life, were the converts from heathenism called by the gospel.

I have endeavored, in the remarks which have been made thus far, to explain the immediate application of the text, so far as we may suppose the apostle to have had in view the two classes of Jewish and heathen converts forming the church at Colossæ to which he was writing. But let us look at the text now in a different way, and see what general truths, applicable to all souls and at all times, we may discover in it. It suggests to me what may be called the *Christian theory of life*. And I now proceed to consider this Christian theory of life in some of its more prominent features.

And the first particular worthy of our notice, in the view which Christianity presents of man's true life, regards the origin of this life. The religion of Christ teaches, or rather assumes the fact, and bases its instructions upon the assumption, that the life of which we and all human beings are conscious, had its origin in God. The atheistic theory of man denies this origin in God. It trifles with our reasoning faculties by ascribing to chance that which necessarily involves the exercise of intelligence; or it assumes the eternity of matter, and endeavors to account for the existence of man by supposing this paragon of physical and intellectual being to be the result of successive developments of matter, continually changing its forms, and finally evolving and producing the perfect creature we call man; or it wearies us by an endless genealogy of the race, carrying us up the steps of the past, but

never allowing us to come to the top; an infinite succession of child and parent, without ever arriving at a first pair who were created in a supernatural manner.

The worldly view of the matter, for it cannot be called a theory, is that we who now possess the earth exist; we had immediate progenitors; we have a history of families, tribes, nations, and races, that penetrates back a few centuries into the past, and then is lost in cloud-land. This, the man of the world whose thoughts are engrossed with present and material interests, thinks to be all that is deserving of consideration. In his estimation the present is all that merits attention or regard.

Now, the Christian theory of life does not so judge. It carries us back to an origin, and up to a Creator and Father in heaven. It bids us receive into our creed the article of a beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, and all that they contain. The Christian view is, that we should regard our life as "hid in God," — "hid with Christ in God." For the same Father to whom he traced his life, his gifts, his wisdom, his inspiration, has fashioned us; has breathed into us his quickening influence; has kindled within us that measure of light we possess; and inspires us with the thoughts, the convictions, the hopes, and principles that direct our powers, and determine our conduct. Our life is hid in God — is the Christian doctrine. It assigns for man a divine origin. It does not encourage us to presume that we can understand how that creation proceeded. That is a mystery beyond our faculties to penetrate. The fact of a divine original is established, and the soul encouraged to meditate on this fact: of the mode, no attempt is made to furnish an explanation. To that sacred source our life is traced; and there we are reminded in fit terms, that it is *hid* in God.

Nor is it to be regretted that we cannot understand a fact which yet we cannot gainsay. It would not be well for man if there were no mysteries which he vainly tries to understand; if there were no dark places where his proud intellect halts and stumbles, and confesses itself lost. As pride is the master-sin of both men and angels, so humility is placed foremost in the scale of Christian virtues. There is, then, as it is plain to see, a double purpose served in this portion of the Christian theory of life. The mind is strengthened and cheered by being allowed to trace back our life to a divine fountain of life. We can ascend

to that fountain. But, when in idea we reach it, we are amazed and humbled at finding that our life is hid in God.

It would not be religious, it would not surely be Christian, for us to regard ourselves as independent, self-dependent, self-sufficient beings. We must go out of ourselves for an explanation of our life. There is an intelligible and proper sense in which every human being can use and apply to himself the memorable words of Christ, "Before Abraham was, I am." I will not assert that this was the sense in which those words were used by the Master. But it is the high prerogative of the human mind, that it can trace back the life of which it is at present conscious through generations of the past; and the stream flows from far beyond Abraham. Above and beyond all second causes and intermediate agents, we follow our life to God. There it is hid.

We have been considering our life in reference to its origin and source; and the mind follows it in idea, until it is lost and hid in God. Let us now look at it, not in regard to its origin, but in its operation and action at present. Now, it is plain that Christianity has somewhat peculiar to teach on this matter of the true life of man. One of the Saviour's memorable sayings, standing out as a prominent part of his system, is this, "The kingdom of God is within you." The Hebrew formalist made religion consist in a round of outward ceremonies. His religion must be visible, or to his conceptions it could have no reality; and, in order that it might be visible, there must be a series of acts and services appointed to be done. The performance of such acts and services would soon become habitual and mechanical, and in that state they would have no life in them. For this reason it was that our Lord so frequently and so emphatically contrasts the religion of the mind, or conviction, — the religion of faith, — with that of usage and form. He draws a striking contrast, in his parable of the pharisee and the publican, between the heartfelt, genuine devotion which was content to utter a single ejaculation expressive of humility and penitence, with the painstaking and parading prayer of the formalist. The same lesson is taught in the comparison by which he likened the kingdom of heaven to leaven which was hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. The same is conveyed in the directions he gave to his disciples to pray not in public, at the corners of the streets, to be seen of men, but unto the Father

in secret; to fast, not outwardly, but in the heart, before Him who seeth in secret; to give alms, not ostentatiously for the reputation of charity among men, but so privately that the left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth.

Now, all these and similar instances that might be produced in abundance, were it necessary, serve to indicate the theory which Christianity advances in regard to the religious life. The leading feature of that life, as the gospel describes it, is that it should be secret, unostentatious, hid in God. "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God." "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and, when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret." "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth, but whatever evil cometh from the heart within defileth a man." According to the Christian standard, the moral worth of a man's life is estimated not merely by what he does, by his acts, but by his thoughts, desires, purposes. A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil. The tree is to be known, according to the Saviour's words, by its *fruits;* but then his doctrine is, that the tree was evil before it produced bad fruit. The Christian life, then, we see, is a hidden life. It belongs to the heart.

Again, it is hid with Christ. It belongs to the theory of the Christian life, that it should be intimately connected with Christ. This thought is frequently brought forward in the New Testament writings, and expressed under various figures. At one time Christ is the head, and believers are represented as members, of the body; at another time Christ is the vine, and his followers are the branches. But, whatever images and forms of speech are used, the same general truth is declared, namely this, that there can be no moral life separate from him. As Christ is one with God, so believers are to be made one with him, and through him one with God.

But the great doctrine of the Christian religion is the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. The promise which Christ gave to his early followers, when he was about to leave them, was that he would send unto them the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of his truth, to dwell in them, and to abide with them for ever. This promise began to be fulfilled after he was taken up, on the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit came upon the assembled disciples. They now felt the

power of Christian truth. It was henceforth known by them as a hidden treasure in their hearts. They were moved, sustained, strengthened, illuminated, comforted by it. Their life was hid with Christ in God.

And we are taught to acknowledge the same connection between our souls and the Father of our spirits. The doctrine of a Holy Spirit, of spiritual influences, coming to us from above, — "helping our infirmities," answering our prayers, suggesting thoughts to the mind, inspiring motives, confirming resolutions, — this doctrine is what renders the truth of a God practically efficacious. We are convinced by this doctrine, that God not only exists in some ineffable majesty too glorious for our conceptions; that he not only, at some period in the past, exerted his attributes to frame and order the world about us, but that he is now and ever working, not only above and around, but also within us. God is in us by his invisible but all-gracious influence. Like the air we breathe, which bloweth around us, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is the Spirit of God. This life, of which we are at this moment and in every successive moment conscious, is not something that we enjoy by ourselves, independently of all other beings. Life is shared by us in common with a vast variety of existences; and it is something we derive from an unseen source. While that Almighty arm is extended, we are upheld; when it drops, we die. While that superhuman energy thrills through us, we think and feel and will and act. Let that spirit of mental and moral life cease to operate, and we should cease to have any power of thought. Our outward life, the life of the body, depends upon a thousand material agents which are employed by Providence to satisfy our daily wants, and is hid with them in God, the bountiful Source of good. And, in like manner, our moral and spiritual life, the life of the soul, is "hid with Christ," the great agent through whom spiritual blessings are conveyed to the world, — "hid with Christ in God."

We have now considered the Christian theory of man's life in relation to its origin in the past, and also in its present and constant dependence upon a supreme and divine power. It remains for us to consider our life for the future. What does the religion of Christ teach on that point? Man's life does not, according to the Christian philosophy, relate to the present alone. Its maxim

not, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It does t say to us: Seize the flying moments; enjoy what is within ach; make the most of youth; the grave is the goal beyond ich man's life extends not. But, by the exercise of faith and pe, we are encouraged to lay hold of the future. The Chris- n enjoys a hope full of immortality. He visits in idea the pulchre of the Saviour, and receives the assurance, — "He is t here, but is risen." He looks beyond the dark valley of ath, and enjoys a vision of the felicity of the heavenly state. he called to part with relatives and friends? They are not ad, but gone before; passed on to a higher life. He who, ien on earth, could speak the word, "Young man, I say unto se, arise," and was obeyed, can hereafter break the sleep of ose whom we have resigned to the call of the heavenly Dis- ser. All shall hear his voice; those who were early taken, d those who continued with us for a longer term; all shall ar the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth.

And finally, in the same spirit of confidence and hope, the ristian is taught to regard his own departure. "Father, into y hands I commit my spirit," was the simple but sublime aculation of the dying Saviour. The spirit returns to God io gave it. The life is not quenched, but is hid with Christ in od. And the promise is, that "when Christ, who is our life, all appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

We have considered, in our communion at the present time, e Christian view of human life. We have looked at and ditated upon that Christian view of life, as relates to the past, the present, and to the future; for, in all three of these rela- ns, we must contemplate a subject of such vast moment. The nd of man is discursive. It ranges through eternity. It flies, angels' wings, up to the blazing throne of Omnipotence. It oks "before and after," as the poet of all ages expresses it. ie human mind, let the sceptic say what he will, never has en satisfied, never will be content, without a beginning, with- t a God who created all things in that beginning. If a God not revealed, the mind will feel after him, and find him by own light. If reason struggles and fails in the attempt, ima- nation will create a God, and fall down and worship that fiction the brain. And the human mind is not only not satisfied thout a beginning, but it must have, will have, an idea of a

consummation of what was begun ages ago, and is now in progress; and the best consummation imaginable for man is everlasting life, unending felicity in a state of being out of which all imperfection and evil shall have been removed.

If we think at all, my friends; if we do not, as the way of some is, sensualize and imbrute our minds, we must follow back in idea the stream of our life, till that stream is hid in God, the fountain of being, — yes, "hid with Christ in God;" for we have the same divine origin with Christ; of us, in a certain sense, it may be affirmed, — what is true of *him* in a peculiar sense, — that we have a mysterious union with the Godhead.

The Christian view of life, in regard to the present, is, moreover, that in God we live and move and have our being; and this is not only true of our bodily life. There is not only a Providence, in the ordinary sense of that word, which feeds and clothes and blesses us, — but there is a Holy Spirit. This also is taught by Christianity. There is a Divine Influence constantly exerted upon our minds. The mental eye revolves in an element of holy light that breaks out of the heavens and shines upon us, and without which we should be unable to distinguish truth from falsehood, right from wrong. We cannot understand this union of the soul with Him to whom all souls belong. It is a mystery. But, as a fact, we cannot, we dare not, gainsay it: our "life is hid with Christ in God."

And the Christian view of man's life, in regard to the future, is the same. In no other way can we satisfy the mind that stumbles when it essays to "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." The friends who are taken from us have passed within the veil. They are not lost eternally. They are "hid with Christ in God;" and, as God lives and Christ lives, they shall live also. And, concerning ourselves, we have the like confidence. We "know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which at death we commit to him." "He will guide his creatures with his counsel, and hide them in the secret of his tabernacle, and afterward receive them to glory."

Our subject has a peculiar significance at the commencement of a new year. Another stage in the journey of life has been reached; and the serious mind is disposed, from this new point of vision, to look back upon the ground over which we have

travelled, and forward into the untried future. Of that portion of our life which is past, the most retentive and capacious memory preserves only partial and imperfect images. The rest "is hid in God." A faithful record of that life is kept by the All-knowing Witness; and one of the most fearful thoughts that religion suggests to the soul is the assurance that that record will be produced, for our confusion or satisfaction, in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

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## GOD IN OUR AGE.

EVERY age of the world is marked by some peculiar feature. That in which we live, while it has much in common with all that have preceded it, has one clear characteristic. It is an age of expansiveness; it is an age of great desires, schemes, and plans, of great experiments, and hardly less great achievements. I know well that there is a tinge of self-esteem in man which leads him to think that the age in which he lives and takes a part must be and is an extraordinary age. Still, making due allowance for the exaggerations of this sentiment, history — that stern and impartial observer — will record this, no one can doubt, as a period of unprecedented progress. Take the several fields of thought, principle, and action, for the last half-century, and you at once see that the mark set upon them is advancement.

Go back two hundred years. What stupendous changes have these centuries wrought out in America! There has been, from the beginning, a steady, irresistible movement onward, from strength unto strength, until a little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.

We do not know what passed in the bosoms of the Pilgrims. Doubtless, however, feeble and afflicted as they looked into the future, their sky seemed sometimes overcast and gloomy; not a ray of hope breaking on the prospect. But look at their sons now! What a contrast they present in this respect! Their courage is unbounded, their desires are illimitable, their aspirations high as the very heavens. And yet more; the men of this age not only desire, but at once believe, that they can accomplish

whatever they shall take in hand. They proceed, on the very birth of an idea, to plan its realization. They talk to one another of railways across continents, canals through isthmuses, bridges hung in the air, tunnels bored for miles through mountain and rock, steamships to belt the globe, electric conversations over thousands of miles, and beneath the great deep, — projects, to name which would once have been thought a proof of insanity. They talk, and hold meetings, and write, and agitate on these gigantic schemes, until they become familiar as household words.

Nor is this all: they, almost on the conception, counting nothing impracticable, begin to execute their schemes. Neighbors, towns, cities, states, nations even, come together; the books are opened, the stock is taken, or only beginning perhaps to be taken, when the work is commenced; and, as if by enchantment, what was but yesterday conceived in the brain of some humble inventor is to-day actually presented before us in full operation.

These two traits are stamped most legibly on the present age: first, its experimental science; and, secondly, its actuation of scientific discoveries in the arts of life. The mind of the age is intensely directed to the knowledge of what may be at once put in practice. No institutions are more popular than those for the promotion of science; no schools better patronized, and no men more highly honored, than those devoted to its culture. Every department of nature is eagerly investigated, — mountain, valley, plain, river, lakes and seas, the solid earth and the fluent ocean. The heavens also are subjected to the gaze of midnight watchers on a thousand observatories; and world upon world are bursting on the vision of the enraptured astronomer.

There is a growing love of science in all lands. Individuals are piercing its depths, and nations are sending out fleets for its promotion, to polar skies and to the heart of unexplored continents. Discoveries have already been made which mock the scanty attainments of the past; and there is a promise in the liberal outfits and magnificent expenditures of the present, that we are on the eve of reaching as yet unimagined truths and results.

And look, for a moment, at the energy with which the material forces of nature are now wielded. Science is entering every industrial pursuit, superseding manual labor by machinery, aiding

the mechanic at his bench, working with the commonest workman, abridging the processes and increasing the amount of manufactures. It is improving the soil, inventing new implements for the farmer, and pressing chemical as well as dynamic forces into the service of agriculture. Commerce also is facilitated, as never before, by the inventive arts; and the merchant ploughs every sea, and makes air and vapor minister to his opulence.

By the same mighty movements, our domestic comforts are constantly multiplied; and what was once a luxury for the few is now extended to the many, and deemed a necessary of life. We witness continual changes around us; but they are almost universally progressive, — cities enlarged, and towns converted into cities; the railroad carried near every man's door; and the merchandise of the remotest village, and the produce of the humblest farm, brought speedily to the great centres of traffic. Not the rich alone, nor those who enjoy a competence, but the very inmates of the almshouse in their improved condition, feel the renovating power of the age.

How much has been done for the diffusion of physiological science within the period I have named! If we now neglect daily exercise, regular ablutions, temperance in diet, and abstinence from alcoholic stimulants; or if we sleep in ill-ventilated apartments, and attempt to shut out the air of heaven from our dwellings, as though it were a bane and not a blessing, — we do it in the very face of a better knowledge, and against the distinct remonstrances of the inner voice. What advancement has been made in the culture of the popular intellect, and the spread of universal knowledge! The common school, once limited to a narrow region, and to such favored spots as this our New England and the land of the Covenanter, is now opening its doors wider and wider, that the humblest child may enter in and drink of its life-giving waters. And thus, by the spread of education, the press has an ever-enlarging field. Not only the light-winged journal of the hour, but the graver periodical and the substantial volume, are marching round in wider and still wider courses. The lyceum is scattering science and literature broadcast; and the free school is opened even for the adult. The language of the masses is becoming more elevated, and their ideas are expanded; so that questions, once agitated only in the college or the lite-

rary society, are now discussed in the workshop, and in the furrow, and by the counter.

But I have not enumerated these tokens of progress, material, social, and intellectual, for no purpose. I would now say, that, while they give evidence of the increased activity and power of man, they point also to a superhuman agency. There is a moral significance, and there is a spiritual utterance, in the characteristics of this age. "Who knoweth not, in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

There is danger that, amid the tremendous forces now in action around us, we shall lose sight of that higher hand, bow down to that dumb idol nature, and live without God in the world. It requires an increased self-recollection to keep fast hold of the solemn truth that it is in him, and not in ourselves, that "we live and move and have our being." There was never an age when mind, heart, and soul were so quickened, and so intent on material aggrandizement, as is the present; never, therefore, were we so called to increase our faith. Our progress in a spiritual direction should be commensurate with that we are making in the walks of science and industry. As the eye pierces more and more deeply into the mysteries of knowledge, it should gaze with an equal earnestness in the face of the Father.

It is true we cannot trace the hand of God outwardly, and step by step, in this movement of humanity; and yet it is equally true that his hand is here. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," said the Great Teacher, "and thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." This is the great law of all God's influence. We cannot tell where precisely it is, whence it comes, and whither it goes; and yet we do know that it is here.

1. God is in the human mind. He kindles its aspirations, inspires it with energy to conceive, with wisdom to invent, and with power to execute. He suggests, if not directly yet indirectly, and, by the genius he breathes into great men, he suggests kingly thoughts, by which they become leaders in science and good learning. He raises men up to be teachers of the ignorant, and reformers of those in error; and diffuses his spirit through all minds, high and low, rich and poor, shedding light by his various instrumentalities, — light on his whole family.

The chemist or the astronomer may pursue his investigations

in a proud self-dependence, and ask, Where is the Almighty? But he is soon compelled to confess his error. Science is finding in this age, bold as it is, constant limitations. It presses on and up to a certain point; but there it is constrained to stop. In searching out causes, — let it be those of fermentation, light, heat, or gravitation, if you please, — it reaches always a barrier, and is forced then and there to say in profound humility, "The hand of the Lord hath wrought this." In every age, the greatest minds have been devout and reverential. It is not the Galileos and Bacons, the Newtons and Bowditches, who have been skeptics; but, almost without exception, the weak men of the race. Let the mind pass beyond the shallow and commonplace objections of such men as Volney and Paine, let it look far enough, and it is sure to see a great First Cause.

2. The prevailing disposition of this age is to make a practical use of its discoveries; and we can see in that tendency the hand of the Lord. God is not only good, but he doeth good. And that is the great consummation towards which he wields the whole universe. Whatever man is accomplishing in the realm of thought or of action is moulded for a beneficent end. Physiology leads on to the health of the race; psychology, the study of the soul, promotes mental expansion. The increased culture of the child's intellect prepares him for new usefulness. The high aspirations, burning desires, grand experiments, and Titanic labors of the present, all conspire, not only to the outward prosperity of men and nations, but to the final and universal elevation of man as a spiritual being.

God is using the inventions of this age for a great moral issue. What is intercommunication but a mighty civilizer of the race? The railway not only brings men together, but binds them in one. When the slaveholder meets the freeman of the North, a power goes out to him that strikes a link from the chain of the slave. The steamship fraternizes all nations, and so establishes them in amity and peace. It helps forward a grand public opinion, through which wise and humane laws are enacted; and hence all law is respected. It shows the folly of those schemes which produce social anarchy, and is thus the friend of good order. Intercommunication, the result of scientific discovery, is binding the States of this great Confederacy more and more firmly together every year that passes. God, who moves over

the waters when troubled, thus frowns on the disorganizer, North or South, and will consume his pitiful work like flax in the flame. Amid all agitations, he sets a fresh seal to the perpetuity of the Union.

Nothing is so needed at this moment as a calm, settled conviction of the ever-abiding presence of God. Our industry needs it; the agriculturist should feel, that, plant and water as he may, and let his barns burst with fine wheat, it is God who giveth the increase. The mechanic should carry to his workshop the steady persuasion that he gets not his bread by his own strength alone; but the hand of the Lord ever upholdeth his hand. Commerce should feel that it plans and trades and sails its ships by the breeze of God's great breath. Every mill is kept in motion by the streams that flow from his right hand. The student in his closet, the patient inventor, the artist, no less than the artisan, has the Lord ever at his side, sustaining his mind, and suggesting good thoughts. The pen, equally with the press, is presided over by his Spirit. The same mighty power which moves worlds and systems, and helps man to heap up silver and gold through material agencies, works also in his intellectual processes, invigorates his reason, wings his imagination, overshadows, uplifts, and inspires him continually.

We want the sense of this truth to make us more tranquil. Why is this age so restless, so discontented, so murmuring in its temper? Because, among other reasons, it lacks faith in God; it does not see and believe that he is at the helm, but leans on its own frail arm. We want it to give us the full use of our own powers and faculties. No man can labor to his utmost capacity of body and mind like him who believes the Omnipotent God works with him and in him. We want it to give purity to our reformers. A distinguished friend of the slave confessed recently, that he had often failed in the past because he had not seen and trusted in God. Philanthropy, without piety, is but a fierce and desolating blast of the desert. We want a sense of the Divinity to give the Christian his rightful assurance and courage. "I tremble," said a minister of the gospel, not long since, "when I see the energy of our men of business; I feel weak by their side." But why, O man of God! thou that hast the very truth of heaven for thy shield and buckler, and canst draw from the great spiritual armory, — why cower before

him who wields only the weapons of earth? Religion is not a suppliant for man's favor. The spiritual man should not cringe before the temporal; no, for his life is higher than the highest of mortal pursuits.

> "When I can say that God is mine,
> I tread the world beneath my feet,
> And all that men call rich and great."

We need this consciousness of the Divine presence as a counterpoise to the irreverence and vanity and self-esteem that come from trusting in our own strength alone. This age needs the old Hebrew faith, which saw God in every event, in every work, in every hour of life. We must go back to the spirit of our fathers, and discern, like them, a wonder-working Providence on our fields, by our firesides, in our marts, — ever present and ever operative. Science, enterprise, toil, success, — we are proving God to be on them all; and let that great truth be cordially and universally acknowledged. Census upon census, as the people multiply and the nation stretches wider and wider, and plants and builds and gets gain, let the morning and the evening orison of these millions of hearts, as they beat in one, ever be, "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but to thy name, give glory!"

A. B. M.

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THE ROMANISTS are reaping a harvest from Rationalism in Germany. It seems, that when the philosophers of this school have reasoned themselves out of all semblance of religion, they revert to Romanism, or throw their influence in its favor, and prepare the people for it. Take an example: Prof. Paulus, of Heidelberg, recently died at the age of ninety. Shortly before, he said to a pious man, "When I reflect on my long life, on the whole happy, if I could believe that the *enchainement* had an author, I should truly owe gratitude to him." His friend mentioned Providence to him. He replied, that necessity is Providence. This man left 6,000 florins to the *Roman Catholic* German community. — *Selected.*

## THE NEW BEGINNING.

HAVING occasion to look over my daily journal, which I commenced just a year ago, it was indeed painful to note my aberrations from duty, and non-fulfilment of sundry resolutions. I interrogated myself as to the *causes* of my failure, and found the *usages of society* had much to do with my delinquencies. Just about a year ago, I commenced housekeeping. You know, Adela, after Teddy was born, we made but uncomfortable steerage in that boarding-house. We were so limited for room, and my ideas expanded so largely to be mistress of a whole house, that I really went into the business of keeping it with much inexperience, and greater indiscretion. My husband's business, somehow or other, has not prospered the past year; yet our expenses have been enormous. All my friends urged upon me the necessity of keeping sufficient help to relieve me from arduous duties; but they certainly omitted to add how much my cares were increased by the addition of every domestic. As you remember, I began with a cook; (how I regretted that my education was so deficient on this head!) and then, as my chambermaid maintained that her position had nothing to do with the capacity of nurserymaid, of course another girl was selected to wait upon Teddy. Thus I was left entire mistress of my house ostensibly; *in reality*, my servants ruled me. To be sure, my drawing-rooms were furnished with elegant taste: my chambers corresponded, and there was no lack in cellar or larder; for I have a most considerate and practical husband, who greatly aids me in my duties. Still, at the close of this year, I do not feel free nor happy; and this disquietude mainly arises from my having acted contrary to my daily ideas of right. True, I have been outwardly gay, not lacking attendance upon operas and musical entertainments, besides many private parties and levees, upon which no inconsiderable sum has been expended to procure suitable outfits. Yet, Adela, my head has often rested upon an uneasy pillow after the brilliant show was over. I felt it was not consistent for me to maintain such an appearance, when I heard one of my husband's partners affirm, "Since the last day of June, they had been paying an enormous *extra interest*."

I would fain have dismissed my nursery-maid; for many a time I have longed to take her place, as she drew the little wicker-basket toward the Common; and still more was my envy increased when they played together round the grassy sides of the borders of the gravelled walks. But what lady is hoydenish enough to be thus at play, or "ungenteel" enough to be seen dragging a baby? And if perchance I should meet my friends in the upper circles while thus employed, farewell to caste. I have lost mine, yet I pined for this very exercise; and, when I drooped so as to require medical aid, my kind physician recommended me to the exercise on horseback in a riding-school. This I followed for two quarters at the rate of fifteen dollars per term. It certainly did benefit me, and I only regretted the *usages of society* did not allow me a more profitable exercise.

My chambermaid had but the care of my chamber and her own, the rest being unoccupied. This left her with much time upon her hands unemployed. By degrees she grew neglectful and insolent; defects which are pretty sure to follow an uncultivated mind which does not improve the waste moments. I thought of change: in one hour I could briskly have performed her morning duties, but no, my employment was to walk around the common, give orders to my cook, and prepare for the reception of calling acquaintances. These butterfly friends were always in ecstasies about some recent or forthcoming event; some new foreigner had tickled their fancy, or some startling engagement amused them. So, meanwhile, little Teddy was kept in her nursery, or taken to walk under the influence of a hired dependent. As the weather grew cold, Teddy was carried in nurse's arms; and many a time has the imprudent woman sat upon benches with the cold wind piercing little Teddy, to which many symptoms of croup succeeded before bedtime; and what a night of watching and anxiety followed! As I now look upon it, I cannot conceive how I came to have a repetition of this evil, and yet I *do* know. The child pined for the air; and trotting along slowly with a child would never do for me, who was perhaps in anxious quest for a dress-maker to cut a brocade silk, or retrim a fancy dress for a brilliant party.

But the end was not here: my last year's bill for fancy and dry goods was this day presented. It came so inauspiciously, just as my husband was troubled to meet some of his heaviest

payments. I had witnessed, for some weeks, a care-worn expression; his sleep, too, was greatly disturbed, and he appeared to suffer mentally. As his appetite became impaired, he attributed his disease to a dyspeptic habit. Again we consulted our family physician: he recommended out-door exercise, frugality in living, and a cheerful *tête-à-tête* with his wife. Alas! was I not *dyspeptic too?* Certainly my spirits flagged; and the secret with us both was, we were *living beyond our means.* But it was so difficult to retrace the past, and learn from it a salutary lesson which would avail in coming time.

Let us see how this law of helping one's self worked. We had a load of wood thrown down by our cellar-window; my husband ventured to throw it in by way of exercise. Scarcely had he commenced before a friend came along, with the remark, "So you are beginning to curtail your expenses, friend Green?" And yet another laughingly inquired "how much he charged per load for sawing and splitting;" all harmless insinuations to a rich man, and meant to be uttered as such. But Mr. Green felt he was really getting poor, and, I am sorry to add, felt chagrined.

But my unpaid bills still stared me in the face. That elegant brocade, for which seventy-five dollars were to be paid; that velvet cloak, with its sable trimmings, for an hundred dollars; while sundry Bertha capes, under-sleeves, and handkerchiefs, made up the modest sum of three hundred and twenty-two dollars and five cents! I could not rest from the conclusion it was a downright sin in me thus to expend money, with the knowledge of the fact of that *extra interest* paid by the firm.

Now, Adela, do you wonder the Christmas holidays do not open upon me quite as cheerfully as formerly? *Self*-condemnation is a much more fearful curse than another can inflict. Well, now, we will give an extract from my private note-book, that, when I become again happy, you may know that the foundation of it is more stable than my former efforts to be so.

Dec. 4. — This day dispensed with Teddy's nurse. The little creature is far more joyous out of her confined situation. She sits to the table in her high chair, and, grandmother adds, "behaves like a lady." I find the nurse had been in the habit of frightening the child into obedience, leading her to suppose the black men in the street, with bags of coal, had naughty children in their sacks. She trembles like an aspen leaf for fear of

one of them. She had learned her, too, not to tell mamma when she carried her abroad, but to make her believe she had been walking all the time; and it is strange what an adept such a young child may become in deceit. I sometimes think I have thus thoughtlessly inflicted a permanent sin upon my child.

Dec. 8. — The reformatory spirit, once begun, must be carried forward. I am resolved to be independent, and follow the dictates of duty. I have dismissed both cook and chamber-maid, and, in lieu thereof, have taken an experienced housekeeper of good principles and correct taste, who is willing to instruct me; and mutually we are to be helpers to each other. We never lived half so pleasantly before. I shall give up dinner-parties, and forego all the needless expenses attendant upon evening entertainments, and shall only dress in future as my means dictate.

Dec. 18. — My plan works well; yet I am not completely happy. There was more pride in my heart than I supposed. I find myself sometimes loath to acknowledge that I am in the way of my duty. I dress myself to receive company, and give the impression I have nothing to do. Mr. Green thinks he shall succeed without making a failure. Of course my bills will be paid, and I shall not again incur such; but I am lacking still in firmness and independence of thought and action. Still, I do see some progress, and this encourages me.

And thus I close the old year, and enter upon the new, with a fixed determination to do better, as I have grown wiser. To effect all this, I am sensible I need the more steady guidance of religious principles. I must learn to make my common duties have a religious end; and, the more I probe my conscience, the more do its defects appear. However, I am resolved to go on. Mr. Green and myself intend connecting ourselves with the church; thus gathering about us all the good influences we can. We want more strength; and, for want of it, many of our well-meant endeavors fail. We have so long clung to creature-objects for satisfactions which have failed us, that really we seem almost to distrust spiritual aid when we seek it. But I shall begin a new leaf in my note-book to-morrow, and I know my friends will sincerely wish me "a happy new year." H. S. E.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Christian Doctrine of the Forgiveness of Sin.* — Rev. J. F. Clarke has done much to make good his place among his friends in this neighborhood, though absent in body, as well as to edify Christians in all quarters, by this volume of mature Christian thought. The topic, as we know, has engaged his special attention for several years. Here are the fruits of his study, in a succinct, clear, comprehensive treatise, discussing the doctrine of Forgiveness in all its bearings and relations. Shrinking from no difficulties; dismissing no matter with a crude speculation, instead of a patient inquiry; following an admirable order of treatment; constantly drawing fine distinctions, as well as enunciating great truths; and fully charged with the spirit of the gospel, while carefully expounding its letter, — the book may well be received as a solid help to good learning and right thinking in theology. It is published by Crosby & Nichols.

The same publishers have also just issued a volume of *Miscellanies by Rev. James Martineau;* being a selection of papers from that gentleman's contributions to periodical journals; edited here, with an appropriate introductory note, by Rev. T. S. King. There are many persons likely to be interested in them who have had no opportunities of seeing them where they originally appeared, — chiefly in the Prospective and Westminster Reviews. They touch many of the issues presented by the exigencies of English theology, with a free, bold, strong hand. Their ability has secured them much attention and admiration. The author's mind is rather critical than judicial, and his style has certain brilliant qualities in too great prominence to inspire confidence. These traits, together with the fact that his impetuosity is rather that of the imagination than of emotion, and his religious expression more distinctly dictated by the intellect than by the heart, and his faith more formed by reverence for ideas than by the feeling of devotion and trust in living persons, help to account for it that a preacher, scholar, and author of so much ability, culture, and labor, should exercise an influence so incommensurate with his literary reputation. We have noticed some notions broached in articles of his, written since all of these were published, open to theological objections of a very serious character. But none of his writings are feeble, and none fail to present remarkable trains of thought, and exalted views of duty and life.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## THE PATRIARCHAL HISTORY CONTINUED.

IN following the thread of patriarchal history, we reached, in our last chapter, the birth of twin sons to Isaac and Rebekah. We soon learn, as we proceed, that one of them is the more fondly loved by the father, and the other by the mother; each being the *favorite* of one or the other; a division of feeling not more likely to prove advantageous to the children than favorable to the mutual comfort of the parents.

Fifteen years after this event, in the orderings of Heaven, a melancholy duty arises upon this family. Abraham the Faithful has filled the measure of his days. Isaac, and his ill-used brother Ishmael (who seems to have come home for the express purpose), unite, with a sad piety and much apparent mutual sympathy, in performing his obsequies; mourning with equal sensibility a loss which was far from being equally great to both. And now Isaac succeeds to the place, the property, the religious calling, of his father; and Abraham, the progenitor of the people of God, lives in his son. At the mature age of seventy-five, he assumes the new position, — a position for which his education and habits, and the influences to which he had been subject, well qualified him. He is the heir of a large estate: but this does not disturb, in the least, the equanimity of his nature; awakens no vanity, no pride, in his breast; makes him no more selfish, no more ambitious, than before; takes nothing from his gentleness,

nothing from his devoutness. We see, in fact, no change in him, save that he is now obliged to rely on himself, being aided no longer by his father's prudence and sagacity. And we cannot but feel that the mantle of the father is, on the whole, folded gracefully over the son, and that he is quite worthy to receive and to transmit those divine truths which have made his posterity a peculiar people; peculiar in their worship of the only God; peculiar also in being the stock from which sprang the world's Redeemer. Peacefully, prosperously, piously, the head of a pastoral household, happy in the affection of his wife, hopeful in regard to his children, respected by the people around, he lives on. By and by, his sons begin to develop each his distinguishing traits. Esau, the elder, discovers qualities which endear him particularly to his father, while Rebekah finds in Jacob the more precious jewel. Esau is active, playful, bold, enterprising, fond of the chase, enthusiastic in temperament, and very warm in his affection. Jacob is still, sly, reserved; preferring to be at home rather than abroad, and with his mother than with anybody else. He is timid, self-distrusting, has no openness and generosity, and is more cunning than honest. Was it an instinctive foresight of his character which dictated his name — "Supplanter"? At any rate, it must be confessed that his conduct gave singular appropriateness to it. One of the first acts of his life exhibits him in very disagreeable contrast with his brother, to whom the opinion of the world has always been less than just, nay, more than unjust. The incident to which we refer is the selling of his birthright; a bargain which is commonly treated as extremely foolish on his part, extremely shrewd on Jacob's; used, indeed, to point the moral of bargains in which one side, with eyes wide open, is egregiously cheated. For ourselves, we respect him all the more for that bargain. He acted very wisely in it, very nobly; while his brother Jacob, on the other hand, showed a meanness which to call contemptible would not express all its force. Is it not so? Recall the circumstances. Returning from the field, entirely exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he finds his brother engaged in preparing a dinner of herbs. He tells him how weary and faint and hungry he is, and asks for a portion of the repast. Jacob, seeing that he has him at advantage, renews a request (for it is evident they had talked on the subject before) that he would sell to him his rights as the first-born of their

father. Esau cares but little for those rights, and is in no condition to stand upon terms; for he says: "Behold, I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" Rather a natural reflection for a starving man, certainly! Besides, it was not difficult for one of his force of character to give up those privileges; for he felt sure that, with his own right arm and the blessing of God, he could make his way in the world without them. So, by solemn covenant, he relinquished his birthright; and Jacob, when he had made sure of it, — not before, — gave a mess of pottage to his starving brother! Now, which is the more base, to sell a birthright under such circumstances for such a consideration, or to buy it? The common instincts of the heart may be trusted for the right answer. It does not appear, however, that this over-reaching of Jacob produced any thing like hostility between the brothers, though it could scarcely have failed to cause some unpleasant feeling; and it is not likely that the mother was able to conceal her gratification at the good fortune of her favorite son; and this would tend, of course, to widen the breach in the family.

Still they continue to live together in the tents of their father for a number of years longer, when the region where they sojourn is visited by a famine. At the appearance of the famine, the first thought of Isaac is to go down, as Abraham had done before him, into the land of Egypt, and abide there till it was over. But just then the Divine Voice, familiar to his ear, counsels him to remove a little to the northward, to a place called Gerar, in the land of the Philistines. The Voice also renews the promise, "Unto thee and unto thy seed will I give all these countries, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Such persuasions, who was he that he should withstand them? But we allude to the circumstance now chiefly in order to do justice to those Philistines whom it has been usual to regard as a tribe of savages, in their moral condition wholly below the strangers from the East residing amongst them. Not so, by any means. They were evidently a kind, inoffensive, and hospitable people. Although, between the herdmen of Gerar and Isaac's herdmen, there arose a contention, yet Abimelech the king treated Isaac with the greatest consideration; strictly charging his people not to molest him; allowing him to re-open old wells and dig new ones for his cattle; permitting him the use of a tract of land for sowing, so fertile that

it yielded a hundred-fold; encouraging his stay till he had added largely to his flocks and his herds, and the number of his servants, and a jealousy of him had been created in some of the king's subjects. And then, when he had removed a short distance, to Beersheba, the king went out to see him, and proposed a treaty of amity with him as though he had been an independent sovereign. And this treaty was made in the best spirit on both sides; Abimelech showing himself as friendly, as peaceably disposed, as honorable, — yes, and as religious, — as Isaac. Honor to Abimelech, king of the Philistines!

And now we come to the first serious cross in the family of Isaac. His sons have reached the age of forty. "Marriage is honorable in all men," so thought Esau, and St. Paul after him; but it makes trouble sometimes. Disregarding the wishes of his parents in this instance, though his prevailing disposition was filial and kind, Esau forms a matrimonial union with two maidens of the highly respectable family of Heth. He chooses to marry from among his old neighbors, instead of sending, like his amiable father, to obtain a wife from the land of their ancestors. It is impossible for us to collect the reasons which determined his choice; but if the young women were intelligent, morally worthy, and otherwise agreeable, it would be difficult to impugn his discretion. Expecting to spend his days in that country, certainly an alliance with some of its families would tend to make his residence more comfortable, and, in the event of hostilities between himself and others, might prove a great advantage. Be that as it may, these two Hittite women, thus brought into the family, "were a grief of mind" to both parents.

And here we turn over another important leaf in this biography. Isaac is advanced in life, being one hundred years old; and to his other afflictions is added that of total blindness, "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out." In this so trying case, it was the special delight of his elder son to cheer his heart by filial attentions, procuring for him assiduously such delicacies for the appetite as he knew him to be fond of. Attentions of this kind long continued, combined with an original very strong partiality, had completely conquered the heart of the good old man. The return of this son from the chase would always bring a smile over his saddened countenance; for not only did his presence give him joy, but he loved the fine venison he killed, and the savory meats

he prepared for him. In this state of their relations occurs an instance of duplicity and treachery, on the part of the mother and brother, which has seldom been outdone, and which nothing can excuse. Under the promise of a special blessing from his father, and obedient to his wishes, Esau went out into the woods to hunt deer, animated by the expectation of receiving the promised blessing, which was a sort of oracular announcement, from the high ground of piety and prayer, of future good fortune. It chanced that his mother heard the promise, and knew the expectation. And what did she then? She prevailed on her darling Jacob to disguise himself in such manner, that, when his blind old father should feel of him, as he knelt down before him, he should take him to be Esau, and so bestow upon him the blessing. O Rebekah! how couldst thou? But Jacob is suited exactly. He will carry it through. Oh, yes! the plan succeeds admirably. The blessing is stolen; Esau is defrauded; and it is not a thing to be laughed at. It is a very serious thing for him; for when he returns, not many minutes after the iniquity had been consummated, and hastens to his father, saying, "Let my father arise, and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me," and the wicked cheat is then revealed to him,—what disappointment, what bitterness of grief, does he manifest! On hearing of the wrong, it is not resentment which first kindles in him; no, it is ineffable sorrow. He had desired that blessing, a superstition to be sure, more than all things beside; and, when he found that he had been defrauded of it, "he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father!" He did not ask him to recall the blessing surreptitiously obtained by his brother; he had too much magnanimity for that; but he entreated him to find one more blessing for *him*. "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father! And he lifted up his voice, and wept." What a scene! This is not a boy, weeping for some trifling loss or privation, but a man; a strong, resolute man; a man more than forty years old. There must have been cause for such tears! And they were not quite unavailing. He obtained a blessing, but not a very satisfactory one; for, although it promised him much in the future, it also gave him to understand that he was to be subject for a time to his brother. That part of the blessing, however, he took good care not to have realized.

As might be supposed, the conduct of Jacob, in twice circumventing him, does not immediately pass from his memory; and if it rankles in his bosom, and stirs up even a feeling of revenge, insomuch that he is almost determined to take his life, — think of the age in which he lived; think of the provocation; think of what men do now-a-days in Christian communities, pretty good men too; and judge him not so severely as we are wont. Do not follow the commentators who pass a smoothing-iron over Jacob's treachery and selfishness, while they hold up Esau, for his resentment, as an awful example of blood-thirstiness and contempt of God's law.

The progress of time does nothing towards reconciling Rebekah to Esau's marriage. "I am weary of my life," she complains to her husband, "because of the daughters of Heth." Will Jacob go and do likewise? The fear troubles her; and, in order to put an end to this anxiety at once, Isaac affectionately entreats him to go immediately to Padan-Aram, and take for his wife one of the daughters of his uncle Laban. The thought is pleasing unto his mind, and with all despatch he starts on the interesting expedition. Of the incidents of this journey we have room for no more than the bare mention, — the vision he saw, the beautiful vision, as he lay at night with his head resting on a stone for a pillow, and the religious use he made of it, beautiful as the vision itself; his opportune and most gratifying meeting of the daughter of Laban at the well near Haran; his seven years' service of Laban for the promise of his daughter's hand, and the artifice by which that promise was evaded (returning upon him in another form his own previous duplicity); his seven other years of service before obtaining the prize of his heart; the increase of his riches till it became great; the birth of children to him in that land; his falling out with his father-in-law, and secret departure with his wife and children and all his possessions for his native country, — of these things we omit to speak. Yet not altogether; for there is one scene in which Jacob appears to great advantage, and that, in justice to him, we will briefly notice. He had gone away stealthily from Laban, and his wife had carried off with her certain valuables in the shape of *images* — Lightfoot supposes them to have been small statues of her ancestors — belonging to her father. Laban was enraged; and, summoning his men, started, three days after Jacob had left, in pursuit of the fugitives. On the seventh day he overtook them. The interview which

took place is as interesting as any thing in history. The conversation is followed by a search, with the consent of Jacob (who was ignorant that they had been purloined) for the stolen articles. Search is first made in Leah's tent, then in Rachel's, everywhere among their goods, but without success. At the conclusion of the search, it is Jacob's turn to be angry because such an accusation had been made against the members of his family; and he bursts out in a strain of noble disdain and bold defiance of his father-in-law, which shows him, with all his faults, to be capable of something by and by. Whoever would see a fine specimen of indignant eloquence, let him read this. And it had great effect. Laban was subdued by it, and immediately proposed terms of peace; and thus the quarrel, which threatened to be lasting, soon ended in friendship and a solemn act of religion.

Jacob pursues his journey homeward; and very soon, of a night, another incident, requiring a passing comment, occurs, — a vision, namely, of an angel of the Lord, and a "wrestling" with him till the break of day. The faith of many Christians may be such as to receive the literal truth of what is related in this matter. We have no quarrel with it. Yet it sounds oddly enough: "he *wrestled* with an angel"! Besides, the Bible does not say so. It says, "He was left alone, and there wrestled a *man* with him until the breaking of the day." Well, that is odd enough! Perhaps, after all, there was no actual wrestling in the case, but only earnest and unbroken prayer through the night for a safe meeting with his long-ago injured brother, answered by a comforting assurance that he should have what he sought. Might not that have been pictorially described, originally, by the figures of a man and an angel striving together, and the former prevailing? Or may not this perhaps have been a dream, regarded by Jacob as of the Lord's inspiring; a dream in which he heard the angel of the Lord saying unto him, "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel, the Prevailer"? In those early days, before the world had received its great and general revelations, a necessity existed for many particular revelations; and these were sometimes given in *dreams*, accompanied by such impressions on the mind of the dreamer that he was obliged to accept them as divine communications. Whether, therefore, we interpret the wrestling scene as the description of an importunate and prevailing prayer or as an inspired dream, the *moral* truth and impression

conveyed are the same as those of the literal story, while the manifest incongruity and absurdity of that are avoided.

Onward he travels, till at length he meets in the way, after a twenty years' separation, his brother Esau. And what a meeting! how open, manly, affectionate, on the part of Esau! how cautious, timid, anxious, yet respectful, on the part of Jacob! Esau, with a retinue of four hundred men; Jacob, with his wives and groups of children and many servants! Jacob, with the formal ceremony of an Eastern prince meeting a prince, moving slowly towards his brother, and bowing profoundly at every step; Esau, whose impetuous affection could not be restrained for etiquette, running to embrace him, and in one warm gush of fraternal love whelming all old resentments! Their arms flung around each other's necks, these twin brothers and the sympathies of their youth all freshly returning!

And here, in this scene, a new person is introduced to us, — one of great note afterwards, and of immense influence on the fortunes of his family, — for among those who bowed themselves to Esau was JOSEPH! And, as the remainder of Jacob's life is much affected by the fortune and closely intertwined with the life of this son of illustrious fame, the review of it may be deferred till we come, in our next chapter, to speak of him.

J. W. T.

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MEASURES are progressing in earnest, for the introduction of Street Preaching in the city of New York. Several meetings have been held for the discussion of the subject, consisting of about one hundred and fifty persons, chiefly ministers; and have resulted in passing a series of resolutions, in which they invite the clergy of the city and neighborhood, of all evangelical denominations, to co-operate, — and in which they designate suitable places for the work, — and recommend the appointment of a committee, in which all the co-operating denominations shall be represented to supervise the work. A committee of fifteen was appointed, and the work will probably commence as soon as arrangements can be made. — *Selected.*

## OUR RELIGIOUS WANTS.

THERE is need of a revival in our churches. Are not our public services less and less regarded? Are not our children withheld from the rite of baptism? Do not many of our thoughtful young people, and some of the most serious and earnest-minded of our elders too, turn from the celebration of the Lord's Supper as something with which they have no concern?

That these questions must be answered in the affirmative, cannot, we think, be denied. The fact is to be lamented, for it tells of something wrong on the part of churches or of people. It is with this fact, as connected with our New England churches, — with our Unitarian churches, we will say, — that we have to do. Our present time is characterized, more than any other, by fearless, independent thought. Truth is to be acknowledged wherever it is found,

"On Pagan or on Christian ground."

And falsehood is to be as fearlessly renounced. There are no longer any sacred precincts where she may hide and shelter herself from the resolute search of the reformer. As firmly as he treads the walks of science, he enters the temple-aisle, and, without a trembling hand, lifts the veil which has been reverenced as holy; falters not as he shakes the dust from the sacred treasures; and is not startled if many crumble in his touch. "Truth will endure, falsehood must pass away," is his motto: "the sooner the rough work is done, the better for the world." Our spiritual faith is one of the noble results of this protesting spirit. It has come forth disburthened of the dust and cobwebs with which superstition had encumbered the religious life; holding fast the important fact, that "*life is not mere belief*, but good works also; that love and kind acts to our neighbor were inculcated by Christ as plainly as the worship of the Father; and that the service of good deeds is no less important than that of the temple."

This idea, which we believe to be implanted in the central heart of the Unitarian faith, has carried some of its recipients farther than was at first foreseen. Awakened to a sense of the

evils which had long been submitted to unconsciously, roused to a sense of the need of exertion to be free from them, — the reform-spirit has burst all bonds of conservatism; the centrifugal force has quite overbalanced the centripetal; and, as must always be when the natural laws are violated, disorder has ensued. The impulse of the day is one which tends strongly to individualism. External law is unheeded; "the divine law is written within the soul; it is for us to be true to that." What shall check the headlong rush, this restless, onward motion? What shall give the soul the *repose* for the want of which it suffers? What voice shall say to the tumultuous anxious strife of the elements, "Peace, be still"?

We suffer for the want of the full reception of the religion of Jesus. Truly "he went about *doing* good;" but his nights, spent in prayer upon the mountain, teach us that his life was contemplative and devotional too; and his daily intercourse with his disciples, especially his parting words to them, and his last prayer for them, reveal to us how deep and close the feeling of brotherhood he wished should unite them to each other and to him. This principle of Christian brotherhood, we believe, has hardly begun to be felt as it should be. The looking to Christ, as the bond of union of disciples with each other, is an idea that we most imperfectly recognize. "One with him, as the branches with the vine," — thus he expressed his desire of perfect unity among his disciples; an intimacy of union, which is the consciousness of his life in us as the very pulse of ours. "*He that eateth me shall live by me*," he says to his disciples; thus expressing his desire to become really incorporated with his followers. He knew that they had not life enough of themselves to find their way to the Father; so he seeks to give *himself* to them, that through him they may attain to that oneness with God which is the soul's only rest.

At his last supper with them, this thought seems to have returned to him with increased intensity; so that the food before him seemed transformed into symbols of that spiritual life he desired to impart to them. And, with his heart glowing with the earnestness of holy love, he says, "This is my *body*, this is my *blood;* this do in remembrance of me." What does this mean, unless it is, "When ye assemble together, as has been your custom, to keep this feast with me, let it be no longer the Jewish

Passover that you keep, but *remember me;* feel that my life still circulates in you, that I give the bread of life to all who seek it, that you are still *one* in me, and that I am with you alway"?

Viewed in this way, it seems to us that the communion of the Lord's Supper has more and truer meaning than as it is generally presented, — as a duty of love and gratitude to Jesus, especially commemorative of his sufferings and death for us. We do, indeed, need to take these to our hearts in our hours of deepest, loneliest thought; we need the humbling rebuke they give to our poor impatience, the strength with which they enable us to bear all trials through reverent, loving sympathy with him who endured so much; we need, most of all, the spirit of self-sacrifice which they enkindle. But we need, too, to come out from our retirement, however elevated it may be; and in this act, at once devotional and social, seek the life of which we have so much want. Here, to this supper, we would come; feeling the burthen of our infirmities lightened as we remember that he said, "I will give you rest." Here we would come; remembering that those assembled with us, the highest and the lowliest, are all "thirsting for the living spring." Here we would seek to come with hearts so pure that we may drink the water of life freely; warm with love towards all who meet us there; uniting them all in our supplications for light from above. Thus, it seems to us, this communion-season is to fulfil the end which our beloved Master had in view; it is Christ taking his followers by the hand, and those followers saying to each other, "We know your struggles, your infirmities, by our own; we have relied too much upon ourselves; our hearts have sometimes been proud, looking down upon our neighbors: but now together let us come unto him; he will give us what we need, — *his life in us.* He has trodden this earthly path, passed through its darkest scenes, his spirit all the while at rest with God; and we remember that he promised all things asked in his name should be received: then, as the living branches united in the vine, we seek the nourishment which sustains our being; in perfect faith that no one will be turned away unfed, but relying on the free reception of his spirit so freely offered as the true way to approach the Father."

ONE OF THE LAITY.

THE

# MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH TO LABORING MEN.

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, JUN., RECTOR OF EVERSLEY, ENGLAND.

CONFIDENT that it will be received and read with satisfaction by many who would not otherwise see it, we reprint, from an English copy, the following sermon. The introductory note sufficiently explains the circumstances that have contributed to give it celebrity. The author, Rev. Charles Kingsley, is a clergyman of the Established Church, and is also the author of those pungent and strong pictures of the English laborer's wrongs, "Alton Locke," and "Yeast." It is a source of pleasure to have an assurance so direct that there is more than one kind of preaching within the pale of the Establishment. Nor are such men as Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley, however watched and suspected by the "powers," by any means alone there in their progressive, humane, and liberal spirit. — ED.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The following sermon was delivered last Sunday evening, in the District Church of St. John, in the parish of St. Pancras. As soon as the blessing had been pronounced, the clergyman of that church rose in the reading-desk, and declared his belief that the doctrine of a great part of the discourse was untrue. He added, that he had been led to suppose that the sermon would have had an entirely different character. Many who heard this statement very naturally believed that Mr. Kingsley and some of his friends had succeeded, by false pretences, in obtaining leave to preach in Mr. Drew's pulpit, and that they had been admitted to that privilege under solemn guarantees, which one of them had violated. A gentleman who did not entertain this opinion himself, but who found it prevailing among a great many of his acquaintances, applied to Mr. Maurice to explain the facts of the case, so far as he knew them. The following letter was received in answer to this request: —

"My dear Sir, — About four months ago, Mr. Drew requested me to take part in a course of lectures, to be delivered in his church on certain Sunday evenings in the months of June and July. He said at the same time that he had been reading Mr. Kingsley's books with the greatest interest, and that he earnestly

desired to secure him as one of the lecturers. I promised that I would mention the subject to him, though I knew that he rarely came to London, and seldom preached except in his own parish. Mr. Drew wrote to me a short time before Easter, expressing his wish that some arrangement should be made immediately respecting the lectures, as he was leaving town. I happened to be spending a day or two with Mr. Kingsley when the letter reached me. He agreed, though with some inconvenience to himself, that he would preach a sermon on 'The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man.' I suggested the subject to him. Mr. Drew intimated the most cordial approval of it. Neither Mr. Kingsley nor I told him what we intended to say in our sermons. It would have been ridiculous to do so. He had asked us, not only with a previous knowledge of our published writings, but expressly because he had that knowledge. Mr. Kingsley says he should have been willing to show Mr. Drew his manuscript if he had wished it, and to have erased any passages to which he objected; so strong is his feeling that a clergyman should not deliver in another man's pulpit even what he would think right in his own, if it clashed with the feelings and convictions of the person who invited him. I do not agree with him. I would not have altered or omitted a single line in a sermon of mine at Mr. Drew's request. He might ask me to preach or not, as he liked. If he chose to do it, he must submit to hear what it seemed to me right, as a minister of God, to speak. But, be that as it may, I pledge you my word that no questions were asked, and no guarantees were given. Mr. Kingsley took precisely that view of the 'Message of the Church to the Laboring Man' which every reader of his books would have expected him to take. As you were present on Sunday evening last, you know that it was so. Those who were not present will, I hope, soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, since the sermon will be published exactly as it was preached.

"Very truly yours,

"F. D. MAURICE.

"21, Queen's Square, June 25, 1851."

The readers of this sermon will be kind enough to remember that it has not been corrected by the writer;* that he has not availed himself of the privilege which every author would wish to claim, of removing errors in composition, or of expressing senti-

* In the second edition, however, a few verbal corrections were supplied by the author.

ments which he finds his hearers had misunderstood in different words. His friends took the manuscript from him as soon as it had been preached. They were determined that the awful charge, which is implied in the assertion by a fellow-clergyman, that he believed Mr. Kingsley to have uttered false doctrine, should be submitted to a fair trial. They believed that whatever mistakes Mr. Kingsley may have made in particular statements, he has shown in this sermon that the church has a voice for the poor men of this land, which will at last reach them, in spite of the feebleness of those who deliver it, in spite of the gross and terrible scandals which the divisions of the clergy and their contradictions of each other must necessarily occasion. Those who observed the solemnity of Mr. Kingsley's manner while he was delivering his sermon, still more when he was praying with the congregation and blessing them, will believe that the thought of having unwittingly made himself a stumbling-block to his fellow-men was infinitely more bitter to him than any mere personal insult which he was called to endure.

## SERMON.

LUKE iv. 16—21: "And Jesus came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath-day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And, when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."

THE notion of the Christian Church is associated, in the minds of many, with the notion of priestcraft and kingcraft; of the slavery of the intellect, persecution, and tyranny; and it would be ridiculous to deny that they have cause enough for connecting the thought of it with those fearful sins of man against man. The history of the church, in every age, is full of sad tales of the sins of the clergy against the people. But the honest and thoughtful man who reads such tales, whatever just indignation he will feel against the doers of them, will pause before he condemns and throws away from him the church, and Christianity itself, for the sins of the men who had the preaching thereof. He is bound, by every law of fairness, to ask himself,—These tyrannies, persecutions, enslavements of the intellect, trucklings

to the rich and powerful of the earth, were they in accordance with the spirit of the church, or were they contradictory to it? Were men priests in as far as they did such things; or may they not, in doing them, have been acting exactly contrary to their own calling, denying their own orders, and making themselves no priests at all by the very act of tyranny and bigotry? I assert the latter. I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise liberty, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of these three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's work, with his Lord's blessing on him; that, in as far as he does not, he is no priest at all, but a traitor to God and man; and that, if he persevered in his mistake — and a wilful mistake it must be — about his own work, the Lord of that priest will come in an hour when he is not aware, and in a way that he thinketh not of, and will, in fearful literalness, cut him *asunder!* and appoint him his portion with the unbelievers, where will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

I assert this in solemn earnest. I believe that the awful words which I have just spoken mean far more than I can conceive. I believe that they apply to me as much as to any one else; that in saying them I have testified against myself, and called down on my own head the curse of God, if I do not preach the message of God. But I must do so. I must confess the truth, and give every man here a handle against me, on the strength of the words which I have chosen for my text. I say, those words express the very pith and marrow of a priest's business. I say that they preach liberty, equality, and brotherhood to the poor and rich for ever and ever.

You will all agree, at least, that there is nothing tending to excuse tyranny, pride of class, persecution, or enslavement of the intellect in them.

A poor young man, the son of a village girl, professes to be the Son of God, one with the Almighty Father of heaven and earth. He professes that he is come to show forth God; to declare the likeness of the Almighty Father, whom no man hath seen or can see: he proves that likeness to be the likeness of a Father. By mighty works of love and mercy, of healing and deliverance, he shows that God is love; that his likeness is not the likeness of a

taskmaster, but of a deliverer; not of a tyrant, but of a father, whose love is over all his works. This strange man, going into one of the churches of the country village where he had been brought up, asserts that the Spirit of the Lord is on him to preach good news to the poor. He elsewhere says what this gospel or good news is, — the good news of the kingdom of God; the good news that this world is governed by the all-good and all-righteous Maker of it; that he has not left or forgotten it; that all things in it, sad and fearful as they may seem at first sight, are surely for good to the humble, the gentle, the righteous, the sorrowful, the poor, the persecuted. He arrogates for himself the highest spiritual rank and honor, in words which, the moment we attempt to explain them away, or to deny his own assertion that he was indeed very God the Son of God, become the most frantic blasphemy; and yet he breathes no word of arbitrary power, no word of what the devourers of the earth style a paternal government, no word about implicit and unreasoning submission to his teaching. He is sent, not to drug, not even to comfort, but to *heal* the broken-hearted; to proclaim deliverance to the captives, whether it be their bodies, their minds, or their hearts which are enslaved; to proclaim to the blind, not that they are to have a guide who will lead them by the hand in their blindness, but recovery of sight; recovery of the power of using their own faculties, of seeing their own way, and guiding themselves by their own judgment. Nay more, he is actually to send away at liberty (so runs the original Greek) those who are crushed. For God's sake, my dear friends, look honestly at the simple, straightforward meaning of those words, and see whether they can mean any thing but one thing, — freedom.

But if there was one expression of the Lord Jesus on that day which must, above all others, have given hope to the oppressed poor of Judea, and struck terror into the hearts of those who had been enslaving their countrymen, — adding house to house, and field to field, and making a few rich at the expense of many poor, — it must have been the last sentence which he quotes from Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord hath anointed me to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Now, there would be no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to what he meant; for that year of the Lord, justly called acceptable and pleasant to the many, was one of the wisest of Moses' institutions, by which, at the

expiration of a certain period, all debtors and bond-servants were released, and all land which had been sold returned to its original possessor; so that in Judea there could be no absolute or eternal alienation of the soil, but only, as Moses ordered, a lease of it, according to its value, between the time of sale and the next year of Jubilee. If I wanted one proof above all others of the inspired wisdom of Moses, I should choose this unparalleled contrivance for preventing the accumulation of large estates, and the reduction of the people into the state of serfs and day-laborers. And this acceptable year, the Lord said he was come to preach; and more, that the Spirit of God had anointed him to proclaim it, — that eternal Spirit of eternal justice and eternal righteousness, whose laws cannot change for any consideration of men's expediency, but, true once, are true for ever. And therefore, if those words of the Lord of all the earth mean any thing, my friends, they mean this, — that all systems of society which favor the accumulation of capital in a few hands; which oust the masses from the soil which their forefathers possessed of old; which reduce them to the level of serfs and day-laborers, living on wages and on alms; which crush them down with debt, or in anywise degrade or enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed, — contrary to the eternal justices and righteousnesses of the Spirit of God, — contrary to the constitution of man and the will of his heavenly Father, — and contrary to the idea of the church, which witnesses for God's kingdom upon earth, and calls all men and nations to enter into it, and be saved therein in body, soul, and spirit. And therefore I hold it the duty of every Christian priest, upon the strength of that one single text, even if the same lesson did not run through the whole of Scripture from beginning to end, to lift up his voice like a trumpet and cry aloud, as I do now, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "Woe unto you that are full, for ye have received your consolation already." "Woe unto you that add house to house and field to field, that ye may stand alone in the land till there be no room left." Woe unto you that make a few rich to make many poor. Woe unto you that make merchandise out of the needs of your brethren. Woe unto you who, on the hustings and on the platform, fall down and humble yourselves, that the congregation of the poor may fall into the hands

of your leaders. Woe unto you; for God, the Father of all, is against you; God the Son, the poor man of Nazareth, is against you; God the Holy Spirit, who cannot lie, is against you. There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. There is One above who hath sworn by himself, and cannot lie, that when the people are diminished and brought low through oppression, through any plague or sorrow, then he will pour contempt upon princes, and make them wander out of their way in the wilderness of their own suicidal folly, while he sets the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him households like a flock of sheep.

And it seems to me, as I have said already, the duty of every Christian priest, in as far as he professes to proclaim to men what his Master proclaimed before him, to declare without fear of men this same message and decree of God declared in my text, which I have summed up in the three words, — freedom, equality, and brotherhood. But, whether he chooses to preach them or not, the church to which he belongs will preach them in spite of him, — preach them in a deeper, purer, wider, more divine form than they ever have been proclaimed hitherto by any man or human institution. For we must never forget, that alongside of every great truth there is certain to be a sham and a counterfeit of that truth, springing from the self-will and narrow views of men, while the truth itself springs from the all-seeing and almighty love of God. And thus of the liberty, equality, and fraternity which God proclaims, there are counterfeits of man's proclaiming, false meteors which imitate the true sun, wills-o'-the-wisp which lead the unwary only deeper into the morass. Thus, of liberty there are two kinds: the false, as where man is free to do what he likes; the true, as where a man is free to do what he ought, — to do, in short, the will of his Father in heaven; and to do that he must be free, not merely outwardly and politically, but inwardly in his spirit. That inward freedom must not be the consequence, but the cause and reason, of his outward freedom; his heart must be free from all degrading passions; his mind must be free from all confusing falsehoods and prejudices, and then the freedom of his body and of his citizenship not only ought but will follow as a matter of course. Against that man the gates of hell shall no more prevail than against Him who eighteen years ago conquered death and hell by the very act of a shameful

execution. This is the true freedom of the spirit, having which, a man has a right to demand, in the name of God who made him, all other freedom whatsoever, that he may serve God and his countrymen and the whole human race without let or hindrance. And this freedom, I say, the church proclaims as nothing else proclaims it.

And, again, of equality, there are two kinds: the false, which reduces all intellects and all characters to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality; and the true equality, wherein each man has equal powers to educate and to use whatsoever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more; and there are equal opportunities for unequal characters, and every man is rewarded, not according to the quantity which he has done, but according to the proportion between what he has done and what he was able to do; so that of him to whom little is given little is expected; and he to whom most is given, carries only with him the more awful weight of responsibility. This is the divine and spiritual equality which the church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does.

And of brotherhood, likewise, there are two kinds, the false and the true; the false, when a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such; when he claims his own class as his brothers, and not other classes also; when he claims men of his own opinions as his brothers, and not men who differ from him: and true brotherhood, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of the will of God, whose children they all are alike; when he feels it impossible and absurd, and a practical denial of the very name of brotherhood, to fraternize with one class and not with another, — to fraternize with his friends, and not with his enemies; as absurd as it would be in him, if from private prejudice he called only one of his mother's sons his brother, and denied his eternal and God-given relations with all the rest. And this divine brotherhood, which is real and actual, and independent of all class or party, or opinion, or private liking, I say the church proclaims as a fact, and pronounces the wrath of God against those who break it, and proclaims it as nothing else does.

For, remember again, my friends, as I have said to you al-

ready, if you wish to know what the message of the church really is, you must put out of your heads what the clergy of this particular time or of any other particular time may happen to say it is. You must judge of the church by her idea and by her essence, and not merely by the accidents or the diseases of part of her. If you were to be asked what an oak was, you would not examine, in order to give your answer, its cankers and galls and scurf and moss: you would look at what it was in health, at what all oaks had in common, — the peculiar form of stem and branch and leaf and fruit which made it an oak, independent of and in spite of any temporary accident or disease. Do so with the church.

The church, our forefathers taught us to say, is a company of faithful men, wherein God's word is preached, and his sacraments duly administered. These constitute the root and essence of a church. Let the clergy for the time being, or the laity either, be what they will, ay, let them be what they will; let them be as tyrannical, luxurious, bigoted, ignorant, careless as they may, those three great God-given facts — the Bible, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord — will witness against them, and witness for the people. Though man may hold his peace, yet God will speak. Though man may forget the meaning of the very signs which God has preserved to him, yet to the poor there will be always in the church a message from their heavenly Father, in the Bible, which proclaims man's freedom; in Baptism, which proclaims his equality; in the Supper of the Lord, which proclaims his brotherhood; and those, not as dim and distant possibilities, for which he is to crave and struggle of his own self-will, but as his absolute and eternal right, which God the Father has given him, which God the Son has bought for him with his blood, and which God the Holy Spirit will give him strength and wisdom to take possession of and realize, whensoever he casts himself humbly and loyally under the guidance of the God who made him.

I say that these three things, which exist, and always have existed, in the Christian Church, have borne witness, and do bear witness, for the many against the few, in a way in which nothing of man's invention could bear witness. I say that they declare that men are free, equal, brothers. I say that they taught *me* so. I say that they proclaim that every man or king who tries

to enslave men, to be partial and unjust to one class or person, to cause division among the human brotherhood, contrary to the will and law of God, is accursed. These bear witness against all false priests, false teachers, false rulers. These have recalled in every age, and will recall in this age, as I trust in God, both laity and clergy to the example of Him who died on the cross, who came to give healing to the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, who counted not his own life dear to him, but gave it freely for those who hated him; who spent his life in healing sickness, in enlightening the blinded mind as well as the blinded body; who told men, for the first time those words had ever been heard on earth, that they should call no man master on earth, for one was their Master, even God; one was their Father, even God; and they were all brothers; whose prayer for them, the night before his crucifixion, was that mankind might be all one — one in him, even as he was one with God the Father. Consider those three things, my friends; consider them as they stand now in England here, and see whether any witness for freedom, equality, and brotherhood which man can invent, bears the deep witness for them which they bear. The Bible is the right of the poorest man, as well as of the richest, — of the simplest, as well as of the most educated; and of whom does the Bible tell him? Of a Divine Lord, in whose image man was created, — a being all purity, all love, all patience, all wisdom, all power, from the earliest ages, — the light who lightens every man who comes into the world, who emancipated and civilized into a great nation a horde of injured slaves, that they might bear witness, through all time, of his existence, of his love, and of his justice; who raised up, from the lowest ranks of that nation, prophets to rebuke the luxurious and the tyrannical, to proclaim his righteous wrath and fury against the devourers of the earth; who, in his boundless love and mercy, condescended to take upon himself human flesh, and be called the son of a carpenter, and toiled and suffered, houseless and despised, among the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the neglected; who gave himself up, for the sake of mankind, to utter shame and agony, and the death of the felon and the slave; who wrestled with death itself, the foe alike of rich and poor, and tried its might, and conquered it,

and rose again to proclaim that beyond the grave there was an eternity of endless justice, love, and light, for those who had known in this world only darkness, neglect, and cruelty; and that he, the tender, the long-suffering, the foe of the scribe and the pharisee, the friend of the harlot and the sinner, — that to him all power was given in heaven and earth; that the human race was henceforth under his care; that he was their guide, their teacher, their avenger; that the day would come upon this earth when all the wildest dreams of poets and of seers should be outrivalled by the blessed reality of the new earth, wherein should dwell righteousness, of which the Lord God, and he, the Lamb of God, should be the Light; when the nations of the world should become the nations of God and of his Christ, and there should be no more pain or death, no more tyranny or misrule, no more lust or intemperance, no more devouring struggle of man against man, or nation against nation; no more weary widows or pining orphans; no more hard-handed drudges, wearying themselves in the fire for very vanity; no more idolatry or priestcraft to stand between the free soul of man and the God who made him, but that mankind should see God face to face, when he himself would wipe away tears from all eyes.

Is not that a gospel, — a good news to the poor? What cunning or darkness of man's invention can darken the everlasting hope and assurance of the suffering poor, as long as the book which preaches to them that good news is in their hands?

Look again at Baptism, — a sacrament or sign; and *what* a sign! Thoughtless men have sneered at it from its simplicity, and laughed at the church for attributing, as they say, miraculous virtues to the sprinkling of a little water, as if the very simplicity of the sign was not in itself a gospel, that is, good news to the poor; proclaiming that baptism is the witness of a blessing not meant merely for the high-born or the philosopher or the genius, but, like the rain of heaven and the running brook, free to all, even to the poorest and to the most degraded: his right, as water is, simply because he is a human being. Baptism works no miracle: it proclaims a miracle which has been from all eternity. It proclaims that we are members of Christ, children of God, citizens of a spiritual kingdom, — that is, of a kingdom of love, justice, self-sacrifice, freedom, equality. Those spiritual laws, says Baptism, are the true ground and constitution of all human

society, and not rank, force, wealth, expediency, or any outward material ground whatsoever; not they, but the kingdom of God whose name is Love and Righteousness, which if any nation or society of men seek first, all other outward and material blessings of health, wealth, and civilization, will be surely added to them, because they will be working in harmony with the laws of Him who made the world of matter, as well as the laws of spirit. To take a single instance of what I mean, what is the plain and simple meaning of the baptismal sign but washing, purification, and that alike of the child of the queen and the child of the beggar? It testifies of the right of each, because the will of God for each is, that they should be pure. And what better witness do you want, my working friends, against that vile neglect which allows tens of thousands in our great cities to grow up hogs in body, soul, and spirit? If we really believe the meaning of that baptismal sign, we should need few further arguments in favor of sanitary reform; for every savage in St. Giles's would feel that he had a right to say, God's will is that my children should be pure-washed without and within from every thing that defiles and degrades man; my child is God's child — God's spirit is with it. It is the temple of the living God; and whosoever defiles the temple of God, him will God destroy. God has promised to purify its spirit: how dare you interfere with God's work? God's will is, that its whole body, soul, and spirit should be preserved blameless, and grow up to the full stature of a noble manhood. How dare you stand in the way of the will of God towards even one of the meanest of his creatures? How dare you, in your sectarian jealousy, your dread of that light which after all comes down from God, who is the Father of light, — how dare you, I say, refuse to allow his mind to be purified by education? How dare you, for the sake of your own private creed or party chicaneries, refuse to allow his body such purity as God has not denied even to the wild beast in his native forest? How dare you, in the face of that baptismal sign of the sprinkled water, keep God's children exposed to filth, brutality, and temptation, which fester in your courts and alleys, making cleanliness impossible — drunkenness all but excusable — prostitution all but natural — self-respect and decency unknown? Again, my working friends, I speak the truth of God. In that font is a witness for education and for sanitary reform, which will conquer with the

might of an archangel, when every other argument has failed to prove that the masses are, after all, not mere machines and hands to be used up in the production of a wealth of which they never taste, when their numbers are, as far as possible, kept down by economical and prudent rulers to the market demand for — members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

And what, my friends, is the message of the Lord's Supper? What more distinct sign and pledge that all men are equal? Wherever in the world there may be inequality, it ceases there. One table, one reverential posture, one bread, one wine, for high and low, for wise and foolish. That sacrament proclaims that all alike are brothers of each other, because they are all alike brothers of one, — and he the son of a village-maiden. That sacrament proclaims that all are equally his debtors, — all equally in need of the pardon which he has bought for them; and that that pardon is equally ready and free to all of them. That sacrament proclaims that they all equally draw from him their life, their health, their every strength, and faculty of body, mind, and heart; all, therefore, equally bound to live for him, and therefore for those whom he loved, for whom he labored, for whom he died, — for whom he lives and reigns for ever, — whose every suffering and oppression and neglect he will avenge to the uttermost in the day of his wrath, — in a word, for the people. That sacrament has told me, "Men are thy brothers still. God has made them so; and thou canst not unmake it." O my dear friends! if the heartfelt experience of one man can bring home to your minds the power of that blessed sign, hear me, this night, and believe me when I tell you, in the hearing of God the Father, and Jesus Christ the poor man, that to that blessed sacrament and pledge of brotherhood I at least owe all the little lukewarm love for the people which I do trust and hope I feel. When I have been proud, it has humbled me, and said to me, "These toilsome laborers and stunted drudges are as great in God's sight, greater, for aught thou knowest, than thou." When I have been selfishly superstitious, it has said to me, "Think thou not of thyself alone, in the presence of the Father of all, whose mercy is over all his works. Thou must worship with thy brothers; thou must claim teaching, light, life, only as a member of a body, or thou shalt have none of it." When I have been inclined to

enjoy myself at ease, and let the world run past me, heedless of its moans, Sunday after Sunday has that beloved sacrament rebuked me, and seemed to say to me with the voice of the poor man of Nazareth himself: "Look, what God would have these poor creatures be, and look what they are! Art thou not living in a lie; fighting against Him whom thou professest to serve, if thou dost not devote thy every energy to give them those blessings of the kingdom of God of which they here have claimed their share, — to educate, civilize, deliver them, in body, mind, and heart?" When I have been inclined to take offence at people because they disagreed with me, — because they seemed ungrateful or unjust to me, — then, beyond all arguments, that blessed sign has recalled me to my senses, and said to me: "See, these men with whom thou art angry *are* thy brothers after all! Their relation to thee is God-given and eternal. Thou didst not choose them; thou didst not join thyself to them. God chose them; God joined thee to them; and thou canst not alter his choice; thou canst not part thyself from them. Hate them, and turn from them, if thou darest!"

Above all, when I have been inclined to give in to that subtlest of all temptations, — the notion that one gospel is required for the man of letters, and another for the laboring drudge, that he may pamper and glorify himself on art and science, and the higher and more delicate subjects of thought, while for the poor man a little reading and writing, and religion, is enough and to spare, — then, again, that sacrament has warned me: "Not so; one bread, one wine, for thee and them. One Lord, one pardon, one fountain of life, one guiding and inspiring spirit. They have not only the same rights, but the same spiritual wealth in them. If thou hast been put into circumstances in which thou canst use thy gifts more freely than they can theirs, why is it but that thou mayest share thy superfluity with their need, — that thou mayest teach them, guide them, nourish up into flower and greet the heaven-given seed of nobleness which lies in them as surely as in thee? For, after all, as that bread and that wine proclaim to thee, thou hast nothing of thine own, — wit, scholarship, utterance, — what hast thou which thou didst not receive? Fool! instead of priding thyself on it as thine own property, confess it to be that which it is, — the gift of God, who hath only bestowed it on thee as his steward, to give it freely to all, as he hath given freely to thee."

O my friends! I speak the truth — God is my witness I speak the truth — when I tell you that these thoughts are not matters of doctrine, but of experience. There is one man at least in this church now who has been awakened from the selfish and luxurious dreams of his youth, by that message of the Bible and of the sacraments, to see the dignity of the people's cause; to feel it at once the most peremptory of duties, and the most glorious of privileges, to proclaim, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the message of the church of Christ, — That the will of God is, good news to the poor, deliverance to the captives, healing to the broken-hearted, light to the ignorant, liberty to the crushed, and to the degraded masses the acceptable year of the Lord, — a share and a stake for them, and for their children after them, in the soil, the wealth, the civilization, and the government of this English land.

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## LINES.

My heart is like a little bird,
Encaged by cares, and moping sore;
Its voice of music 's never heard,
For constant watching of the door.

Could some kind, disciplining hand,
Put out these over-anxious eyes
My nightingale would trusting stand,
Singing by faith, until she dies.

C. H. A. D.

Toronto, Sept. 28, 1851.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Toronto, Canada, Dec. 26, 1851.

My dear Friend, — It is impossible to keep one's thoughts from turning homeward at this season of general festivity. More beautiful than sunlight is the clear radiance which the Christmas morning sheds over the earth, and bright and glorious seem the plainest human faces under its warm glow. All nature and all art are transfigured; and the roof of a Roman Catholic cathedral, or the dusty aisles of a Methodist chapel, shimmer and lighten beneath it, like the distant hill-tops and the fir-tipped forests of the West. Woods and hills are charms which Toronto cannot boast; and very thankful I feel, when, after walking two or three miles, I come upon the banks of an old ravine, and see something which at this season a New England boy would call a "good coast." Flat as it seems, however, the land upon which our city is built really rises about sixty feet as it recedes from the lake; and there is, in consequence, a chance for thorough drainage, and one pleasure in store, of which a fastidious traveller might think we had long ago resigned all hope. Beautiful steeples upon stone churches lift themselves up all over Toronto; and fine buildings belonging to the Insane Asylum, the New Jail, the Market, and Osgoode Hall, are plainly seen as you approach it from the lake. As a place of residence, it shares the privileges and the penalties of a young city. There are pleasant people here and there, but no organized society. There are a few intelligent and thoroughly educated persons, attending to various professional duties in the neighborhood, such as the accomplished superintendent of the Royal Observatory; but there is no sustained literary or scientific interest, nor, so far as I can perceive, any nucleus for any. A sense of caste does a great deal to prevent the free intercourse of persons having similar tastes and aspirations, and sectarian bigotry does far more. A love of almsgiving, I think, I see, in full proportion to the wealth of the English and Scotch churches; but a spirit of enlightened philanthropy is yet to be aroused. It is of later growth, — perhaps in every community, the last off-shoot of the Christian stock.

To one who has been travelling up the St. Lawrence in the hot

season, fresh from the continental strangeness of Quebec and Montreal, Toronto may offer a friendly aspect, and seem almost devoid of peculiarities; but come and live in it, if you would see how great a change in manners a broad lake may shut out from your view. This is the place where gentlemen-candidates, whom you never saw, come to your house to solicit your votes; where members of Parliament float into office on the whiskey they furnish to the lower classes; where all the jokes are imported from Yankeeland, and all the judges and teachers of the people from the mother country. Here have I seen soft-seed cakes, and anomalous buns with sugar-plums baked into them, and Windsor beans an inch long, that required peeling like a potato; and here have I missed the simple and refreshing vegetables which diversify our summer market, and that excellent discrimination in cooking which is beginning, only of late, as I confess, to distinguish above all others a Boston table. Very funny do the wagons, the state-coaches, the wheelbarrows, and the people look to uninitiated eyes; just as if they had sprung out of Charles Lamb's nursery-books in Threadneedle-street, where they were faithfully engraved long years ago. The wagon weighs more than any load it will ever carry. The state-coach is raised so high in air, that you look at my lady's veil as if it were a banner. The sides of the wheelbarrow set on at an obtuse angle, and you are all the time wondering why it does not yield to its manifest temptation, and spill over at once. The laborer's spade is twice as large as ours; and the people wear large plaids, bright colors, and, as a general thing, dress the very farthest from the French style which we adopt. The children wear the broad belts and buckles and short waists with which they were represented in the old editions of Mother Goose. Now and then, you see one dressed like a Highlander, or in purple velvet, with a cap and plume, and such a wealth of lace as we never dream of. Infants of two years are often seen in the very deepest mourning; and in some high-born children here, I have seen a beauty of feature, most involuntary testimony to the fineness of the blood which had been running in the ancestral veins for ages, and which I never saw approached in the States. You might have seen the same thing in that descendant of the royal Bruce, who visited you as our Governor-General, last summer.

This week you should see our market. As for evergreen, you would see more in the length of one street in Boston than you

could find in all the churches of episcopal Toronto. I hoped to see the stalls decorated with it; but I was disappointed. I fear the butchers think it is too common for their purpose. Out at the door-posts hung, instead, fat Christmas beef at twenty-five cents a pound; rabbits, deer, and prize-sheep with bronzed head and horns. The skin of the beef was scarified in pretty figures. Immense masses of suet were trimmed with artificial flowers, cockades, and bright-colored ribbons. Some meat was covered with the caul, scientifically arranged. Some was trimmed with ornaments drawn in melted fat. A good deal of skill had been shown in drawing and painting some of the figures on the meat. I saw a barn-yard scene, with several cows, prettily painted on the back of a fat ox. On the backs of the sheep, cut through the fat into the red meat, were several mottoes, — "God save the Queen" and "Bless the People;" while one fat fellow, with gilded head and horns, tried in vain not to look sheepish under the words, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity."

I have never felt the distance from Boston so great as on the 5th of November, when I attended the Convocation of the University here, which corresponds to our Cambridge Commencement. No person can value forms, well carried out, and faithful to the spirit, more than I do. They satisfy a want of many a nature, which, in spite of a great unwillingness to keep within false conventions, feels at home in a region of legitimate ceremony. How much less respectable seems the institution about which vain and childish forms cluster, than if it were stripped bare! The University has been endowed by the Government; and the two buildings already erected stand in the midst of an hundred and sixty acres, well laid out, some twenty years ago, in lawn and drive, and forming one of the greatest attractions of the city. It has, as yet, no Hall suited to the exercises of the Convocation; and they were held in that occupied, during the period of session, by the Legislative Assembly. The show was not so great as usual, because the Chancellor, corresponding in some sort to our President, was sick, and Lord Elgin absent. The professors and officers of the University entered in procession, followed by the students. The former did not arrange themselves in an imposing semicircle, but scattered over the platform, as if engaged in ordinary business, sitting at tables or desks. They wore such extraordinary caps, and garments of so many colors, that I am at this moment in

doubt whether they really express the number of degrees, and the positive rank they had attained, or whether the long orange cloak and black velvet sleeves of one of the officials was not borrowed, to add to the display, from an Orange procession, at which he had assisted a week or two before. There were degrees to be bestowed, and medals to be awarded. How much finer seems the puritan simplicity of dear old Harvard, since I have witnessed this nonsensical array! The candidates for degrees approached the stage, and, passing from one table to another, underwent a mock examination, which was superlatively ridiculous, before each of the Faculty. Having been approved and smiled upon by all, they knelt, one by one, before the Pro-Vice-Chancellor; and an attendant at his side put over their necks the badge of the degree, and quickly drew it off again. They then went out by a side-door to be invested with their own badges, and so returned to their seats. When the medals were awarded, the most extravagant praise was given to the defeated competitors. They were repeatedly told they had done more than would have been required at Oxford or Cambridge; and, on two occasions, the examining professors declared they had been obliged to sit up all night to decide between two. In the whole affair, the most degrading subserviency was evident. I felt sure that no Yankee boy, of ordinary self-respect, could have borne such addresses from his superiors as these. One young man took a medal for metaphysics; and, while the professor hung it round his neck, he warned him against it as a dangerous study. After the honors were bestowed, several of the pupils read themes from their notes. These themes may have been very tolerable; but they were so badly read, and the readers manifested so much timidity, hanging their heads upon their chests, and swallowing their words, that it was impossible to tell whether they spoke French or English, prose or verse. I should hardly have recognized the Latin and Greek. It was uncouth in pronunciation, and seemed to me unscholarly in every respect. The exercises began and ended without prayer, though there were several clergymen upon the platform. It ought, however, to be stated, to the credit of the institution, that it has been making a noble effort to sustain itself as unsectarian, through which it has gained for itself the pleasant soubriquet of the "godless University," and the determined opposition of the bishop and his churchmen.

I know not whether these matters will interest you; but they ought; because, attentively considered, they indicate the "spirit and the flesh" against which our little society has to struggle. Our people here interest me deeply. Few of them are Canadians. Most of them were born in England, Ireland, or Scotland; and, strange as it may seem to a New Englander, with the Irish members we involuntarily associate deep refinement, wide generosity, and *quick intelligence*. Our little band is composed of those who know whereof they affirm. Through hard study, and serious experience of life, through some martyrdom even, for the sake of the faith, they have arrived at their present convictions. They may be depended upon. Our morning congregation has nearly doubled since I came on in May. Of course, I cannot say the same of our efficient support; but we hope that this will grow out of the increase. The past season has been one of some trial to the society, as the removal of the seat of Government to Quebec has taken away several efficient and interested members. In spite of this, the church is fuller. Since last March, fourteen children and one adult have been dedicated to God at our little altar; quite as many as in the previous four years. Two very interesting Communion-services have been held since I came; and our hearts have been cheered by the establishment of the Rev. Mr. Hoag, of Meadville, at Oskawa, in charge of the Christian society there. I like Mr. Hoag very much. For so young a man, he seems unusually wise and self-reliant. Should he live, he will make himself felt in his denomination. We heard last summer, that there was a group of Scotch Unitarians, named Calder, within twelve miles of Hamilton; and my husband intended to go up there, and hold a service. This, however, proved impossible; and, when we were about to hold our second Communion-service in October, he sent them word. As we heard nothing in return, I was somewhat surprised, one Saturday afternoon, to find my parlor filled with a deputation of fifteen from Hamilton. These people charmed me. They had kept the simplicity of the Scotch Covenanters. They were as serious and devout; and, all the time I looked at them, I heard the low music of Christopher North's periods, and thoughts of Lilian and her old grandparents floated through my brain. Listen, then, while I tell you about them.

The old Calders lived within eighteen miles of Glasgow, in Lanarkshire. They belonged to the kirk, but seceded when some

Unitarian missionaries were sent down into that neighborhood in 1823. The seceders were so poor that they could not hire a clergyman, so the missionary was sent every other Sunday; and, the remainder of the time, the father of this family held lay services. Twice a year, Mr. Harris came from Glasgow to administer the Communion; and, on one occasion, the Calders walked to Glasgow, with an infant in their arms, which they desired him to baptize. But he would not; he believed only in the baptism of adults; and the little Archy was carried home again by his patient, loving parents. They came out here ten years ago; at first, hiring a place in the neighborhood of Toronto, where they lived while the boys "speered about them." This done, they went to the neighborhood of Hamilton, and the seven stalwart sons bought each a farm, and settled down to raise wheat and hay. And now, seated in my little parlor, behold the old grandmother, five sons with their wives, and four children of all ages under five, busily munching such cakes and apples as I could find to keep them quiet. I felt awed as I looked round upon them. It was now late in the afternoon. They had risen at three in the morning, and had been five hours in making twelve miles of rough corduroy road. Then they took the boat for Toronto; and here they were, with their tired children, looking so patient and devout! It was not a Yankee scene. Every countenance settled into quiet trust, as my husband made one inquiry after another; and, looking from face to face, I saw no harsh scepticism, no eager inquisitiveness. The tears came into my very soul, as I felt how few of our people would have made this sacrifice, have taken all this trouble, to attend a single Communion-service. And then, at church the next day! We gave up to them the two large square pews next the altar. They were there before the time; for a religious service was a serious event to them. As the congregation assembled, it seemed to feel the weight of their devoutness; and an almost perceptible spirit of prayer brooded over the place, when the four families came forward, and offered each the lamb of their flock. How the long white robe swept the altar-rail! How the older children shook the sacred drops from their new mantles as they fell! Then came the morning service, breathlessly attended; and, before the Communion, Archibald Calder, who, with his wife, had dedicated his little one in the long snowy robe but an hour since, knelt before the altar to be baptized.

In truth, he whom the "elders rejected had now become the head of the corner;" for no infant-baptism ever moved me like the voluntary prostration of his manly frame. When my husband's hand rested for a moment among his thick curls, I felt that no line of beauty could be more radiant than that in which his head was bowed. The service went on undisturbed, in spite of its length; for the sacredness of the scene seemed to impress itself upon the children, until the thirsty boy cried for the wine in the Communion-cup; and the old grandmother, thoughtfully provided with some "crumb of comfort," took him reverently and quietly down the aisle. For some weeks after this scene, I felt the influence of it upon my daily life. Our people were all touched by it, and several of them proffered their hospitality to the worshippers. To these last, the whole service was so vital a matter, that it seemed as if it could never again be a matter of indifference to any one of us. The very altar was more sacred for the faithful, waiting hearts that had bowed before it.

C. W. H. D.

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## WHAT IS RELIGION?

It has been urged, as a grave objection to the teachings of Jesus Christ, that he has given no definition of religion. Some German philosophers, and their imitators in England and America, have endeavored to supply the deficiency; and accordingly we have the following as their definitions: —

The tendency of the human mind to the infinite.
A feeling of the infinite.
Absorption in the divine.
The innermost point of human consciousness.
The development of the divine in man.
The fluidity of the soul, tending toward the infinite.
The recognition of a subjective divinity.
The harmony of the subjective with the objective.
The correspondence of the finite concrete to the infinite abstract.
The adjustment of the contingent to the absolute.

Had the Saviour accustomed himself to the statement and the discussion of such propositions, would the "common people have heard him gladly"? If he did not define, he certainly described it so as to make it intelligible. He was understood. — *Selected.*

## A DISCIPLE'S PETITION.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

When earth-born care around me flings
The chain that presses heavily,
And drooping lie my spirit-wings,
Dear Saviour, let me turn to thee!

When sorrow comes, with tearful eye,
To lay her heavy cross on me,
And, sinking, for relief I cry, —
Dear Saviour, let me lean on thee!

And when in bitterness I turn
Away from human sympathy,
Thee, through the clouds, may I discern,
Dear Saviour, and confide in thee!

And when the sins of many years
Roll o'er me like a troubled sea,
Dear Saviour, through repentant tears,
Still let me raise my eyes to thee!

When, trembling, I approach the tomb,
And promised glories dimly see,
In the dark valley's chilling gloom,
Dear Saviour, let me cling to thee!

Oh! whisper that I am forgiven,
Sinful, unworthy, though I be;
And 'neath the Father's smile in heaven,
Dear Saviour, let me dwell with thee!

A.

## RESULT OF THE "NEW BEGINNING."

And here I am looking upon the unspotted leaf of my note-book for 18—. My "new beginning" has had some serious drawbacks; and, after all, I am a little disappointed, although not as conscience-stricken as formerly; for now I feel I am in the path of duty. I once supposed this would be an easy, because a safe one; but so much of my past deviation gives a coloring to the present, that it abridges much of the true pleasure I should otherwise derive.

The New Year did not open as auspiciously as I could have wished. "The compliments of the season" were more sparingly bestowed; those gay young friends, who once thronged about our threshold, were missing. I could not help divining the cause. Since I had changed our style of living, and had become more domestic than was my previous habit, they have almost entirely quit me. I am sure I have no hankering after "butterfly gossips," yet my pride sometimes makes me wish we were able to branch out a little more in elegant comforts. It *did* harrow up my sensitiveness to witness this dropping off, just in the beginning of my good resolutions; but Mrs. Fielding understood me when she remarked, "Those friends who bask in our sunshine, but are missing in winter, are worth little more than the migratory birds, who emigrate every season; but, whether here or there, they do nothing save *chatter* over the same notes: whereas those whose society we should truly prize, and seek to retain, are those whom no season repels, and no change of fortune causes to fluctuate."

Upon New Year's evening, however, we were invited to a small social gathering. Determined to be consistent in my new course, I did the duty nearest me first. Little Teddy sang her lullaby hymn, and was put into her cradle, while I provided the housekeeper a pleasant book to read, and gave it her as a present suited to the season. I had thus adjusted all my domestic arrangements; but, oh dear! when one first begins to economize, how hard it is to attend to all the minutiæ which make up the amount!

There was my solar lamp left burning in the parlor; I ought

to have put it out before starting, as the housekeeper stayed in the nursery. Then there were my cakes for breakfast; I ought to have put them to rise before going out; but a novice in housekeeping must be forgiven for making many blunders.

I remarked it was only a social gathering to which we were invited; indeed, I have given up large parties; and so I went in the early evening alone. It was nearly nine o'clock before my husband entered; and, as I cast my eye upon his countenance, my first glance told me that something preyed upon his spirits. It did not wear off, as the hilarity about him increased; there were only forced smiles, and an absence and taciturnity, which were more than usually apparent. Of course, this affected me. I longed for the time when I could be put in possession of this new vexation. How fast my thoughts hurried over a variety of causes, which might produce this state of mind! Perhaps one of the firm was offended; or there was a difficulty in procuring a loan; or some unpaid bills might prove a vexation; or he was sick, and suppressed the fact, for he looked deadly pale. But my imaginings all fell short of the reality. As we were returning home, "Matty," said he, "we are exceedingly perplexed in our financial matters. Our firm have been talking over this state of things, and we feel that a failure is inevitable in the future, and I recommend that it take place now. To tell you the truth, there is nothing so harassing as money-borrowing. This has been my employment for months; and it has taken all the vigor of a man out of me. My pride terribly revolts at failure; but as *you* have commenced a new course, why should *I* dread to pass through bankruptcy, if my honor is untarnished, and inevitable events have brought me to it?"

Mr. and Mrs. Green were sitting alone in their back-parlor. Life now wore to them a very serious aspect. There was an undefined sense of the result of failure, something analogous to ruin. It seemed to crush their hearts, and they wept bitterly in the prospect. "If we only had money enough to satisfy our creditors, how happy should I be!" murmured the husband. "It seems to me I should rather submit to any deprivation than loss of property. It will so blanch my cheek, and make the blood curdle in my veins, to meet creditors in my daily walks; to be heralded in newspapers as going through the ordeal of bankruptcy: it seems as if I never should rise and be manly again."

Most soothingly did his wife confer with him on this subject. "If the trial is inevitable, then meet it," said she, "as a Christian. Come," said she, "join me, husband, in singing —

'Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed.'"

And those tremulous voices, thus imploring succor, were doubtless re-echoed by some attendant angel, who sent a sweet peace through their souls. Yet it was a transient night, and a sorrowful morning dawned upon the failed merchant. The next day he was sick, so that medical aid was required. A brain-fever ensued, and long and anxious were the vigils which that wife kept the first week in the New Year. Yet was not this a cloud portentous of blessing? We will once more follow the "record" of Mrs. Green's note-book for

*January* 8. — The physician pronounces Mr. Green this day convalescent, provided perfect quiet is maintained. What an experience I have known for the last few days! Well, I needed it. Did we not both feel as if a relief from pecuniary embarrassment would confer perfect happiness upon us? God ordained that we should better prize his common blessings. What would that relief have done for my happiness, had he but removed the partner of my life? How much dearer to me is the struggle with all earthly ills, when attended by him, than a state of affluence bereft of such sympathy as we bestow upon each other! Then there is Teddy. What is loss of property, compared with being in possession of so dear a treasure, who can prattle and beguile those hours when we should meditate on human ills? My friends come to me, and inquire how it is I am thus supported amidst so much watching and anxious solicitude. True, it is very different from my former life, when the nights were given to great hilarity, when the merry dance was enjoyed, and a continual succession of sweetmeats and confectionary clogged my stomach, and made me fevered and sick the following day. But has not my labor *now* had an end and a purpose worth pursuing? Have I not nerved up my spirits, and abstemiously observed the laws of health, that I might not flag in service? Once, this life would have been to me a perfect riddle; yet, with all my past discouragements and weighty trials, there is a kind of inward support in thus obeying the dictates of duty, which I would not exchange for that frivolous pleasure-seeking I once knew.

*Jan.* 12. — Mr. Green has so far recovered as to-day to have held a consultation with the firm in his chamber. They are men full of sympathy, and I do believe mean to pursue an honorable course: they are determined to keep no effects back, but to lay all liabilities fairly open, that an amicable adjustment may take place. Mr. Green says he now feels like a new man: the heavy load of debt is thrown off legally; and — would you believe it? — he has already had the office of bookkeeper tendered to him by an old tried friend, who generously offers him a thousand dollars' salary. My spirits are all revived. I trust we are grateful to the Giver of all these mercies.

*February.* — To-day my husband entered upon his new duties. I know he does so with a renewed state of heart. We have set up a family altar, and upon it we cast all our burdens and all our hopes. The world to me seems entirely changed. I trust I have no envy, and feel no jealousy lest I am misplaced in my lot. There is still a great work for me to do. I do not by any means feel that I can relinquish my watchfulness. So many besetting sins are around me and within me, — the temptation to sluggishness, to conformity, to again set up worldly idols, that I must energetically combat a host, or I may falter and fall. Still, all my plans work admirably in domestic economy. Our housekeeper has become a *boarder* now. She has a small pittance; and, as her health was failing, I felt I could do the united labors of both. Still, she relieves me greatly in the care of Teddy; taking her daily to walk, and showing me a thousand kindnesses when my friends visit me socially. And do you know what a schemer I have become? I am intending to lay by some hundreds out of Mr. Green's salary. It is astonishing how we have curtailed expenses, without losing one iota of comfort. Mr. Green chides me about becoming selfish; but I only call it a laudable endeavor to provide for future exigencies; and what I can thus save from my wardrobe and foolish embellishments, which only minister to my pride, I conceive to be lawful and commendable. And now what a charming picture of domestic comfort do we exhibit! We have relinquished all our showy, tawdry furniture; we dress plainly, but well; I have become quite an adept in plain cooking. We, therefore, enjoy most remarkably good health, and a great tide of spirits seems naturally to flow forth. My time is every moment occupied; yet I have so systematized all my labors, that

no avocation clashes with its neighbor. Truly, I can add, I never before was so happy. So my trials have all been only disguised blessings. I ought to thank God they were sent upon me.

H. S. E.

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## THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those tiny hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm;
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with their holy calm;
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep;
Alas! too deep, too deep,
Is this his slumber!
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
. . . . . .
He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreary eyes, watching the ripples play,
Listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more:
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;

A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land,
  Where he was seen no more;
  Oh! stern word, never more!

Full short his journey was; no dust
  Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
  He bore not to the grave:
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither; so his stay
  With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
  Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,
To stand before his God. *Selected.*

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## THE JEW AND THE CATHOLIC.

A YOUNG Jew, nephew of the representative on the left, wished to be married, some weeks since, to a young girl of the Catholic religion. The young lady applied to her pastor, who said he could not bless the marriage of a Jew. The pastor referred her to the Archbishop of Paris, who referred her to the court of Rome. The Pope refused to authorize the marriage. Then they turned to the other side. For want of a Catholic blessing on their marriage, the lady consented to receive that of the Jew.

They applied to the Grand Rabbi; but he was not less exclusive than the Pope, and refused to bless the marriage of a Catholic. The Pope refused to bless the Jew; the Rabbi refused to marry the Christian; the young people were either prevented from marrying, or were to be married without a benediction. Then the representative we spoke of, the uncle of the bridegroom, advised them, as a last resource, to address themselves to one of his colleagues, a Protestant pastor, M. Coquerel. M. Coquerel replied that he never refused to bless any one; that he had in his heart prayers for the whole world, and above all for those who wished for them.

So the young people were married; and those who witnessed the ceremony must honor this religion more than the others. A Jew and a Catholic blessed by a Protestant minister! — *Translated from "L'Avenement du Peuple," by E. B. L.*

# THREE CHAPTERS OF A NEW BOOK.

[We are glad to apprise our readers, that a new work, by Rev. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, is nearly ready for the press, and, with his kind permission, to give them an antepast of the rich pleasure in reserve.]

THE Past! the Past! There is no going back to it. There is a gate fast shut against us; and through that gate we can see and hear, but we cannot return. At that gate had Martin May sat mournfully for many months, looking back on scenes which day after day seemed farther off, and listening to kind voices. And among these voices was one so tender and solemn, that often with hearing it he would weep, and bow his head upon his hands in anguish. But, one day, it seemed to him that this voice echoed some of the very words he had heard from the minister on the sabbath: "Is it the highest love we feel, — love from the innermost, sacred recesses of the heart, when we grow weak with it, and not strong?" And he said to himself: "I am wrong. I must change. I must be the better for the good which has been, and not the worse." But still the present was distasteful to him, and the future was repugnant to think of.

The Past! the Past! Oh! how it reaches after us, with a thousand hands, from Jerusalem and Rome, from old Saxon times, and from out of Norman castles, from out of ancient pulpits and tombs, and from every place wherever men have lived and died! — hands, many of them stretched after us to bless us, some of them by making above us the sign of the cross, and some of them by letting our fevered spirits feel the coolness of their touch, and some of them by pointing us to a walk in life, humble and quiet, and with God in sight.

The Past! the Past! Oh! how grateful to walk in are its long shadows, for a man who has been smitten by the heat of the noonday of life!

As a shadow from the heat, — it was for this reason that Martin May began to feel an interest in the antiquities of his neighborhood, though he himself thought he was fond of them for the sake merely of the exercise to which they drew him in walking and riding. And gradually, as his gloom passed away,

he noticed, not without some astonishment, a new tendency in his mind to humor. Not that he had any pleasure in it, but that it was so he felt! And he thought he understood how it was, in other ages, that artists should have decorated churches with sculptured satires and grotesque carvings, — being themselves all the while men of earnestness and reverence and holiness.

He made journeys to ancient ruins; he sought out old relics; he became curious in the history of provincial words; he would sit and listen to rustic traditions; he felt an interest in the superstitions of the peasantry, and their old customs; and, for the time, he agreed with Plautus, that they are wise who have a regard for ancient stories.

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The next morning after the preceding conversation, Martin May rode on the outside of the stage to Drayton, which is seven miles from Thorpe. He wanted to see the church there. "You will come upon it," said the coachman, "up that lane, just over the brow of the hill, and fifty yards beyond the stocks."

It was a long, low church, hidden in a dense mass of yew-trees. All round, the churchyard was thick set with yews, with only one narrow opening through them for a gate. For five hundred years and more, must those trees have stood about the yard, thick, dark, and solemn. And inside them stood the church, — mysterious, and looking as though there were lingering about it the shadows of centuries, that were not yet quite over.

As it happened, the church was open. And, at the low doorway, Martin May stooped, and went in. In it every thing looked so ancient, — the benches for the poor; the carved pews for the rich; and the pulpit for the clergyman, with an inscription round it, in great gilt letters, denoting it to have been the gift of Dame Dorothy Twitcherd, more than two centuries ago. In the windows of stained glass were figures of the apostles. But of all of them the heads had been broken out, and the holes been filled in with plain glass. On the opposite side of the chancel from the pulpit, stood the font of stone, with a stone lid over it, suspended by a long rusty chain from the ceiling. Round the font, outside it, by some Catholic artist, were grotesque carvings of devils in trouble, from the holy water inside, — one devil falling head over heels; another grinning up at the spectator; another catching at a child, and missing it; and another, in his rage, eating his own

tail. In the chancel were numerous tablets to the Purefoys, a family which seemed to have been extinct for a century.

In one corner of the church, near the chancel, was a recumbent statue of Sir Humphrey Coke. By an inscription on the tomb, he was said to have been employed in many offices of trust by Queen Elizabeth. And, beginning from the statue, there was a long range of tablets on the wall, ending with one, very simple and plain, to the memory of Mr. George Coke, farmer. "The history and decline of the Cokes," said Martin May. "It is all here, plainly enough. Why, the cost of that Sir Humphrey's marble statue would almost now be a fortune for one of his descendants, — if, indeed, there are any of them living. And I wonder whether there are."

Just then came in the sexton. He was a man with a low forehead and a wide mouth, and he wore a brown smock frock. Martin May said to him, "An ancient family, these Purefoys. Is it in existence now?"

"I do not know where that is," answered the sexton. "If it were anywhere hereabouts, mayhap I could tell. Existence! Is it a borough, or a parish, or something of a hall? I have never heard tell of it."

"Oh! existence is a very wide, wide parish."

"Ah!" said the sexton, reflectingly. "How many funerals a week, now, may there be in it?"

"Innumerable."

"I never heard of that number before. Innumerable! Ah! we do not reckon that way in a little place like this. Do you know the sexton, sir, what his name is?"

"It is Time."

"And does he dig all the graves himself?"

"One by one, he himself buries everybody."

"Well now I get only a shilling for a grave, — no more. And down by Thompson's tomb it is hard digging, very. But in these large parishes, especially in towns, there is better payment than there is in a little place like this. Now that Master Time, what do you think he gets?"

"He gets it all his own way, all over the parish, with everybody."

"Ah! does he? Then I will be bound that he is clerk, as well as sexton."

"And so he is. And he says Amen at the end of everybody."

"Ah!" said the sexton, enviously, "when a man is clerk, it goes well with him. He is not afraid then of the churchwardens. Not he! They cannot touch him any more than the parson. I should have been clerk myself, only they said I could not read. But Jim Stubbs, that is clerk, does not read much better than I can. And I could have got young Smithells to whisper me, just as Stubbs does. And I am not hard of hearing, as he is."

"And so there are none of these Purefoys in Drayton now? and you have never known any thing of them?

"No. They must have left the parish before my time. There has never one of them been a piece of work for me."

Martin May looked up at one of the tablets in the chancel, and read aloud, "Sir Percy Purefoy, Hargham Hall."

"Hargham Hall!" exclaimed the sexton; "that is close by. It is where the Purefights used to live, a long while ago. When I was a boy, the old people used to talk about them; but nobody does now. Why they were called Purefights was because of that stone man in the corner. Not that one, but that other yonder. Seeing is knowing, they say; and you can see for yourself that he has his sword by his side, and his legs crossed, and his hands, as though he were praying. And that is the reason of the name. And all the family after him were called Purefights. So you see, sir, that anybody who has ever lived in this parish I know about. But people in other parishes are no business of mine. Though sometimes there will come a funeral here out of some other parish; because it is pleasant ground to lie in, this of ours, — dry and wholesome. And that is what I ought to know; for I have dug down into it twelve feet deep. Twelve feet deep once, when it was snowing, I went down, and never took cold. And so I can say that it is a dry, comfortable spot for a body to lie in."

"Does the vicar live near?"

"Yes, sir; but he is not at home now. Nor is Jim Stubbs, that is the clerk. But, if you want them, I will let them know. But a gentleman like you will not want to have the banns put up to be read. And, if you have got the license, the curate at Harling will come over and marry you at any time."

"Not so fast, Mr. Sexton! I am not in need of your vicar's services at all. And, if I were expecting so to be, I should

rather they were going to be such services as you would yourself share in."

"That is very kind of you, sir," said the sexton, lifting his hand to the place where the rim of his round hat would have been if he had it on.

"But I belong as yet to the wide parish of Existence. And invisibly, yet I hope quite certainly, there are round about me the walls of the church of Christ. And sometimes there are thundered at me sermons from on high, higher than this pulpit; and at other times there are such soft, sweet words for my hearing, that my soul in me melts at them. And these discourses I have to listen to for some time yet, I hope. And then, at last, that sexton Time will dig my place for me somewhere."

"Would not you like, sir, to come into the vestry?"

In the vestry, on a shelf, were a few books. And one of them was a volume of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," with the chain yet hanging to it by which it was once fastened in some public place, for public reading, agreeably to an Act of Parliament of the reign of Elizabeth.

While Martin May was looking at this old volume, a lady came in at the vestry door. But, on seeing a stranger there, she retired quickly. In the door-way she dropped her purse. Martin May picked it up, and, half-way down the aisle, overtook the owner, and restored it to her; and said, "I shall be very sorry, if I hinder your business here. I have none myself; and I am just now leaving. Will you excuse me? I should like to ask you one question about these tablets, because it would be useless for me to inquire from the sexton, — Are there any of this family of Coke surviving now?"

"Yes, one or two."

"And belonging to Manchester, either of them?"

"I think so — perhaps — yes. But I have been a stranger here for many years."

"Mr. George Coke, who has some connection with Thorpe, and who is very ill there just now, — is he one?"

"I suppose so," said the lady faintly, and sat down on one of the benches.

Martin May returned to the vestry for his hat. The lady was dressed in deep mourning. She was between thirty and forty years of age. Her voice was expressive of melancholy and great

tenderness. While speaking, she had a very sweet smile. But it seemed as though commonly she might have that irresolute, absent look which belongs to those persons who have long had their life of thought separated from their life of action.

The lady had dropped her veil before her face while Martin May was in the vestry. He was returning down the aisle, and was bowing to the lady as he passed, when she addressed him in a hesitating way: "You said, sir, that he, — that the gentleman, — that Mr. George was at Thorpe, ill."

"Yes, ma'am, very ill he has been; though now he is getting better, and will recover, it is said."

"Thank you, sir. I am obliged to you for your politeness."

Martin May passed on, and went out of the church, unknowing of what he had done. When he emerged from the low portal into the sunshine, and stood among the graves that were fenced round by the ancient yew-trees, so sombre and dense, he said to himself, "They rot here, one on the top of another, perhaps thirty generations of people, — men of yesterday, and also men of long ago, — valiant archers, to whom these yew-trees yielded bows for the fight, and then shadows for their graves. And yet, with slight differences, it is the same thing over and over again, — our human life."

He looked up at the dial over the church-door, and he saw by the index that it was exactly midday. And then he noticed, that, sculptured in stone, outside of the dial, and coiled round it, there was drawn a serpent, the old symbol of eternity. And he said, "Yes, it is as Mr. Lingard says. Our lives are rounded by eternity, and to be perfected so. And, shone upon by the Sun of Righteousness, always on the dial of life the index points to the hours, and also beyond them, and into infinity. Courage, my soul, courage!"

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One evening, Martin May sat on a stile, under an oak-tree, by the side of the highway; and along the road came Justice Burleigh in a gig, with his coachman driving him.

The gig stopped opposite the stile, and the justice called out in a fierce tone, "Are you the Yankee that is staying about here?"

"Yes, I am," answered Martin May very gently.

"Then what do you mean by telling people that everybody can go a-poaching over in that country of yours, wherever it is?"

"I never said so."

"Oh, you did not! What did you say then?"

"Well, I was talking with some farmers one evening, and I said that in America there was no such a thing as poaching; and I believe I may have said that it would be a shame if there were."

"Eh! what! no poaching in America!" exclaimed the justice, quite mollified in his tone; "what lies people tell! Good country magistrates, — eh? active, eh? Good, strict laws against the possession of fire-arms, eh? But no poaching, no poaching at all?"

"None whatever. For a farmer on his own ground, it is all fair, open shooting, because there is no game-law against it. On his own land, at proper times, without leave or license from any quarter, a man can kill his own woodcocks, and eat them, — his own partridges, his own quails" —

Here the justice went crimson in the face, and half rose in the gig, and cried, "His own, — your own, — his own! Who told you they were his own? Sir, who are you to find fault with this country? What have we to do with your outlandish notions? A vagrant, for all your looks! Ay, my fine gentleman, you may laugh; but I have committed better-looking men than you before now. Let me catch you trespassing or shooting, and then you shall see, or my name is not Burleigh. A pest of fellow! you to be pretending flaws!"

Here the justice choked with rage; and here Martin May rose from his seat, and advanced a step, and said in a quick tone, "Flaw! There is something of a flaw in your title to Haslingden; and I can make it good with a name I have discovered. I tell you because you are a kinsman of mine; though not a very near one, I am glad to say."

Here the justice drove off without a word. However, in a few days, he sent one of his gamekeepers to the dell, with a present of a brace of pheasants, and another of partridges.

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FOLLY OF BIGOTRY. — When Sir Roger de Coverley, in his young days, inquired of a chance passenger his way to St. Anne's Lane, the roundhead whom he addressed called him a popish cur, and bade him find it as best he might. Asking again of another wayfarer the way to Anne's Lane, he was told by the cavalier, the

lady was a saint before he was born, and he might go and learn his manners. Thus rebuffed, the worthy knight strolled about the district, contenting himself with ascertaining how each street was named, until he discovered that of which he was in search.

A perplexity not altogether dissimilar might at this time beset a stranger seeking his way to the church of England. Imagine a subject of the Rajah of Sarawak, duly impressed with the uniformity of our establishment, demanding, not far from Gray's Inn, whether the uncouth edifice, from which a single bell is monotonously tolling, belongs to the church. — "That, sir," his informant, dressed perhaps in a coat reaching to his ankles, and buttoned close up to his chin, may exclaim with indignation, "that, sir! No, sir. That is a mere conventicle: *we* do not acknowledge it." In the afternoon the poor Bornese may be roaming in a more fashionable district, and repeat his question in reference to a building of greater architectural pretensions. The precise gentleman, whom he now accosts will shake his head mournfully, and tell him: "Alas! sir, they teach no religion there; nothing vital, sir: they are unsound." Evening may find the Oriental in Hyde Park, once more inquiring of a rosy and portly personage, if the Gothic tower, towards which a stream of carriages is rolling, adorns a church. And, "Faith, sir," he may be told, with a smile and a shrug, "I only know it is not in my parish: they do say it is a popish mass-house."

A conventicle! a house of no religion! A mass-house! Where shall the Bornese turn? On further investigation, he discovers that all these places of worship do, in fact, despite the characters respectively ascribed to them, belong to the church of England. How bewildering for the Oriental mind! — *Selected.*

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EARTH AND HEAVEN. — It is a sentiment worthy of our Christian education, that "God has made the heavens above us higher, broader, deeper, and more magnificent, than the earth, that we might be overawed by them; and he has made them more bright and beautiful than the earth, that they might allure us. Morally as well as physically, God has hung the earth fast to the heavens, and continues it by a law of gravitation whose centre is *there;* and hereby he will shadow forth to us the truth, that our spirits, in all their affections, should hinge and turn upon the high, the infinite, the heavenly. Our proper position is to stand, like the high-priest before the altar, and in devout worship to stretch forth our hands towards the heavens, while our hearts also rise thitherward, in earnest hope and love." — *Selected.*

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## FITNESS FOR THE CHURCH.

WE were once silently working at a sewing-meeting. While thus occupied, we became cognizant of a conversation carried on among a group of young girls, while they busily plied their needles.

"Carry, did you know Ellen Grey was going to join the church next month?"

"Ellen Grey!" is the reply, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes," says Anna, "and Fanny Morgan too; their names were read last Sunday, and I wish I was good enough to go with them."

"Well, I am not surprised at Fanny Morgan, she was always good; but Ellen has been *such* a gay thing: I wonder if she is willing to give up every thing; for, if she visits now, and wants to have any fun, people will talk about her."

Now another voice chimes in, and Clara questioningly says, "I should like to be religious, and I do try to be good; but I don't see but I can be just as good without 'joining the church;' and a great many things I can do, and be good too, that would be wrong if I were a church-member."

"So I think, Clara," says Grace; "and I don't believe I shall ever think it *my* duty 'to join the church.'"

Here the conversation was suddenly interrupted, and the young girls scattered; but not so easily would the thoughts, suggested

by those remarks, leave us. We sighed as we thought them over, and wondered whose the fault that these young hearts should speak so superficially and ignorantly of important Christian truths. They had intelligent parents, some of them very religious ones; all had been many years in the Sunday-school; yet here they were, talking of "waiting to be good" before they confessed Christ; looking upon religion as the sacrifice of every thing desirable in the world, showing so much more fear of the opinion of the world than of God; looking upon religious profession more as an institution of the church, that is to be complied with or not at pleasure, than as a command of Jesus to be obeyed; and calling that a duty simply which should be looked upon more as the highest privilege. It seems those young minds must unlearn much before they can receive the gospel in its simplicity.

Where can the idea of "waiting to be good," before coming to the baptismal waters, have come from? It has prevailed very much in our denomination, and very much to our detriment. For when did such a waiting ever receive its fulfilment? when did it ever bring a disciple to Jesus? It may be it has sprung from an ideal of goodness that is presumed must belong to the disciples of Jesus, and partly from a habit of looking at the Christian ordinances as an end rather than as a means. It has been said that our pulpit has taught it, and it is also said to be but a device of the human heart to excuse its neglect of its most important duties. However it may be, we claim it is not true; and the sooner it is done away with, the better for the young people of our churches. For assuredly the time when they feel satisfied with themselves is not the time for us to be satisfied with them; not the time we should choose "to present them to the Lord." Repentance is the thing the gospel demands, and decision, — "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Goodness is nowhere made a requisite. Jesus says, "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," "to seek and to save that which was lost." We would urge the young to come to Jesus, because there is no other salvation from the sin of their own hearts; because there is no true life without him; because they cannot live safely nor happily without him. We would reveal him to them as their Saviour; we would show them the unmeaningness, hollowness, and vanity of life without him, and

all its beauty and harmony, and peace and progress with him; we would show them their own weakness in their best strength, and then that very weakness "strengthened through Christ." If, happily, their hearts shall melt within them, and, throwing away all "the righteousness of the law" which they have vainly been striving to fulfil, they shall come to ask of Christ, "How shall we be saved? we feel our need of Jesus,"—shall we bid them *wait* then? shall we not rather say, in Jesus' words, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments," and one of those is "to be baptized"? They would look upon it then, not as some terrible vow that should shut them out from every thing that was pleasant, and array them before an earthly tribunal which is to take cognizance of every thing they do in a captious, fault-finding way,—but as the answer of their hearts to their now-acknowledged Master, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Has goodness any place as an emotion there? Is goodness requisite to bring the soul there? Is it not rather the humble faith "which shall be accounted unto it for righteousness"? The spirit, standing thus penitent, prayerful, but decided and hopeful, "looking unto Jesus," thinks little of the opinions of the world, much of the dear Master it has chosen, little of the influence it may exert by its outward act, much of the good that shall come to its own soul from such communings as the ordinances shall give occasion for. Upon the frame of such a mind, how chillingly fall such remarks of fitness and goodness as have been given! Have not every one of us in our lives been repelled by them, and, when coming as they often do from Christians, filling the mind with strange bewilderment? We will hope for a better state of things; we will hope for the time when Christians shall throw no stumbling-block in the way of the younger ones. It may be a hope looking for great things, but we will wait patiently for its fulfilment.

To refer to another false impression, that of "giving up every thing," as it is called. If every thing evil was there meant, there would be no objection to it; but it does not mean that: it means that religion is a sacrifice of every thing that makes life desirable; it means that religion is but the synonyme for dulness and gloom. We deny it. We maintain that the true Christian has a right to be the happiest person in the world; that he can claim the enjoyment of the best things in this world, and has moreover "the promise of that which is to come." The world is

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strangely mistaken in its judgments on that point. Christianity demands no such sacrifices from its followers, as the world demands from its votaries. Sacrifices enough it claims; but they are sacrifices that in every case tend to happiness; but when does any real enjoyment come from the frivolity, waste of time and health, and strength and wealth, and faculties and affections, that are continually laid upon the world's altar? In whose favor is the balance of enjoyment? — in that of the enlightened conscience, obedient life, unselfish, affectionate heart, of the Christian; or in the objectless life, and aimless purpose, and contracted heart, and perverted sense, of the one who makes "this frail world his final rest"? It may be that Christians have not always made Christianity lovely; but the spirit of Christ *always* brings happiness to the heart wherein it dwells, and sanctifies to it every moment and every event of its life.

We know that Christ said in this world, "We should have tribulation;" but he also said, "In *me* ye shall have peace." Evil is "as the heart upon which it falls." What Christian heart has not felt, upon looking back, that the evils it most feared, and from which it suffered most, were in reality its greatest blessings, — what it needed most? There is no truer verse than that one, "All things work together *for good* to them that love God." Sin is the only real evil to a Christian; and no one, be he saint or sinner, can claim exemption from the tribulation that that brings.

There is an idea of religion among non-professors that savors more of asceticism than cheerful piety. It would shut the Christian out of social enjoyments and recreations; and doubts at once the depth of the religious feeling that craves amusement, that enjoys a dance or a comic song, and loves a laugh or a frolic; as if the Christian could put off his humanity, and put on his religion, as one does a garment; as if the spirit of mirth and cheerfulness was not as much a need and gift, "after its own kind," as the spirit of thoughtfulness and prayer. We doubt very much for one, whether, if Christians secluded themselves as they are bidden to do, the world or the Christians would be the gainers. The world certainly needs all the leavening it can get of a better spirit. Let the Christian by all means "give up" — he is no Christian if he does not strive to — wickedness in every shape and form; but let him not think that isolation

will ever save him from temptation. The sources of temptation are in his own bosom.

Let us not be understood as inculcating conformance to the world, striving to reconcile "God and Mammon." We would rather conform the world to a Christian spirit; and so, in closing these remarks, we would not say to the young disciple that it "must give up every thing," meaning all social enjoyments and pleasures; but we would say, Go among them with a new spirit, be good, and do good there; and bid your conscience tell you how far you can safely go, where once you thoughtlessly went all lengths.

And here we make our protest against the world's judgment of church-members, and the strange judgments church-members pass upon one another. To their own Master they stand and fall. He has constituted himself their Judge, to whose laws they stand amenable. They who sit as judges in this tribunal, whether of the world or of the church, are alike unqualified. The one, because they decide from a wrong point of view; the others, because they, too, stand as suppliants for the mercy they refuse. Who should be so merciful, so considerate, so full of the spirit of love, as those who are travelling the same road? Have they not known it all, — the repentance, the pardon, the joy of believing? and do they not know, too, the mournful falling away, and the vain repentances? They should not be judges. They should weep and pray, and lift up those that fall or go astray, and set them gently and kindly on their way. If penitent, their own hearts reproach them enough; and, if not penitent, reproach but hardens them.

We believe this fear of the world's opinions has made more than one hypocrite before God and man The censoriousness of the world needs to be reminded perpetually of Jesus' words, "He shall have judgment without mercy, who showed no mercy." Let the disciple fear the judgment of God, and he need fear no other. Is it said such restraint is needed? It seems not so to us. The conscientious find their restraint in the word of their Master; and the restraint of those who are not so is hypocrisy. We demand for the Christian the same independence as is allowed to the unregenerate man. He certainly has the best right to it. To him who calls God to be his lawgiver, "it is a small matter to be judged of men's judgments." That they are not so inde-

pendent, one plainly sees by the apologies Christians are constantly making, for doing what no reasonable person doubts their right to do; that they are not allowed to be so, we as plainly see from the severe judgments that are constantly and unjustly passed upon them. We are weary of all this judging and dictating. We are resolved never more to defend ourselves under it. We will protest, and acknowledge no man's commission to sit as judge over us; and may grace be given us not to commit the sins against which we thus protest!

We have quoted at the commencement the idea, that "one can be as good without joining the church as with;" and we think that an evil, which we charge upon the pulpit, — with exceptions, of course. It may have been done unconsciously, in some cases we presume conscientiously, from the tendency among us as a denomination to do away with ordinances, — not upon the principle of the Friends, but as a kind of transcendentalism, as if we could get above the need of them. A strange idea! To get beyond the wisdom of Jesus who instituted them! We do not imagine any one will say we are entirely mistaken in this assertion. We speak advisedly. It has seemed to us a long time as if the effects of those ways of thinking had injured the real spiritual life of our churches in an incalculable degree. It is to be hoped their day is over, and "the truth as it is in Jesus" may be allowed its legitimate power.

No one in our congregational churches claims that baptism is a regenerating form. That is a doctrine of the episcopal church, and would seem to be as far from the truth, as the denial of any efficacy to be derived from it. The congregational churches seem to be nearest the truth, in their definition of it as the form of religious profession instituted by Jesus. Would it not be as well to answer the young minds that make this plea, by asking them of the authority of the command? If they do not see it in the Sacred Record, then there is nothing more to be said; for nobody ever doubted but that the large body of Christians called Friends were sincere in their distinguishing principles upon this point, not seeing the scriptural obligation of baptism. But too often, it is to be feared, the plea is made, because the heart is not decided. It does not dare to commit itself. It would really put it off "till a more convenient season." To how many does such a season ever come? We have had to combat that idea more than

once in our lives. It is always a mournful thing to us. It always reminds us of the young man who "went away sorrowful," — we hear no more of him.

We are quite aware that the truth of our last remark will be disputed, because we have heard "the duty of baptism" so often urged; and it may be that many have come forward on that ground, who might never have come forward on any other. We insist, nevertheless, that it is not the highest ground. In the church that baptizes by immersion, it is often called "a cross;" but it is only the form there that troubles them, not the thing signified. When we think about it *all*, — of God, and all he has done for us, and never ceases to do for us, — "Behold what *manner* of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." When an earthly parent gives us some faint approximation to the idea of the fatherhood of God, it does not come to our minds that it is our *duty* to love him. When we remember Jesus, the manifestation of the Father; when we are in contemplation of his perfections, the harmonious blending of wisdom, goodness, and loveliness; and our hearts are entirely subdued and overcome, melting in tenderness and love; and we wish we could have "sat at his feet" with Mary, or, like the other Mary, kissed them in our reverent and humble devotion, — who has thought of duty then? Who would chill the warm tide of emotion with so cold a word? If we have earthly friends whose goodness draws us to them, do we think it our duty to love them? Is it not rather a blessed privilege, for which we are inexpressibly grateful? And what shall it be, then, to know that Jesus, God's holy Son, is our Friend, our Saviour? To know not only that we love him, but that he loves us; to be sure that he is with us always when we pray, "helping our infirmities;" when we suffer, putting his shoulder to our cross, that the burden be more easily borne; with us when we are happy, — can we not realize his gentle, kindly sympathy, and be more glad for it? And, more than all, with us when we sin, — for then he knows we most need him, — can we not see his look as of old, when "he turned and looked upon Peter," so full of grieving mournfulness; no reproach, no sharp censure, such as the world gives us then, but pity and sorrow for the pain and remorse that must follow? Can such a being claim only our duty? Away with the cold word! We rejoice that we may give him our hearts' deepest love.

"Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." May no unworthiness of ours, no coldness or deadness of heart, render us unfit to receive the blessing that follows a living faith in Jesus! Let us not, by our unbelief, crucify the Son of God afresh; but unto every one of us be given grace, "till we all come unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." A.

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THE

# BOYHOOD AND YOUTH OF MARTIN LUTHER.*

In the small town of Eisleben, numbering some five thousand inhabitants, there lived towards the close of the fifteenth century an humble miner, named Hans Luther. From the Hartz mountains lying to the north-west, a vein of copper, with a small ingredient of silver, extends to the former place. In these mines Hans Luther found employment, which, however, proved so far from profitable, that his utmost efforts were hardly sufficient to supply his family with the common necessaries of life. Persevering industry finally met its reward; and, in course of time, Hans rose from the condition of a peasant to that of a burgher or free citizen. In the meantime, however, his family had been gradually increased by the birth of three or four sons, who, with one exception, bade fair to move on contentedly in the humble sphere in which they were born. With one exception; for Providence had marked

* The accounts given of Luther's early life have been in most cases incomplete and unsatisfactory. The wide variety of sources from which it was necessary to gather such materials as were in existence has discouraged most of his biographers from making the attempt. Two years since, however, Dr. Sears, whose historical tastes and sometime residence in Germany peculiarly fitted him for the task, prepared a life of Luther, with special reference to its earlier periods, and the opening scenes of the Reformation. This volume, published under the auspices of the American Sunday-school Union, brings together many new facts, and corrects important errors into which former writers on the subject have fallen. I would refer all, who desire a more complete account of this interesting period in Luther's life than is contained in the present sketch, to this work, from which its facts are chiefly gathered.

out for one of their number a more brilliant career, and assigned to him a more important field of labor.

The closing portion of the fifteenth century was marked by two events, which, for their importance bearing upon the destinies of mankind, deserve to be classed together. Martin Luther, the Great Apostle of the Reformation, was born Nov. 10, 1483; and from this era religious freedom dates its most powerful impulse. Not quite ten years afterwards, the discovery of the New World offered to the oppressed of all nations a place of refuge, and opened the way for the establishment of a republican government, to which the friends of political freedom all over the world are looking with hopeful confidence. On the day following his birth, according to the custom of the times, the young Luther was carried to the parish-church, and there baptized under the name of Martin, as that chanced to be St. Martin's day. It is not a little characteristic of the religious sentiments of that period, that it was deemed essential to bring the new-born child, in imagination at least, in connection with some saint; and it was believed that this connection would lead to a resemblance of character and life.

About six months after Luther's birth, his father was induced to remove to Mansfeld, about six miles distant, which, though much smaller than Eisleben, seems to have afforded greater facilities for the mining business. Nevertheless, Luther always cherished an affectionate remembrance of his birthplace; and there yet exists at Eisleben a flourishing Latin high-school, which owes its establishment to his active benevolence. In Mansfeld, then, Luther passed the first thirteen years of his life. He was necessarily obliged to submit to the privations incident to the humble occupation of his father; and these, according to his own statement, were far from inconsiderable. "My parents," says Luther, "were in the beginning right poor. My father was a poor mine-digger, and my mother did carry her wood on her shoulders; and after this sort did they support us, their children. They had a sharp, bitter experience of it: no one would do likewise now." Notwithstanding his humble means and limited advantages, the father of Luther won the respect of his fellow-citizens by his frankness, honesty, and decision of character. His appointment to a seat in the council, shortly after his removal to Mansfeld, may be regarded as an evidence of the confidence

generally felt in him. He was strongly marked by the rudeness and severity which characterized the age, having more force than tenderness of character. Luther's mother is described by Melancthon as having "many virtues agreeing to her sex, and was especially notable for her chaste conversation, godly fear, and diligent prayer, insomuch that other honorable women looked upon her as a model of virtue and honesty." Like her husband, she was deficient in the milder virtues.

In order to a right understanding of Luther's character, it is necessary to glance at the nature of the influences which surrounded him, and to trace out the successive steps in his education. As might be inferred from the character of his parents, great care was bestowed upon Luther's early training. From infancy, he was taught to fear the Lord, and to reverence the then existing institutions of religion. But it was a religion of fear, not of love, inculcated by law and authority, not by persuasion. The young Martin was taught to fear God as a Being who had it in his power to doom him to a future of endless misery: he did not recognize in him the benevolent Giver of all the earthly blessings which he enjoyed. In other respects, the parental discipline was equally strict; so that Martin, instead of giving way to the open and graceful impulses of childhood, grew unnaturally shy and timid. His warm and naturally confiding heart was closed up by the chill of outward propriety. "Once," says he, "did my father beat me so sharply, that I fled away from him, and was angry against him, till by diligent endeavor he gained me back. Once did my mother, for a small nut, beat me till the blood came forth. Their intent and purpose were of the best kind; but they knew not how to put a difference between dispositions, and to order their discipline accordingly; for that it should be exercised in a way that the apple should be put with the rod."

The school-house is still standing in Mansfeld to which Luther was sent at the age of seven. The severity and restraints of home, far from being diminished, were now greatly increased. On one occasion, he was flogged fifteen times in one forenoon. From this circumstance, some idea may be formed of the character of these schools. "The schools were purgatories, and the teachers were tyrants and task-masters." While attending this school, Martin was in the habit of going out with his companions to beg

food. The customs of the time, and his father's poverty, led to this step. "At Christmas," he tells us, "during divine service, we went round among the small villages, singing from house to house, in four parts, as we were wont, the hymn of the child Jesus born at Bethlehem." At other times, he was accustomed to attend funeral processions as a singer, for which he received a groschen (about three cents) each time. The school at Mansfeld may be considered as a fair representative of a large class then existing in Germany. In these "trivial" schools,—for such they were called, — were taught originally the first three of the seven liberal arts, namely, grammar, rhetoric, and logic. At this time, however, the branches of instruction were confined to "a little monkish Latin, the pieces of music commonly sung at church, and the elements of arithmetic." The teachers were drawn, almost without exception, from the clergy, and from those who were engaged in the study of theology. Thus an intimate connection was established between the church and public instruction. The powerful engine which this might and did prove in the hands of a priesthood desirous in every way of strengthening the church may easily be conceived, since all who were desirous of securing instruction, with the exception of a few rich men's sons, must receive it at their hands. Among the first lessons inculcated by parental lips was reverence for the church; and this formed the burden of the child's whole public instruction. But little attention was paid to the ordinary branches of education, as taught at the present day; while, in their place, the boys were carefully trained to perform church ceremonies. Church rites were in this way so closely interwoven with the general system of school-instruction that the latter may be considered as forming a part and parcel of the former. The subordinate teachers were, as has already been intimated, theological students, — "strolling young men who infested the country, going from place to place, either as advanced students, and changing their place at pleasure, or seeking some subordinate employment in the schools or in the church." The name by which they were commonly designated was *bacchantes*.

The internal organization of these schools, and the manners and habits which prevailed in them, form a curious and interesting study. Thomas Platter, a contemporary of Luther, and a native of Switzerland, presents us with a lively picture of them,

gathered from personal experience. "We went at first into the school at the dome of the Holy Cross; but, learning that there were some Switzer youth in the parish of St. Elizabeth, we removed thither. The city of Breslau hath seven parishes, with a school in each. No scholar is suffered to go around singing in another parish; and, if any taketh upon him to do so, he getteth a sound beating. Sometimes, it is said, sundry thousands of scholars are found in Breslau, who get their living by begging. Some bacchantes abide in the schools twenty or even thirty years, having their sustentation from what their wards beg. I have oftentimes borne five or six loads home to the school the self-same evening for my bacchantes; for, being small, and a Switzer besides, I was kindly received by the people. In the winter, the small boys were wont to sleep on the floor of the school-house; the bacchantes in the meantime sleeping in the cells, whereof there are not a few at the school of St. Elizabeth. In the warm parts of the year, we were wont to lie on the ground in the churchyard; and, when it rained, to run into the school-house; and, if it stormed vehemently, to sing responses and other pieces the whole night long with the sub-chanter. Ofttimes, after supper, in the summer evenings, did we go into the beer-houses to buy beer, and sometimes would drink so much that we could not find our way back. To be short, there was plenty of food, but not much studying, here."

In a school of this description, Luther remained until his fourteenth year. For the six years in a boy's life, the most valuable for purposes of instruction, he could show but a beggarly list of acquirements. They are somewhere enumerated by Mathesius, his intimate friend, as follows: "While at Mansfeld, Luther learned the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Donatus (author of a Latin Grammar), the Child's Grammar, Cisio Janus, a church calendar in monkish Latin verse, and church music." Considering the defective system of instruction pursued, and the incompetency of his instructors, we are surprised to find that in the face of so many disadvantages he should have learned so much as he did.

The time had now come when the school at Mansfeld could no longer meet his wants. Full of privation as his life had hitherto been, a harder lot awaited him. He must now leave the parental roof which had hitherto sheltered him, and go forth among stran-

gers, without money, experience, or friends. He did not, however, go forth entirely alone, but was sent in company with a fellow-student, some years older than himself. There was at Magdeburg a school under the direction of Franciscan friars, and it was to this city that the two boys directed their steps. Leaving their home on the border of the Hartz mountains, they journeyed on foot, about fifty miles, through a rich and level country, to Magdeburg, a large and fortified city. This journey must have been an interesting one for our young traveller. Hitherto his life had been passed within the narrow limits of a petty provincial town, of little more than a thousand inhabitants. His eyes must have rested with delighted surprise upon the thousand new objects which everywhere marked his route. A large and splendid capital, to which the residence of the archbishop added gayety and éclat, met his eyes for the first time. But the school-room of the gloomy Franciscan cloister, which was to be his future residence, had nothing in common with the festive scene without. The austerity of his new teachers harmonized well with the outward gloom which reigned in the convent. The dark clerical robes which he was obliged to assume on entrance fitly symbolized the dark shadow which rested upon his naturally buoyant and cheerful disposition. As was the custom at that time, he was obliged to earn his bread by choral and other services in the church, and by singing with his companions from door to door. On the whole, his residence at Magdeburg proved even more painful than at Mansfeld. The religious influences to which he was subjected were of the same character as before, while in the mode of instruction there was no material improvement. His efforts to obtain food were so far insufficient that he was often compelled to suffer the pains of unsatisfied hunger.

It was with feelings of joy, that, after a year's residence in Magdeburg, Luther turned his steps homeward, whence he was immediately to repair to Eisenach, where there was a good Latin school. Here, for the first time, he found skilful and sympathizing teachers; and here, too, he probably first acquired a real love of learning. Time demonstrated that his past backwardness arose from no want of natural aptitude. Now that all obstacles were removed, his mind expanded with a rapid yet healthy growth. The ease with which he excelled his fellow-pupils was an earnest of the remarkable powers which distinguished him in after-life.

The mists of prejudice and superstition were rapidly disappearing, though the errors of early education can never be entirely overcome.

His preparatory studies being at length completed, Luther entered the celebrated university at Erfurt. So far did it exceed all other seats of learning in size and influence, that they "were but as grammar-schools compared to it." The university-life of Luther contrasts favorably with his school-experience, embittered as it was by privation, severity, and ignorance. His father's circumstances had been gradually improving, so that he was now enabled to maintain his son comfortably. Among the thousand students who frequented the university, there were many whose tastes resembled his own, with whom he could engage in an honorable competition. The four years which he passed at Erfurt were marked by a progress so rapid as to win golden opinions from all. We may imagine him applying himself with eager enthusiasm, now to the Greek and Roman classics, and now to the rhetoric and logic of Aristotle. Originally designed for the legal profession, it was not without the severest disappointment that his friends heard of his determination to enter the church. To this step he was led partly by his predilection for theological studies and the nature of his early education, but more immediately by the serious impression made upon his mind by the sudden death of his friend Alexis, who perished at his side by a stroke of lightning, while journeying in his company from Mansfeld to Erfurt.

We have now accompanied Luther through the scenes of privation which attended his boyhood, through his somewhat more cheerful residence at Eisenach, to the termination of his brilliant career at the university. We have seen the character of the various influences which successively acted upon him,—the severe discipline of home, the restraints of school, and the gloomy views of religion inculcated by his early instructors. As yet, his mind had not cast off the reverence which he had been taught to cherish for the Roman church. But the time was not far distant when his mission was to be revealed to him. A future, more brilliant than he had ever dreamed of, crowded with great and exciting events, lay before him. The son of the humble miner of Eisleben, who for so many years had wandered through the streets of Mansfeld and Magdeburg begging for bread, was destined to

occupy a higher place in history than any man of his age. The memorable words addressed to him, when dangerously ill at Erfurt, by an aged monk, seem almost prophetic: "Be of good cheer, my brother; you will not die at this time. God will yet make a great man of you, who shall comfort many others. Whom he loveth and purposeth to make a blessing, upon him he early layeth the cross; and, in that school, those who patiently endure, learn much." D. R.

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## THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

It is to be distinctly affirmed, that the Holy Scriptures lay great stress on the sufferings of Christ. In the Epistles these sufferings are adverted to with great frequency; and an importance is attached to them, which shows that in the apprehension of the apostles they possessed virtue or power of no inconsiderable efficacy in that divine order of life which had been intrusted to them to disseminate and establish in the world. Prophecy pointed to Jesus Christ as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, as him upon whom the Lord would lay the iniquity of the world; and apostolic teaching, taking up the language of prophecy, referred back to him as one "who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness;" and one "by whose stripes we are healed."

How great the sufferings of Christ were while he abode in the flesh, having taken upon himself the form of a servant, it is impossible for us to know; for it is impossible for us, with our natures, upon which the taint of sin has fastened, fully to experience. That they were intense beyond what any human being ever endured, even beyond what any human being can conceive of, can be easily enough imagined, and must be affirmed in view of what he was in nature and character.

There was one quality in the sufferings of Christ, or rather one description of suffering which he endured, which has not been so generally brought forward and considered, as the importance attaching to it, as well as its character, demands. I refer to what I shall call his sympathetic compassion for man as a sinner; hat agony of soul, that anguish of spirit, which he experi-

enced, in view of the actual condition of man as he saw it. In the view which I am now taking of the sufferings of Christ, I leave out of the account entirely what are usually called his external trials and hardships; such as his great poverty; such as the hindrances and difficulties he encountered as a teacher; such as the contempt, persecution, and danger which he experienced. Great as these trials may have been, disheartening as they may have been, sufficient as they may have seemed at times to overwhelm with dismay the magnanimity of the most exalted love; still, as I conceive, they are scarcely to be named at all, in connection with what constituted the real sufferings which he endured, — that which he experienced in consequence and by virtue of his sympathy with and compassion for man as a sinner, — as a being originally created in the image of God, but with that image terribly marred, and in some instances almost entirely defaced, — as a being originally made upright, but who had wofully fallen from his integrity, — as a being whom the love of God once blessed and cherished, but who had become a sad and weary wanderer from his Father's home. This was an experience, it seems to me, which the Saviour was almost all the time enduring, to which only occasional interruptions were granted, and which at times was such a burden to his soul as well nigh to crush him to the earth. A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, how could he have been otherwise, as being himself without spot or blemish, without the least taint of sin, — with all the sensibilities that made him the friend and brother of man intensely active within him, and at the same time knowing fully what was in man, not only what thoughts and feelings and hopes were there, but what misery, how much moral impurity, how much spiritual deformity, was there; knowing all this, because seeing it all, having it all mapped out before him in all its dark and dreadful lines?

I am not anxious to push this view of the sufferings of Christ beyond what the teachings of the New Testament will justify. I do not maintain, that his whole earthly existence was an uninterrupted period of the most intense mental anguish; for it is evident enough, that there were some scenes in his life which must have afforded him cheerful and happy emotions. There were times when he rejoiced in spirit. But after all, notwithstanding there may have been occasions when he could rejoice either in view

occupy a higher place in history than any man of his age. The memorable words addressed to him, when dangerously ill at Erfurt, by an aged monk, seem almost prophetic: "Be of good cheer, my brother; you will not die at this time. God will yet make a great man of you, who shall comfort many others. Whom he loveth and purposeth to make a blessing, upon him he early layeth the cross; and, in that school, those who patiently endure, learn much." D. R.

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heart, and perverted human affections, and depraved human desires? There is no exaggeration here, but only what all human history teaches, and all human experience affirms. Yes, all human experience. That man does not anywhere walk this earth, whose spirit has not been touched by the taint of sin. It is this fact, — sin as an organic power in human society, working out all forms of mischief, — as a controlling agency in human hearts, full of evil devices, — which has made man and the world what they are at this day. This is the fruitful cause of all the hatreds, and all the jealousies and enmities and rivalries, and all the selfishness and contention, and all the discords of whatever nature and character, which make the present condition of the world, whether contemplated in the action and relationships of nations or in the conduct and relationship of individuals, what it is. Sin — this is the master-evil in the world, — the evil which has alienated man from his God, and which is day by day alienating man from his fellow-man.

Now, let us consider who and what was Jesus Christ, who for a season took up his abode on this earth. He was "the word of God made flesh, and dwelling among men;" "the Son of God;" "the light" and "the life" of the world; "the way and the truth and the life," — the only way of approaching to the Father; he whom "the Father sanctified, and sent into the world," "to bear witness to the truth;" one in "whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" one "in whom God himself was reconciling the world to himself;" one who had a right to say, "I and my Father are one," "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" at the same time one who was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," "who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." Thus pure, thus holy, thus exalted, thus divine, was Jesus Christ; not a man, as I read the New Testament, in the same sense in which Peter, John, or Paul was a man; but a being expressing and manifesting in his own person the moral perfections of the infinite Jehovah. This very being, let it be borne in mind, — so pure, so holy, so divine, — was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and tempted in all points like as we are; only the taint of sin did not attach to his spirit. He who was thus holiness itself, who was purity itself; he who was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; who, being in the form of God, thought it

t robbery to be equal with God, — was made, by a decree of od's love and compassion, to take his place, for a season, in manity, — and that humanity fallen from its uprightness, and nken in shame, — to be bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh, d blood of its blood; to take his place as a man among men, d they burdened with sin and groaning in sorrow.

Consider now what Christ was in himself, — how pure, how ly, how divine. Consider how he must necessarily have possed a nature of the acutest sensibilities, — a nature susceptible the keenest, the most excruciating suffering, from causes which ould scarcely excite any emotion in the human breast as ordinaly found. And consider, also. what man was in himself, — a or, miserable, sorrowing, sinful creature, living without God d without hope in the world, — a being originally created in e image of God, it is true; but that image now dreadfully arred, scarcely retaining any well-defined lineament of its iginal purity. Here, on the one side, was purity itself in mediate contact with impurity on the other; holiness with holiness; the benignant compassions of God himself with the awardness, the folly, and the impiety of man. Could there ve been such a relationship as this here on earth, without tense suffering on one side? Is it possible for a perfectly pure, perfectly holy being to come into such immediate contact with impure, an unholy being; to be witness to his degradation; to hold his misery, and at the same time his insensibility, — without intense suffering, without having the fountain of deep feeling irred within him? Jesus the exalted, man the fallen; — the e pleading with the other, striving to lift him up out of the gradation into which he had sunken, manifesting an infinite ncern for his present and eternal well-being, — could Jesus ve done this, without deeply sympathizing with man in his sery, and profoundly compassionating his condition? If a ly pure-minded man is profoundly grieved at any exhibition human depravity with which he comes in contact; if sorrow ls his heart as he beholds one and another of his fellow-men, — me dear friend, a father, a son, or a brother, for example, — obinately pursuing the downward road to ruin; sorrow which is tense anguish to his spirit, — how much more must Jesus have en grieved, how much more sorrow must have filled his heart, he looked upon man, whose sins had greatly estranged him

from God, and filled his mind with impure thoughts and unholy desires, from that elevation of perfect moral purity in which he himself ever dwelt!

Here let it be considered, that according to the degree of the Saviour's exaltation must have been the acuteness of his perception of the native worth, dignity, and glory of the human soul; and also of the injury which sin had done and was doing it; just as the man of a cultivated taste and refined sensibilities and high moral attainments is able to discover beauties and defects in objects about him, in works of art, in painting, sculpture, architecture, and in the productions of the pen, and is affected by them with feelings of pleasure or pain, where the uncultivated and unrefined are insensible to either. Consequently, the same sin which any man, even the very best of men, would look upon with comparative composure, would affect Jesus in the most painful manner. If the righteous soul of just Lot, as the Scriptures declare, was vexed with the filthy conversation and unlawful deeds of the wicked among whom he dwelt, how much more must the pure and holy Jesus have been grieved at the wickedness of the world?

Sympathy and compassion for man a sinner, for man a miserable and sorrowing creature, for man lost to a sense of duty, lost to a sense of God's love and power, — this was the feeling, at times full of anguish, which the Saviour ever bore about with him, while he abode on earth and among men. How much of actual suffering there was in it, we can get some idea of, though an inadequate one, from what we know of the sufferings of any fellow-man under circumstances of some similarity. Take, for example, the case of a parent whose son has abandoned himself to an infamous course of life. How much sorrow of heart that parent experiences, on account of that wayward and rebellious child, especially if he be a man possessed of a pious and affectionate heart! Is not this the greatest calamity that can come upon such a man? In comparison, would he not experience a satisfaction in following that son, as a dutiful child and the dependence of his old age, to the grave, rather than to witness his disgrace and infamy? What sacrifices would he not gladly make? what tortures would he not be willing to undergo to save that son, flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, over whose pillow his heart had so much rejoiced, and whose early steps he had watched and guided with all a

father's honest pride? How thoughts of that lost one weigh upon his troubled spirit! With what beseeching importunities, with what groanings of his spirit which cannot be uttered, do his prayers daily and hourly ascend to Heaven in behalf of that child? How he goes about in sorrow all the day, having this grief ever abiding with him, and wasting away under the burden which has been laid upon him! This is no common sorrow, an experience that can be easily cast aside or soon forgotten, but rather a sorrow that becomes as the spell of death upon the soul. Somewhat such, but necessarily more intense, it appears to me, was the suffering which Jesus endured in behalf of fallen and sinful man; somewhat the same in nature, but much more intense in degree; for he expressed in his person the love and tenderness and compassion of God the Father in behalf of his children here on earth, who had become estranged from him. It was the infinite concern of God in behalf of man that he expressed.

There were several occasions in the life of our Saviour, when his sufferings, in behalf of mankind, seem to have taken the form of the most overwhelming agony. Such in a degree was his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when he went up to that devoted city for the last time, and his approach to it was hailed with hallelujahs by the multitude who came out to do him homage. In the midst of the general rejoicing, he could only weep. There were the people before him, in the thronged streets of that magnificent city, to whom he had declared God's love and tenderness, and for whom his own heart was then yearning with more than a father's compassion; and they not only indifferent to his teachings, and unmoved by his love, but, worse than this, the time was already nigh at hand, when they would be clamoring for his death. Great was the sorrow that filled his heart; but it was the sorrow of divine sympathy, the sorrow of heavenly compassion. Let those rejoice who could at such an hour: Jesus the Saviour could only weep. Let others rejoice, for there was reason why they should; the kingdom of God had come nigh unto them: but Jesus the Saviour could only weep, for the work was not yet finished which had been given him to do. He wept because there was grief in his heart. Another occasion of a similar kind, but more intense in its form, was the agony of the garden. What he endured there, — that bloody sweat which burst in drops from the opened pores of his agitated body, — what was the cause of it?

May it not have been that the rage and malice of man, which were pursuing him then even unto death, appeared so dark and hideous to his vision, showed such utter estrangement from God, and represented to him in such repulsive forms of atrocity the evil which sin had not only wrought in the hearts of those who were then seeking to destroy him, but also in all mankind, that his agony was almost too intense for his delicate and sensitive body? And that prayer, that if possible "the cup might pass from him," — may it not have been a petition to God that the purpose of his coming into the world might be accomplished without any additional exhibition of human depravity and human insensibility? May it not have been this? must it not have been this, whatever else it may have been? Another occasion was the closing scene on the cross, when, with a loud voice, he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What was this but the language of intense suffering, an interjection of spiritual anguish, which that last exhibition of human atrocity and blindness, which were manifested there in scoffs and revilings, made the closing experiences in the tragedy of his earthly life? May it not have been this? must it not have been this, whatever else it may have been? Then it was finished. There his sufferings in the flesh, which from the beginning to the end had been a most intense sympathy with and compassion for man; a form of feeling which would not have been manifested by any being human or divine, without the acutest suffering, — there his sufferings in the flesh were ended, and became henceforward and for evermore an integral force in the agencies which God is employing in the redemption of the world.

Let it be considered now, that the Saviour underwent all this torture, not for the sake of making an exhibition before the world, but incidentally. That is to say, he suffered as he did and what he did in fulfilling the high purposes of his mission to man, in declaring the love of God to man, in calling sinners to repentance and a new life, and in teaching man that the law of God was pure and holy and just, and that it was infinitely sacred in the sight of God. In the nature of things, it could not have been otherwise than that Jesus should suffer most intensely, and he himself have possessed the character ascribed to him in the Scriptures. It could not have been otherwise, and he have been a manifestation of the love of the Father it could not have been otherwise, and

he have been a pure and holy being, and touched with the feeling of our infirmities. But while it is undoubtedly the fact that he did not come into the world for the sake of suffering, but that he suffered in consequence of having come into the world; nevertheless his sufferings are, to my mind, an agency second to none other in moral force in the Christian dispensation. They express the love of God to man. They proclaim to all mankind how great is the concern of our Father in heaven for his children here on earth, and at what immense expense and painstaking he saw fit to acquaint them with his fatherly compassion for them. Consequently, they give to the love of God, as it has been declared by them, its principal power. That love would scarcely be able to prevail with the perverseness and obduracy of the human heart, without these sufferings. They give us an assurance of that love which we cannot question or doubt. Of all the agencies which God employs here on earth, in his dealings with mankind, love is, without any question, the most powerful and effective; but it never is so effective, so subduing, as when it is manifested under conditions of suffering, — manifested as sacrifice, as painstaking. Then it has power to soften the hardest heart, to overcome the most obstinate perversity. A very striking and affecting instance of the all-subduing and all-prevailing power of love in moving the heart, and reforming the character, is related by Dr. Tuckerman in "the Principles and Results of the Ministry at Large in Boston," which perhaps will illustrate my idea. The instance referred to was that of a pirate, apparently a man thoroughly hardened and confirmed in wickedness, who had been condemned to death. When the sentence of the court was pronounced upon him, he listened to his doom more as a demon than as a man. When Dr. Tuckerman, in whose heart the fire of Christian love was burning with a pure and holy flame, beheld that poor, miserable, abandoned creature, he had compassion on his sad condition, and determined, with the grace of God, upon his salvation. He felt that even he might be saved, and he set himself to the heavenly task. When he first visited him in his cell, he was met with language that would have repelled almost any one whose faith was not as steadfast and whose love as persevering as the gospel of Christ is capable of making them. Day after day, that man of God persevered in his holy work of heavenly compassion, but apparently without any success. But true

Christian love never despairs. It is a principle implanted in the soul by divine grace. Being this, it suffereth long and is kind; bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. At length, some signs of relenting appeared in that poor creature. Finally, by the affectionate importunities of that compassion which at first found its way into that prison-cell, his stubborn heart was softened; and he who a few days before was ready to defy heaven and risk the flames of hell, into whose burnings he had asked, in a moment of blasphemous rage, that he might be thrown, was found pleading in tears of penitence with his heavenly Father for mercy and forgiveness. "Never have I heard," says Dr. Tuckerman, "such supplications, such entreaties for mercy, as I heard from his lips. In the midst of one of my prayers, he broke out in such impassioned and importunate cries to God, that it seemed to me as if the very stones of his cell might have responded to them. My own heart was well nigh broken by his anguish. And he died apparently the most contrite being I have ever known."

Now, what was it that moved the heart, and touched the fountain of feeling, in that miserable and hardened outcast? Christian love, all are ready to respond. And, without doubt, Christian love it was; but it was Christian love expressed in sympathy, in compassion, in suffering, and not in mere formal representation. Yes, in suffering; for it is not possible that any man could do what that minister of God's love did, without suffering, without having his pious soul wrung with anguish at the spectacle, at first of such utter depravity and impenitence, and at last of such contrition and self-accusation. And must it not have been the case that it was the suffering, the manifestation of a most intense sympathy, which first affected the prisoner, and brought him to a sense of his sin and wretchedness? May it not have been the case that the suffering of him who came to that forsaken one, with the message of God the Father's love, had more to do with his reformation than at first might be supposed? And is it probable that he would or could have been saved, without some such expression of interest in his behalf?

Thus Christ, that man of sorrow, who was acquainted with grief, came into the world, with the love of God burning in his heart, and pleading on his lips; a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, because he saw the evil which sin had done, and was

doing, in this world; how it had corrupted, and was corrupting, the human heart; how it had poisoned, and was poisoning, human affections; how it had blunted, and was blunting, human sensibilities; and what an unsightly deformity it was making of that image of God in which man was originally created; and because also he had a sympathizing, a compassionate heart. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." How? it it may be asked. By assuring us, by his sufferings, that God is love. Thus "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Consider how much he must have suffered in finishing the work which had been given him to do; how much he must have suffered for our sakes, on account of the evil that is in our hearts, on account of the sins which we are cherishing in our bosoms. From what you know of human grief, from what you know of human sympathy and compassion, from what estimate you are able to form of the intenseness of the Saviour's suffering from the same causes, you may have some faint idea of it; some faint idea, but by no means an adequate one. Consider how much grief, how much anguish of spirit, you yourselves would experience, not alone of shame, not alone of indignation, but of sympathy and compassion over the child of your affections, who is leading a profligate and abandoned life, — and you will have some idea, by no means an adequate one, of the grief that weighed down the Saviour's heart, and the agony that wrung his soul, in view of a world lying in sin and wickedness; for he expressed — it must not be forgotten — the infinite concern of God's parental compassion for his lost children here on earth.

Yes, Lord Jesus, thou didst suffer for us, the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, the pure for the impure, to bring us unto God. Surely thou hast borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. Thou wast wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace has been laid on thee. By thy stripes we are healed. Thou didst come unto us, when, like sheep, we had gone far astray. Thou didst come unto us with a message of love from our Father in heaven, and with the pleadings of his compassion in our behalf. Thou didst come unto us to awaken in our hearts right impressions with respect to the sacredness of God's law, that we can in

no case violate a single one, even the least of its commandments, without exposing ourselves to his holy displeasure. Thou didst come to declare unto us how great an evil sin is, and to rescue us from the wretchedness and misery into which it has brought us. Thy sufferings in our behalf, of grief, of sorrow, of compassion, — how freely were they endured! — how patiently! how submissively! Thou wast oppressed, thou wast afflicted, yet thou openedst not thy mouth. Thou wast brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so thou openedst not thy mouth. After all thy griefs and all thy sorrows, endured for our sakes, — endured in consequence of having come to us, and spoken to us of God and duty and eternity, — what do we need more? What do we need more to plead with our forgetful souls, to call us to repentance, or to assure us of God the Father's willingness to receive us graciously? How sacred henceforth shall be to our souls the law and the commandments of God! how precious his love! and how abhorrent all sin!

Christ suffered as he did suffer incidentally, in consequence of being what he was, and in consequence of having come into this world to make unto man a new revelation from Heaven. But, although he suffered incidentally, he suffered also by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. "The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." He did it, not in anger, not in wrath, not in vindictiveness, but from the necessities of his compassion. There is a sense of most solemn reality in which we must regard Christ as an offering and a sacrifice to God for our sakes; that is to say, in consequence of our sins; but in no sense that involves the idea of vindictiveness on the part of God, but rather of love and mercy. There is a sense in which the sufferings of Christ must have been highly acceptable to God, — a sense in which his paternal love must have had great pleasure in them. There is a sense in which Christ must be regarded, and honored, and confided in, as our atonement, our reconciliation with God, the propitiation for our sins. R. P.

# WINTER.*

IRE are times when it is well to leave fine speculations and ous arguments, and books and men, and business and pleasure; ave them, with all their lessons and examples and experiences, nd; and to seek instruction from another source. The outd world, with its variety of sweet beauty and awful grandeur, tumult and peace, is a volume whence every one might ve mental benefit and spiritual blessing in abundance, could but know how to open and to read and to ponder it. We ire *wisdom* much more than *knowledge*. For be mindful there is a wide difference between the two. Knowledge is cquirement taken from *other* minds; wisdom, an attainment by attentiveness to our own. And what better helps can we e for the gaining of this inward treasure of wisdom than the ences to be gathered from that kind mother's hand — benigt and bountiful Nature — who never deceives and never wrongs of her children? I turn to the season, now over and around and holding us within its arms, and invite it to be our minisour counsellor, and our friend.

Within a few days, the storm has been on its way; and, under sight, the look of the earth has been changed. The hill-sides the valleys, the woods and the clearings, the fields and the mea-s, — they are not as they were. They have lost their brown, appearance, and have taken to themselves another coloring, a new charm. Winter has come, and stood in our midst; with its breath has frozen over the face of streams, and with mantle has covered up all that remained of the verdure and harvest. Winter has come; and its signs are evident, and its ws manifest. It is no longer a prospect for the fancy to paint, a picture to brighten the eye and gladden the heart. Winter come; and through its dispensation the God of the seasons given the snow-like wool, and scattered the hoar-frost like es.

How quickly has the year gone; the full year, since the last ter visited the earth, as it is visited now! With a fleet foot,

* This article was prepared early in the season, but was necessarily posted. — Ed.

with a swift step, it has completed its circuit. Not a day has been forgotten, not a moment lost. Time, though rapid its pace as the sun in the heavens, has been just as true as the sun to its course. Ay, true to *each* appointment, it has been faithful to *all*. The measure of the year is not wanting; no, not by a single beam of the day, not by a single shade of the night. Every opportunity, balanced to every hour, stands fair upon the record which eternity is keeping for heaven. In the sight of Him to whom "a *thousand* years are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night," this limited era of probation is all finished, without one jot or tittle of omission or neglect. Yet how quickly it has gone, — this long, this crowded, this eventful, this perfected year! Quickly, indeed; but oh! not in vain. Look back over its hastening flight; follow it along from point to point, from the beginning until now, through strength and through weakness, through sunshine and through storm; and be persuaded by the memories, manifold and mighty, the memories of its feelings and events, of the hopes that were its heralds, and the experience that is its gain, — be persuaded by all this, that no portion of that flying existence has been otherwise than rich and momentous. Common as the truth is, I am never weary of repeating and pressing it. Life, any lapse of it, however brief and quickly spent, has a wealth of meaning, that saves it from contumely or reproach, from indifference or neglect. Look back over the last round of the seasons, the periods of the year, symbolizing the periods of life, and they will bear witness to the same. Though they have flown quickly, they have not flown in vain.

And why have they not flown in vain? Because, if for no other reason, they have brought us on to this day; they have advanced and introduced us to this hour, this very hour of sanctity and of blessing, when we can meditate on the significance and the mystery of this deep winter-time, and interpret each for our happiness and good.

The Winter is here; and it has a meaning and a ministry. It is a teacher and a prophet. It gives lessons of wisdom and benedictions of grace. It quickens hopes of *this* life, and affords intimations of another. In fine, it furnishes aid and encouragement, both for a world-wide improvement and for a heaven-high perfection. Such is the suggestiveness and the inspiration of the

season now around us. But it is to be borne in mind, that the preceding seasons, back to the spring-time, were its fit harbingers; gradually opening the path of its approach, and preparing us for its coming; even as childhood, remotely, and through the intervening stages of youth and maturity, unfolds the way for the faltering, feeble foot and the slow step of old age.

Look back! Remembrance can glance quick as lightning over the interval. Look back to the hour; for it seems as if you could almost measure the whole space by hours. Look back to the hour when the sun, lengthening its course day by day through the heavens, darted, by degrees, its genial beams into the loosened earth, and brought forth the grass on the hillock, and the violet in the dell; when the showers were of April, and the blossoms were of May; when there was happiness in the voice of streams, and gladness in the song of birds. How gentle was the Spring! Its presence of beauty made you hopeful and light-hearted. You gave yourself up to its loveliness and love, and permitted its smile to lie on your life like a promise of joy. In all this, that chosen time dwelt with you as a *purifying* power; and its influence was felt, where the soul receives good, that is unseen but eternal.

The Summer came next, with its warmth and delight; and you opened your heart still more to its fragrance and glow; and, as well as you could, what with your labor and care, you yielded yourself to its eloquent persuasions, and grew better and wiser and nobler under the visitings of its quiet regard. What opportunities were then to be abroad; and to read that fresh Book of Revelation, wherein each morning and noontide and evening recorded anew its divine miracles and messages of mystery! Ah! what a luxury, as well as a privilege, it was then to draw in the pure breath of life! There was no gloom in the shade, but welcome and peace, as if thus you retired to the haunts of meditation. The stillness there was not wearisome, nor the silence oppressive. Languor was not dull, vacant indolence; nor dreaminess but poor, foolish reverie. The summer was a season of gracious development and of holy desire. As such, was it not a benignant and liberal teacher; leading us tranquilly on to the peace and the rest that remaineth?

And next came the Autumn; and the freshness and the bloom began to pass by. There was a charm still upon all things; but it was the charm of a vision that must melt and disappear.

There was a brilliancy left, and a glory, — the brilliancy of skies, and the glory which leaves were putting on. But they could not long last. But there was comfort and cheer lingering yet, and perhaps to remain. For the fruitage had ripened, and "the harvest bowed its golden ears," and the fulness of the gathered sheaf called for rejoicing. Could these things be, surrounding us at every step, without appealing to our better self, and without our special wonder? Ah! no: they obtained your attention and regard. They made you serious, not sadly, but solemnly so; for they led you to be thoughtful of the time when all must be changed, and all must die; when the preparation of life must be put to the proof; and when the fruits of human trial and experience must be ripened, and the harvest of human goodness and virtue must be gathered in, — gathered into heaven.

And, now, the *Winter* is come; it is here, — the next and the last in the series of the seasons; as Cowper calls it, the "ruler of the inverted year." It is here, attended by its stern and shivering retinue. We are not blind to its visible tokens. We are not insensible to its prevailing power. When the frost sharpens the air, do we not shrink and tremble at its touch? When the clouds assemble their masses, are we not able to read their dread portents? When the north wind rises, and blows in its fury, can we not, as we listen, interpret its language? Familiar, indeed, to us, as sorrow and pain, are the piercing blast and the driving storm; — so familiar that we are liable to bow to their warnings, to submit to their dispensations, to accept of their issues; having covered ourselves with protection, and folded ourselves in comfort, with hardly a thought given to solving the *problem* which these chances of exposure and suffering may present. But the *problem* is worthy of being considered and solved; for how intimately is it connected with a large portion of life! I ask, then, what it is. If the winter has a peculiar ministry, I ask what it is. Ah! a ministry it has, a high and a holy one. Yes: solemnity attaches to this period; and, if the heart is but true and attentive, there shall be numbered, on this account, among its sanctified feelings, a thankfulness and an awe that shall be expressed, if not openly and in speech, at least in the silence and solitude of devotion and worship.

Let me repeat the sentiment most appropriate, now, to this subject. There is a spirit of solemnity belonging to this season.

These latter months are completing what former months commenced and carried on. The circle of a year is about to be rounded. The momentous work of a year is about to be finished. All things abroad, that address the senses and the feelings, are in harmony with this consummation and conclusion. "It is well, that winter, with the dying year, should come." It seems almost as if there were a providence in this close relationship, and therefore the touch of a blessing; although, after all, as far as any thing *can* be, it is only an arrangement of human device. Suppose, however, that it were otherwise; suppose, for instance, that, with the luxuriant promise and beauty of spring, this annual event of decadency and departure should fall, and be observed; and that fresh flowers and bright skies, the freshest and the brightest, should be the witnesses of this accomplishment, — suppose this, and how much of the moving seriousness, which now we feel, would be lost! Then, amid all that was animated and hopeful and fair, we should find it difficult to realize the fact, that time was laying down one more of its treasured epochs in the grave of the Past. But, as it is, with this comparative absence of enticing and distracting objects and voices of the earth, the heart answers to the admonitions of these hastening hours; and finds, in this very environment of bleakness and barrenness, a most favorable opportunity for growth into wisdom.

But, setting aside what may resemble a providential coincidence to which I have referred, still the beneficent Ordainer, we may be sure, has not thus brought a change over the earth, except for the *good* of his creatures. He has not given the snow like wool, and scattered the hoar-frost like ashes, without a most gracious intent. Herein lies a blessed meaning under the shadow of his hand. Look forth! and it shall be seen and be interpreted.

One of the most pathetic writers in our language has said, in a sentence often quoted as scriptural, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." As mercifully too, we may believe, he tempers all his visitations to the requirements of his children. This appears plainly, — now, for instance, — when we remember what provisions are made for hope and happiness within us, through the influence of the dread and the dreariness outside of us.

Now it is, and at such times, that *home* possesses and holds out the brightest attractions. Oh! what a charm resides now in its retirement and security, — a charm that may well call the

wild wanderer back, and restore the long-lost! The affections that cluster about the fireside, — oh! how tenderly they invite the unfortunate and the unhappy to seek *there* for a refuge and a rest! There is no place like home. The poetry it has quickened floats far and wide in strains of comfort and inspiration over the earth. *Sweet* home! what music in the word! It melts into one sound the names we love best. It is expressive — is it not? — of interests, the dearest and most divine, which reach beyond the bounds of earth and of time; into the distance and the future; into heaven and its peace. I cannot speak of it. Words fail to tell what the true heart must feel. But to this place, this holy place, there is an invitation given now, stronger than any loudly or gaily re-echoed by the tempting ambitions and pleasures and follies of the world. Yes; and the beautiful bonds of domestic endearment are the more closely drawn between hearts, as there is less elsewhere, in the secret haunts and the highroads of nature, to beguile the restless mind, and allure the loitering foot. At the hand of winter you receive this advantage; and does it not far more than compensate for all its deprivations?

Deprivations! why do I say this? The term is out of place. For what *have* you lost? Nothing — that would satisfy; nothing worth regret. The privileges under the present auspices, — the privileges that now order and circumscribe your delights, are more abundant and affluent; and, day by day, as you measure them rightly, will become still more so; abundant and affluent to a larger degree than any which hitherto may have won your regard and wakened your desire among wider and more general relations.

Enter the little circle, where no stranger intrudes, and cultivate the *affections*, — the pure, deep, faithful affections, that survive all trial, all error, all change; and doubt not they will yield you a more grateful and profitable harvest than has ever been reaped and gathered into barns. Go in, and sit by the cheerful blaze; and, as the tumult of conflicting cares subsides, and the discordant sounds of other scenes grow less distinct and faint away, there linger and wait for the delicate offices of love. Be eager to receive, and diligent to reciprocate, each nameless tribute of tenderness; and, as the evening shadows fall, there sit, and, in the low tones of confidence, talk of human joys and human hopes; and meditate in a silence that is eloquent as speech, — meditate of what is gone, and of what is to come. Be thus re-

eptive of the blessings and benefits of *home*, and you shall be appier and better; wiser for this world, richer for heaven.

Wisdom for this world, and riches for heaven! And it is well reflect that you hold the means and the leisure requisite for ese exalted attainments, independently of the immediate quiet d intercourse of the household affections. The *mind* needs a erishing care as well as the *heart*. Knowledge and tenderness ust never be divorced. They must recommend and aid and dance each other. In this way, softness of feeling becomes rm and reliable, and roughness of intellect becomes gentle and fined. And to this end, what opportunities are now granted! he brain can be busy, without loss to the hands. Talent and ste may be stirred and unfolded, to such purpose, indeed, that, the future, industry shall have higher honor; and coarse, hard ployment, kinder compensations. Let books be your comnions, your friends; and thus hold communion with the masterinds of all ages, even as you do with the loving hearts in your n family.

For the mind and the heart, it is evident, there is permitted lack of influence, both elevating and genial. The season, nfruitful as it is in other respects, generously ministers to their ndencies and wants. Infinitely more important is it, however, an it should minister freely to the utmost needs, to the finest nsibilities, to the best inclinations of the soul. Viewed in this nnection especially, the winter has a wealth of meaning that deerves interpretation. It is a time for severe study, for profound editation, — higher and deeper than has yet been suggested; a me for the self-scrutiny that is sincere, and for the thought that ys hold upon eternity; a time for that still reckoning up of life, hen conscience judges fairly, and decides, with impartial strictss, between the claims of duty and its performance, the claims endeavor and accomplishment, of sentiment and principle, of ith and works; a time when we may well pause, as if within the adow of the year, and repent and resolve, and confess and pray.

What themes are these! — none greater, none better! And re is an interval set apart for their unfolding and application. et the Past then speak to us, while it may, with teaching and monishment. There it lies, far off and nearer, a mingled shade d brightness, — a dream upon the memory, yet something *bet*r than a dream; for it has been real, and been known and felt

and tried and proved. What happy plans are there, defeated as if by fate, interrupted by sorrow, ended in gloom! What hopes are there, like flowers that bloomed in the morning, and withered before night! It is the sum of experience, of a *sad* experience, perhaps, on which we look. It is the long, hard lesson of a varied life, which it will profit us to review. Be not unwilling nor slow to attend to the history of hours that have vanished. They will teach us fitly and truly. They will give us the only instruction on which we may rely. It is true they may humble our pride, and bring a blight upon our vanity. But, if we so choose, they shall give strength to our weakness, and light to our darkness; and bless us with an added wisdom and virtue, which nothing can take away.

It is a time for the heart to count over its lost treasures, to think of friends who have changed, and friends who are dead. The old familiar faces come back to us, and smile, as they used, upon our sorrow and pain, our loneliness and regret. The absent, — the dead, who never did us wrong, who always sought our good, — they choose this season to enter our retirement, and to give it some cheer. Yes, —

> "The forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door;
> The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
> Come to visit us once more."

It is the same, too, with those who have changed; who are separated from us by injured confidence, by misfortune or mistake, — they all come back. And the absent, — the living also, whom distance only can keep from our hearts, — they all come back, and sit by our side, and speak to us kindly as ever. The darkness of the grave, and differences of opinion, and alienations of feeling, and distance and time, disappear; and we are almost cheated into the belief that life is as it was, and its companionship the same. The delusion must pass. But it leaves behind a benefit and a benediction; and we go into the world again with a purer purpose and a firmer faith.

It is a time, moreover, to think of the inevitable, or the possible, painful passages of our human lot; of present or impending sickness or sorrow, or weariness or want; to think that such *our* life may be, as it is to many, a lengthening tissue of trouble

and distress; to think, too, in the view of that dread dispensation, of the mercy which has shielded and saved us so long; and, with thoughts of supplication, to implore a continuance, to the end, of that loving-kindness and tender care, which cannot but avert much of the misery of the children of men.

And finally, it is the time, with a wider meditation, to contemplate those broadcast evils of penury, and all kinds of wretchedness and degradation attendant on penury, which afflict so large a portion of the race. The winter wind is a preacher of charity; not of the charity alone which is content with giving out supplies of raiment or food, or any physical comfort; but of that charity which would fill the heart of the destitute and despairing with the warmth of Christian compassion and love; and which would so clothe the soul of the forlorn and forsaken on earth with purity and with trust, that it may become worthy of the beautiful promise and beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Such is the ministry of winter, as I conceive it, in part; and briefly sketched. But there is a sphere of being beyond this scene of life; and the winter, that looks hopefully forward to the spring, may direct our thoughts to the joys of that coming immortality. Thomson closes his poem on the Seasons with a similar train of reflections; and I will quote his lines in conclusion:

"'Tis come, the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life.
Ye noble ones! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile:
The storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all."

R. P. R.

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To believe that there is no God to judge the world is hugely suitable to that man's interest who assuredly knows, that upon such a judgment he shall be condemned; and to assert that there is no hell must needs be a very benign opinion to a person engaged in such actions as he knows must certainly bring him thither. Men are atheists, not because they have better wits than other men, but because they have corrupter wills; not because they reason better, but because they live worse. — *South.*

# BETHLEHEM AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.*

A SERMON, BY REV. A. LAMSON, D.D.

MATT. ii. 6: "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

IN discoursing from these words, I shall not attempt any high argument. I have, on former occasions of this kind, discussed, as I best could, and more or less at length, topics connected with the coming of Christ and with Christian history.* My purpose at present is a simple one. I wish to go back to the times of the Saviour, and linger on some spots which were familiar to his eye, and recall some facts and narratives associated with them, and which may furnish a suitable theme for this morning's meditation. Topics of this kind, occasionally touched upon, have their use. They serve to refresh the memory on subjects of scripture-history; they bring the venerable past before us; they show the relation of things, the connection of which may not at first appear obvious, and the origin of ideas and usages; they furnish materials for comparison and contrast; and out of all these start up before the mind certain great truths, which it is important to recognize, and from meditating on which good may come. Judea is hallowed to the affections; it is Holy Land to Christians as well as to Jews. There is scarcely a spot in it which can be visited without emotion, even in imagination; for every spot almost has its history, and that history, from one or another cause, has a moral and religious worth.

There are two spots particularly to which I would direct my footsteps this morning, — Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives, — the first and last places of the Saviour's appearance on earth, the beginning and the end. Both are peculiarly sacred to the hearts of believers, and by a very natural association may be brought together. "And thou, Bethlehem of Juda, art not the least of the princes" — princely cities — "of Juda; for out of thee shall come a ruler, that shall rule my people Israel;" or, as the original word signifies, "feed," or tend as a flock; for, by a beau-

* Some expressions and imagery contained in this discourse show, that it was originally prepared for a Christmas sermon: it has not been thought worth while to attempt to expunge them.

tiful and expressive metaphor, kings were, in primitive times, called "shepherds of the people." "Not the least;" so far does spiritual exceed temporal pre-eminence. Bethlehem, — there is no other name more hallowed. There is but one Bethlehem; and over another that mild, guiding star shall never stand. Many cities and places have sometimes contended for the honor of having given birth to the sons of fame, the great ones of the earth; but this little city wears the brightest crown of all, and wears it undisputed, — this princely Bethlehem of Juda.

Let us glance for a moment at its history; for it had already been the scene of some remarkable incidents, and of one particularly beautiful and touching narrative. It has its name from a Hebrew word, or words, signifying "house of bread," the "bread city," so called from the fertility of the district in which it is situated, on the sloping sides of a range of beautiful hills. It lies in a south-westerly direction from Jerusalem, on the way from Hebron to the holy city. From Hebron, the ancient Mamre, where Abraham tended his flocks, and where was the burial-place of his family, in the cave of Machpelah, the distance to Bethlehem is about five or six hours' journey, and two or three thence to Jerusalem. There was a city of Galilee, in the tribe of Zebulon, of the same name, to distinguish it from which, this is called Bethlehem of Juda. Its ancient name was Ephrath, *fruitful*, which name was sometimes retained along with the other; hence the "Bethlehem Ephratah" of the prophet.

There is in the Old Testament, connected with this spot, a little narrative of quiet and tranquil beauty, revealing something of the primitive domestic manners of the Hebrews; for it is to be referred to the time of the Judges, before the existence of the monarchy. It may be called a narrative of the affections; it is a short family history; and, however singular some of the incidents may appear, judged by a modern standard, yet, viewed in connection with ideas of pristine oriental simplicity, all seeming objections vanish, and the unsophisticated story presents a picture the more charming, as it shows that, even in times of great social disorder and in a rude age, there may exist, in the bosom of society, the true peace and happiness of gentle, trusting hearts. There are "green spots" everywhere in the history of the past; but the pen of the annalist too often passes by them, and records only shining deeds, too frequently deeds of violence and blood.

You will understand me as referring to the story of Naomi and Ruth. Naomi dwelt at Bethlehem, and in a time of famine goes to the land of Moab, with her husband and her two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, who marry there. Not long after, the father and both the sons die; and Naomi is left alone with only her two daughters-in-law for comforters, in the land of strangers. The famine at an end, she feels a longing to return to her home and her kindred. She proposes to go and leave her foreign daughters-in-law in the land of their nativity. But they said, "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people." She attempts to dissuade them; for she would not take them to her desolate habitation. There is much weeping. One is persuaded to remain. But Ruth cannot leave her mother-in-law, and go back to her own people and her gods. She "clave," says the account, "to her;" saying, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried." Naomi, finding her thus determined, says no more, and they take their departure. On their way to Bethlehem from Moab, the sad couple pass through Hebron; the "gentle, unselfish Ruth," so full of heart and sympathy, — a stranger then in Judea, — little dreaming that a few years later there should be crowned in the city, which then stretched before her eyes, a great king, who, in addition to his heroic qualities, should also be the author of the sublimest lyrics the world ever saw; who "should so sing," as one has said, "as that the human race should echo his strains through all future time; and who should take the strong rock-fort of Jebus, some way to the north, and make of it a city so holy as that its very name should be music for ever;" and that king should be her great-grandson, for so David was.

They pursue their way to Bethlehem, — old Naomi and her youthful daughter-in-law. There, Ruth goes to glean after the reapers, — for it was the time of the barley harvest, — and "her hap was," says the narrative, "to light on the part of the field belonging to Boaz," who was a worthy kinsman of her lost husband. She and her mother were now poor, and this practice was common; for the Jewish law, ever attentive to the claims of the destitute and helpless, contained the following humane provision (Levit. xix. 9, 10): "When ye reap the harvest of your land,

thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger." Boaz, upright, considerate, and humane, going out to visit his reapers, observes the sad-featured stranger, and, inquiring who she was, learns her history, and gives direction that she be treated with kindness and respect; and some time after, according to old Hebrew ideas and usages, makes her his wife.

Wait a few years, and visit again this quiet, humble Bethlehem, embosomed among the hills six or eight miles south by west from the stronghold of the Jebusites, afterwards Jerusalem; the sweet tones of a harp are heard echoing among those hills, and you see a shepherd-boy, in the prime of youth, "ruddy and of a beautiful countenance," now seeking, as a traveller recently on the spot expresses it, "smooth stones for his sling among the brooks, and now delighting himself with that young song, which was to grow divine, and become the worship of future ages and nations, — in the islands of the Southern Ocean, and the cathedrals of Europe, and among the forests of the Western World." This was the son of Jesse, the descendant of that Ruth who had left her country to worship the God of Naomi, to live where she lived, and die where she died. He is afterwards crowned king in Hebron. The primitive idea of the kingly office, to which I alluded near the commencement of my discourse, is well and beautifully presented in one of the Psalms which alludes to his early occupation (Ps. lxxviii. 70—72): "He chose David his servant, and took him from the sheep-folds; from following the ewes he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and the skilfulness of his hands." His fortunes as a monarch I need not recount. His Psalms, yet sung in Christian churches, and suited to every variety of emotion, from the deepest penitence to the sublimest adoration, are what have cast an imperishable glory around his name. It is not the monarch, but the "sweet singer of Israel," who lives and will for ever live in the hearts of Christians, till the last sigh of contrition shall have been breathed, and the last note of praise shall have ascended from human lips.

As being the birth-place of their great hero-king, the little

town became venerable in the eyes of the Jews, and received the honored title of the "city of David." Round it were clustered all those interesting hopes of the nation which centered in the Messiah, who was to come to sit on the throne of his ancestor, and reign there for ever. "Thou, Bethlehem Ephratah," says the prophet Micah, "though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel." So when the wise men of the East came to bring their offerings to the infant Jesus, and Herod, troubled in mind, sent to inquire where Christ should be born, the reply of the priests and scribes was, "In Bethlehem, of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet." The city had now received its crowning distinction; for Joseph and Mary, he being of the lineage of David, had gone to Bethlehem, the "city of David, to be taxed;" and there the event took place which was to change the character of the whole civilization of the globe, and fill with a holy joy millions on millions of hearts to the end of time.

And how little changed was Bethlehem in the interval of more than a thousand years! The shepherds were still keeping their flocks as in the days of the son of Jesse. And to the ears of these humble men, — not to princes, and the great of the earth, — the learned, the subtle, the disputers of this world, the revellers in the banqueting-halls of luxury, the self-righteous Pharisee, the haughty Rabbi, — did the angelic message come: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" no warlike prince, no man of iron mould, — a man of war, like David, — no achiever of earthly victories over Philistine or Jebusite, which should call forth national rejoicings, and be extolled throughout the land with timbrel, and dancing, and jubilant voices, as of old: —

> "Saul hath slain his thousands,
> David his ten thousands."

No. He was to be a shepherd-king in a higher sense than they of elder time. The spiritual leader of his people, he should guide his flock to the still waters of comfort: he should "gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom;" he should lead in the way of truth and righteousness.

"Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds."

His reign was to be peaceful; he should be called the "Prince of peace."

He of old erected for himself a beautiful palace in the city he had taken from the Jebusites; and, when his wars were ended, the religious monarch proposed to build a temple to Jehovah; but he was forbidden, and the reason assigned is worthy of notice; for it shows that even then glimpses of the higher truths began to appear. God is introduced as saying, "Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood" (1 Chron. xxviii. 3). It is something that the disqualification was felt: the diviner instinct even then spoke against war. The song of the heavenly host at Jesus' birth was, "On earth peace; good-will towards men." And to unwarlike shepherds was the annunciation of the welcome tidings of his birth first made. And what were his first words, when he began to preach, at Nazareth, where he had been brought up? "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath appointed me to preach the gospel" — glad tidings — "to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." And he said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." And what precepts did he deliver respecting the pure in heart, the meek, the peaceful, and they who should hunger and thirst after righteousness! And what words were those, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls"!

Bethlehem! Out of it had formerly come the great warrior, the chivalrous hero, the man who "shed blood," the conqueror by the sword; but now the spiritual deliverer, the shepherd of souls, the teacher of humility, the comforter of them that mourn, the strength-

ener of the weak, the friend of the penitent, the revealer of the law of love, the conqueror of death, the giver of life; for "the Son of man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them;" and his glory was, that he was "the way, the truth, and the LIFE."

No star stood over Bethlehem at the birth of that "man of war" of old; no angel's song and no music filled the skies. No peaceful sages came, with myrrh, spices, and incense, to do homage; for the time for the "day-spring from on high" had not arrived; those who sat in darkness saw no light; the light to lighten the Gentiles, and the joy of all people, had not come. He who established his throne in Jerusalem was the terror of the nations. How changed now! No terrors; no flaming sword now; no "red right arm;" no vengeance on flying foe; no marshalled hosts; but only the sword of the spirit, only weapons of gentleness and love, — a revelation, not of the God of battles, but of a Father's mercy.

Bethlehem! how changed, though unchanged! Thy skies and thy fields, thy hills and valleys, remain the same; but a more loving atmosphere envelops thee. In that manger-cradle sleeps the son of peace and consolation. Mary is pondering in her heart what mean all these events and these signs. That child is set for "the fall and rising again of many in Israel," and for a sign that shall be spoken against. And that mother shall weep at the sight of a crown of thorns and a cross; but woman's heart is formed for faith and hope, and, last at the cross and earliest at the sepulchre, she shall be rewarded by a sight of the risen Jesus; and the spiritual cause shall triumph; and that infant of Bethlehem shall overcome, and sit with the Father on his throne in a sense never thought of by the old, earthly monarch, and those who spoke of the Son who should sit upon his throne for ever.

The soil of Bethlehem has been for ever consecrated by the foot of the Redeemer. It has been visited with reverence by Christians from very early times, and will continue to be while the earth remains, or the dews of heaven descend. As to the different localities, and, among the rest, the grotto over which stands the "Church of the Nativity," and where the Saviour is said to have been born, there will always exist some uncertainty. The superstitions of the place, which regard altogether the letter, the outward, the traditional, and the doubtful, are silly and disgusting enough; and one must penetrate beneath them to get at the real, spiritual significance of what meets the eye.

I have spoken of Bethlehem before the time of the Saviour, when the shepherd-boy roamed there, whose lyre could for a time lull the fierce spirit and subdue the madness of Saul, and whose song now soothes and animates Christian hearts in all lands. We must cast a single glance at the spot at a later period, — four centuries nearly after Christ had left the world. In a cave or cell, at the place of the infant's birth, you observe a thoughtful, pale-faced old man, of venerable aspect, bending intently over a mass of manuscripts that lie before him. He has travelled over all parts of the known world, from Gaul to the Euphrates and the pyramids of Egypt. He led a gay youth, but was well educated, and was an ardent admirer of the classical remains of Greece and Rome; a worshipper almost of Cicero. He becomes, however, religiously impressed; and the "enthusiasm first kindled on the banks of the Moselle," in France, assumes a somewhat austere character in the dissolute capital of Syria, which he afterwards visits. He adopts monastic habits, and passes sometime in a desert far in the East, but not in idleness. He appears again in the world; and the fame of his learning, eloquence, and sanctity fills all Christendom. He travels again; visits Rome, Egypt, and other places, but cannot rest until he had seen the Holy Land. He traverses it, tracing the footprints of the Saviour, and finally fixes himself in his cell at Bethlehem; and there, among other works, still treated with respect by all Christians, applies himself to a translation, before begun, of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, from Hebrew and Greek into the Latin tongue; the old translations, originally badly executed, having fallen into inextricable confusion. That old man, thus piously employed, is the celebrated Jerome; and the translation he is executing is afterwards known as the Latin Vulgate, containing the standard text of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus light again went forth from Bethlehem. This translation put the Scriptures into the hands of multitudes, in a language they could read and understand. Jerome had strong passions, and was chargeable with some errors and extravagances; but he left an enduring and well-earned fame. With an enthusiastic temperament and profound piety, somewhat tinctured with asceticism, he united more learning and eloquence than were possessed by any other man of his age, Pagan or Christian. Such men, yea, all the great lights which shine through the dim mists of the Chris-

tian past, were made what they were by the birth of that child of Bethlehem; the influence of which has been felt through all the regions of thought, literature, education, and domestic and social life.

But it is time to leave Bethlehem, so little in itself, yet so great in objects of reverence and interest, a princess among the cities of Judah, and go to the Mount of Olives. You know the history of what lay between: the lame walked, the deaf heard, the blind saw, and the dead were re-animated; tidings of peace and forgiveness were preached, — of the Father's love, and man's immortal hope. You remember Cana and Nain, the well of Samaria, and Bethany; the Supper with the disciples in that retired upper room; Judas, Peter, Gethsemane; the mock crown and sceptre; Calvary, the tomb, and the annunciation to the weeping Maries, "He is not here, he is risen." Let us go out through the winding path over the brook Cedron to the Mount of Olives, at the foot of which stood Bethany, for ever endeared to the memory of believers as the dwelling-place of the three friends of Jesus, where he occasionally paused, amid his weary travels and labors, for refreshment and rest in the bosom of a beloved family; for there Lazarus and his sisters dwelt. We will look back for a moment at Jerusalem, which that old king, born in Bethlehem, had from a rock-fortress converted into a beautiful city; and where, when his last sands had run out, and his sun had set in clouds, he found a sepulchre. Contrast the dying words of that "man of war" with those of Jesus breathed on the same spot. Dark and revengeful passions rankled in the breast of David to the last. His dying speech — not singular in that age and country — was yet such as no Christian could utter. How strange the compound of feelings which find expression in it! "Now the days of David drew near that he should die; and he charged Solomon his son, saying, I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man; keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes and his commandments, . . . that thou mayest prosper in all that thou dost, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself." Wise, beautiful counsel! Yet, in the face of it, he turns and gives command concerning the aged Joab: "Let not his hoar head go down to the grave in peace." To the sons of Barzillai he would have kindness shown; for, says he, "they came to me when I fled because of Absalom, thy brother." Shimei, who had once "cursed" him,

he had spared, he observes, on account of an oath he had taken not to put him to death with the sword; but, says he to Solomon, "Hold him not guiltless, . . . but his hoar head bring thou down to the grave with blood;" words one almost shudders to repeat, coming from a dying man. So the monarch passed away, carrying resentment to the grave with him. Was he not unfit to build a house to God's name? He "slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David." Turn now to that mightier one, who also died at Jerusalem as he was born in Bethlehem, both cities of David. He expires with the prayer of forgiveness for his enemies on his lips: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." There is this difference between the old and the new, the earthly and the heavenly king. The birth-song of peace, the death-prayer of forgiveness, showed how much diviner was the latter; for he had all the fulness of God, which the other had not.

Pause again on the side of the mount. From this spot over against the temple, the city rises to view in all its beauty and picturesqueness. It was from this spot, that, looking upon the majestic structure opposite, with its "goodly stones" and ornaments, Jesus pronounced the terrible doom of the city. He foretold the coming desolation, with the signs that should precede, and the dreadful wars that should accompany it, in language of fearful distinctness and sublimity; portions of which, taken too literally by the early disciples, led to the expectation of his speedy visible return in the clouds; but his reign is in heaven, and upon earth only in the hearts of his followers, — in the new moral creation, — "the new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

From the Mount of Olives, all things being fulfilled, he went up into heaven, and his disciples saw him no more. Superstition professes to point out his last footprints before he rose to the bosom of the cloud; but such precision it is idle to seek. It is better to meditate on the general incidents recorded, and seek to penetrate their spiritual import, than to perplex one's self about minute localities, which cannot be known; and which, if they could be determined, would not help us to win the crown of well-doing to the end. The veil which time has silently let fall over them, we need not vainly attempt to raise. Enough has been preserved from oblivion to nourish our faith, and help our spirits to ascend.

Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives, — the scenes at both were peaceful. The song, the star, the hour, the coming of the wise men given to tranquil meditation, — they were peaceful and meek; there was no martial strain, no courtly pomp.

> "The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
> . . . . . .
> But peaceful was the night,
> Wherein the Prince of light
> His reign of peace upon the earth began."

And there was peace on the mount, on green Olivet, and he ascended in the attitude of blessing. And there was "joy," too; for with "great joy," it is said, the disciples returned to Jerusalem after he had parted from them. But it was different from the joy of Bethlehem. The joy of Bethlehem was of a birth into this world; that of Olivet, of the leaving it to go to the Father, and was the more purely spiritual of the two. The one stood at the beginning, and preceded temptation and trial; the other at the end, after the world had been overcome, — it was the joy of victory. Compare the shepherds with the disciples on the mount of ascension. The shepherds knew little of the spiritual purport of what they saw and heard, — only they rejoiced, and praised God that a great deliverer had arisen: the disciples, though not fully enlightened, yet knew more, — they had resigned their hope of an earthly kingdom; they no more dreamed of a worldly Messiah, who should restore the kingdom to Israel; their minds had been in a measure purified and elevated by their intercourse with that meek and holy one, by his agony and cross, and the communications he had with them after he was risen. They were changed from what they were, when they left their nets, or other implements of their humble callings, to follow him; and hence they could return to Jerusalem with joy in their hearts, after he had left them to be seen of them no more. They had now some glimpse of the spiritual world; some conception of things not of earth, earthy.

Olivet, green Olivet! fit place for the ascent of him who came to teach the way of peace and life. The olive, — symbol of peace, gladness, and prosperity, — its bright, green leaves perennial, fadeless, — we readily associate it with life and joy, and the many precious blessings Christ came to impart through those holy words

and holy influences of his religion and cross, which should never pass away, but should go down to all time to renovate the earth, and clothe it with moral freshness and verdure. Not barren, like the cedar and the fir, its never-withering leaf is emblem of enduring affection, — of love which the winter of the grave cannot kill. When the dove returned to the ark with the green olive-leaf in her mouth, the patriarch knew that God had remembered him, and he should receive the reward of his faithfulness. The Christian follows his Saviour from Bethlehem to Olivet; and, as he sees him depart with hands outstretched to bless, joy lights his countenance, and with a new and more exalted sense of its significance he can unite in the angelic song, "On earth, peace; good-will toward men."

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## UNITARIANISM IN WASHINGTON.

It can do Unitarians no harm to know what is said of them by a man of business, shrewd, intelligent, practical, looking about him with open eyes, a good deal used to humankind; given a little to thinking, but more to observing and acting. Even though he should be biassed or hostile in his judgment, his strictures may suggest something useful. Such a person, as we happen to know, is the Washington correspondent of the "New York Tribune." Writing from an independent position, he does not trim his opinions; and, writing much and often, he does not smooth the rough edges of his phraseology. After speaking of Dr. Dewey's preaching, with commendation and otherwise, he goes on: —

"But what I have to say refers not to the individual Unitarian, but to Unitarianism; a form of Christianity, which, with all its apparent reasonableness, does not flourish, and does not spread. In addition to its vital defect of not recognizing the urgency of the devotional principle in man, it strikes me that its preachers represent in their modes of thought, and in their conceptions of humanity, but a very limited number of minds. They are not *popular* preachers, because they do not excite or reflect ideas which possess universality, or a wide-spread existence among men. They do not strike those chords that reach through the universal humanity.

They play on instruments, that, like the new pianos, have extra octaves; and they only strike the high keys. They play no common tunes. And if they ever touch the low notes, it is only to show how mean they are, by flying off to a sudden contrast on the high. Now, elaborate religion, like elaborate music, does not answer for the humble and unsophisticated. None but the initiated comprehend it. Swedenborgianism does not prosper, but Methodism does. When the minister says, 'Believe or be damned,' the hearer knows just what he means. If he tells you the Bible is a *revelation*, and therefore the standard to go by, and by which every moral act of our lives must be rightly judged; and further, that it affords the *only* proof of certain momentous facts, like human immortality for example, — there is some *nub* to the preaching. But if it is only intimated that the Bible is a pretty fair kind of a book, but with some ridiculous things in it; that immortality rests on *consciousness*, and that we ought to be virtuous because we shall thus be happy; and that, if we are damned at all hereafter, it will be in an easy and genteel way, and without the vile adjuncts of fire and brimstone, people soon go to sleep over the preaching.

"Between the namby-pambyism of a milk-and-water religion, whose beginning, middle, and end is the nurse's injunction, 'Be good,' and cloven-hoofed Catholicism, with its mummeries and its transubstantiation, its purgatory and its worse place; — between the earth-born and unsatisfying doctrines of Price, Priestley, Parker, and we do not know how many other P's and preachers of the natural religion, and the red-hot singeing doctrines of old John Calvin, we do not think a man of sense can long hesitate. If a man wants religion at all, he wants the *super*natural, not the natural. We go with Brownson on this point, as he is since his conversion from heathenism. A man's religion, to answer the vital purpose of religion, must rest on his *faith*, not on his reason. In the language of Dryden, in his 'Hind and Panther:' —

> '*Faith* is the best insurer of our bliss;
> The bank above must fail, before the venture miss.'

"A religion to be a religion, must *come down*, and not be *built up*. If there is no foundation for the idea of the connection of the *super*natural with the natural, the whole idea of a religion, in the common acceptation of the term, is a humbug. If there be a foundation, the proof of it exists in the Bible, and men must go by the record, whether they like it or lump it. In a word, they must 'believe or be damned.' J. S. P."

THE

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## PERFECT LIBERTY AND PERFECT OBEDIENCE.

Perfect Liberty and Perfect Obedience are identical, — one and the same condition. Perfect liberty is freedom from all that ought not to restrain, — perfect obedience is subjection to all that ought to restrain; and, by just as much as we are bound to any thing evil, and are therefore imperfectly free, by just so much do we fail in subjecting ourselves to every thing good, and are therefore imperfectly obedient. The perfect man of the gospel is free from sin, and a servant of righteousness. He is not called free so long as he is at liberty to do wrong; and freedom to do right, an exemption from impediments fatal to excellence, is the only freedom about which Christianity is greatly concerned.

The truth is worth pondering at a time when the human heart is so much exercised with a desire for liberty; when this is the prevailing desire, —a desire not second perhaps even to the thirst for gain, or the spirit of worldly enterprise. It is truth always worth pondering; for we are always more or less visited by longings after liberty; we are always more or less impatient of restraint, even of restraint which is wholly a blessing. Our daily necessities, the pressing exigencies of every human life, demand a true doctrine of freedom. The desire for freedom must be more than a vague restlessness or a wicked impatience. It must be instructed, purified, elevated, converted from a worldly into a Christian affection, exalted into a holy enthusiasm, the

craving of all that is good in our mingled nature for entire emancipation, the liberty of the mature sons of God, the just made perfect, the redeemed that abide within the inner circles of heaven, and encompass the throne for ever.

Vague enough and foolish enough sometimes is our desire for freedom; to be and do, as we say, what we like; to consult our own tastes, to be our own men, to choose our own society, to make our own laws, to hold fast by our own opinions, to do that which we find most easy and most agreeable and most natural, to act out ourselves. Indeed, we are apt to be so vague and so foolish in this thing, that, regardless of the inspiring and hallowed associations connected with the name of liberty, we should be almost prepared to part with it entirely for the higher word obedience; and yet we must not do this, so long as the sacred word obedience is misused for the support of spiritual, intellectual, or political tyranny, so long as usurpers dare to misemploy it, so long as there are struggling heroes and martyrs to be encouraged and disheartened. But we may well, for true freedom's sake, strive to understand her aright; for, indeed, the abuses and perversions of the truth are the only availing weapons which error can employ against her.

Now, to this end, we must notice first, in words of entire, unqualified dissent, the language so frequently heard, which means, if it means any thing, that law of any kind is an evil; a necessity, perhaps, but still an evil; as if will, mere will, were the rightful God of the universe, and law only something in the way, a hindrance, a drawback, a positive loss; as if wilfulness were identical with blessedness. A lawless, aimless, unregulated will, — this is the highest good; this is free; this is imaged, it is said, by the wandering wind, the restless wave, the roving comet, the pilgrim bird. A moment's reflection ought to convince one that all this is very absurd. Try, if you can, to think of a will without a law; of life, without a purpose; an object, an end, of motion, without a hand to guide it, and a goal to be reached. And what is meant by the lawless wind and wave? Winds and waves, all that lives, from the infinite God to his humblest creation, owns a law. The wind blows in obedience to law; the wave beats against the earth in obedience to law; and the path of the comet is none the less settled because it reaches beyond the field that bounds our gaze. There is not the slightest ground for a con-

trast between liberty and law. "They err," wrote the judicious Hooker, — "they err who think that of the will of God to do this or that, there is no reason besides his will. He doeth all things, saith Paul, by the counsel of his will; and whatsoever is done with counsel or wise resolution hath, of necessity, some reason why it should be done; and it is said of wisdom, 'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way; even before his works of old, I was set up.'" The more completely mere will, mere activity, is under the influence of reason and right and truth and love and beauty, the more perfect is the nature. Law we always must heed; the law of death or the law of life, the law of the flesh or the law of the spirit.

And now we are prepared to pass judgment upon certain lives, which, though often accounted free, especially by young and unskilful persons, are, indeed, quite the contrary. There is the freedom of the *free liver;* his life who disregards, as much as may be, the restraints of temperance, the sanctities of the hearth and of society, indulging himself in reckless contempt of rule and measure. He cannot bear to be bound. He must be his own master, though he should be a cruel one. He must be at liberty to indulge his animal propensities. He makes no professions of virtue, because they would endanger his liberty: they are too confined for a nature so impetuous and imperious, — only twigs of osier for such a Samson. But is this freedom? With all its loud, boisterous words, is it freedom? The pretence will not bear a moment's scrutiny. It is servitude, and that of the basest sort. The soul has been betrayed to a few paltry passions. To these, manhood and freedom have been sacrificed. The passions are loose, not the man. They, not he, wander wild and ungoverned; and the greater, the more gifted the soul, the more contemptible the bondage: the degradation of the moral nature is manifestly proportioned to the superior qualities of the mere intellect. The poor slave yields to an appetite; but he is above obedience to God and conscience. And may it not be worth while for many persons to ask, whether much of what we sigh for as freedom, in the common course of life, — freedom from its routines, and what are called its drudgeries, — freedom from the occupations by which we discharge our duties to society, and gain our daily bread; whether what we long for, as we walk about in the dust and mire and heat, is a true freedom, — an enlargement,

a liberty for any thing, save sluggish minds and bodies, or dainty natures that shrink from rough contact, and dread lest soil come upon them; or for a few tastes innocent enough, yet not entitled to the whole of life, or capable of educating a soul for God's presence? Is it not indolence that would be free to be idle; luxury that would be free to be luxurious; selfish curiosity, that would learn every thing and impart nothing? Is it not cowardice that would shun evil rather than fight with it? Is it not indifference that would care for itself in some quiet corner, and leave the great problem of life upon which millions of sorrowful men toil to settle itself? One may wish often enough, amidst life's perplexities, to be free from it all: the wish is natural; but nature in this case, as in many other cases, is at fault, and needs to be taught of God.

And then there is the freedom of the *freethinker*, who sets such a high value upon his exemption from current beliefs, the faith that prevails in the world, — what is his freedom, very often, but servitude to a narrow and shallow and belittling scepticism, to a common sense from which the highest experiences of earth's best and greatest souls have been carefully eliminated, to a poor, contracted, merely individual way of thinking and feeling; to a head which the heart has never warmed; to a mind that has never wandered through eternity, or pondered anxiously upon the mysteries of life; to a spirit satisfied with this world, content to be ignorant of spiritual things, — a spirit which has never longed that what faith teaches may approve itself for truth? Not that free thought is not good. Thought must and will be free. But there is a slavery to doubt as well as to creeds; there is a bigotry of liberality as well as of illiberality; and unbelievers are frequently of all persons the most uncharitable. The freedom to doubt every thing is but a sad heritage. We are sometimes exhorted to take up the Bible as we would take up any other book, and subject its contents to a cold, impartial criticism. But can we do so? Can we refrain from taking sides at once with its spiritual heroes, with men who at once commend themselves to us as God's own prophets, martyrs, and saints? Not for all the philosophy in the world would we part with those messages to the heart, which the spirit only can discern. We would be so free from theory and material philosophy, that we could not be separated from those high lessons of eternal wisdom. We would receive the kingdom of God as a

little child, free from the conceit of opinion; sure of this at least, that there are heights which no human vision can reach, and depths which no plummet of earth can sound. The freethinker, who is not free to believe in a God, and a Saviour, and immortality, is a slave indeed.

These and numberless instances, which need not be specified, show but too clearly our need of some comprehensive principle, which shall be our guide to a right estimate of liberty, and a wise effort after its attainment. And the principle which we would suggest is this: —

Freedom is valuable, beautiful, holy, just in proportion as it prepares the way for obedience, the obedience of faith, of trust in God's truth and law, the obedience of the gospel. When freedom proposes this end to man, her cause may rightfully be assigned to the highest plans in the human soul; it becomes spiritual, moral, religious, Christian, — a cause to be presented to the worshipping congregation, to be brought before the heavenly Father in the faithful prayer of the believer. Let every desire for freedom be put to the test of this principle, "whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God:" so always must the case be stated, there must the issue be joined. Every noble struggle for freedom not only accepts, but joyfully invites, this test. Why is it, for example, that the struggle and the plea for social and political rights are carried on in such a spirit of holy enthusiasm? Simply because servitude to man is always a most formidable, and often an insurmountable, obstacle to obedience to God. It is degrading and demoralizing; it shuts men out from the light, whose revelations it fears; it neglects the moral sense, whose first act would be a sentence against the oppressor; it is fatal to culture and refinement, and, by favoring the animal nature of man, separates him from God, who is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Place this end obedience distinctly before the mind and heart, and what might otherwise have been a mere party strife becomes a great moral enterprise.

It is a matter of comparatively small moment to bring a slave to the ballot-box, and so make a man of him, though this is very well as far as it goes; but our sympathies are enlisted, our blood is warmed and stirred, when we see men to whom the word of God cannot be given, — men who must be animal, unrefined, undeveloped, immoral, at best only superstitious, because it is not

safe for them to be instructed. Let there be a nation of sceptics and pleasure-seekers, and it matters little whether they choose their president or obey their emperor: they are slaves in either case. But let there be men struggling for a spot of God's earth to do his working, struggling to be free for *this*, though in the wildest wilderness, and the spirits of freedom and of obedience join their voices, and cry God speed! God bless the righteous cause!

Just so in our personal relations, if the first and greatest object is to become more obedient, better servants of righteousness, our struggle to be free gradually assumes a really noble form, shapes itself into a contest with passion and untoward circumstances, — a struggle with the world, an effort to throw off every yoke and the easily besetting sin. It is sin, not law against sin, that will press upon, confine, and keep us down. The bondage of death is this, — that, when we would do good, evil is present with us: only this bondage has power to make us truly wretched. The worst constraint may be that which we least feel, simply because we love the chain. And it is a great step in spiritual and moral progress, when we become impatient of all passions and habits, of all artificial wants, of that position in society, of influences of every kind, which make obedience so imperfect. This is a noble restlessness, indeed, — not to be impatient of care and poverty and sorrow, not to be impatient of obscurity and neglect, not to be weary of labor and responsibility; but to be impatient of evil. The child, that has been enticed into danger by other children, must be set free from dangerous companions, that he may be safe in obedience; so man must be set free from men to obey God. The planet, which has been torn from its orbit by some disturbing force, must be set free from this disturbing influence, that it may circle again about its sun, and bathe in life-sustaining light. So the power of passion, which draws man from his true centre, must be broken. The eye that is capable of appreciating the beautiful *must* be charmed by beautiful objects; and it is a noble obedience, a sweet constraint; and freedom from such an influence would be wholly a misfortune. The nice ear is bound to melody just in proportion to its nicety. The perfect Being can in no wise be hindered from loving the truth, the truth which is with him, which is himself for ever. Christ, too, must do the will of Him that sent him: no conceivable restraint can

prevent this. And men, too, beginning at their low grade, with all their infirmities clinging to them, by steadily abiding with the truth, shall know at length its charm, and be free indeed; free as he is free, who calls no man upon earth the master of his soul. May God so open the eyes of our understanding, that we shall clearly see the great law of truth and love, to which it is good to be in subjection, by which it is beautiful and honorable to be firmly bound. Then we shall not desire enlargement, that we may be more largely and successfully selfish, that we may have a wider field to serve ourselves in; we shall crave that liberty of the sons of God which is akin to His perfect freedom and perfect righteousness. R. E.

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## TALENT AND ITS TREATMENT.

PASCAL affirms, that any talent that rises much above the common level is as often the object of the sneers of the many, as a marked *deficiency* in intellect. Nothing above mediocrity passes unquestioned everywhere: he does it at his peril who presumes to go beyond the average of wit and culture that prevails in the society in which he lives. He will be pointed at as a pedant, perchance even as a fool. The plurality fix the limit; and it is the plurality who will maliciously bite him who openly makes it his object to excel.

Perhaps, in this diluted rendering of Pascal's idea, I am doing no credit to the fine discernment and keen point of the satirist. But, even in the terse original, I find in it more of bitterness than truth. I know not how it may have been, how it may be now, in lands where society is assorted by certain fixed laws, with little regard to merit or mental superiority. In our free and universally educated communities, it seems to me that talent is the object of public idolatry and private enthusiasm. Wealth has been sarcastically said to hold that position in the affections of our people; but I believe it is chiefly admired as the sign or measure of the success of business-talent. A rich man must be a "smart" man also, to hold a large place in the public estimation. It is by no means necessary that talent should take a sordid vent to

secure an elevated position. A man's mind is never measured by the length of his purse; and indifference to mercenary considerations is so often a concomitant of genius, that it is generally regarded as its characteristic. How small must that mind be, which, as in Pascal's view, refuses to superior intellect and vigor of mind its meed of praise, from a feeling of jealous insignificance! Compared with the crowding admirers of even a little great man, the envious are few; probably some clashing of interests or competition of claims must exist somewhere, and embitter some hearts. Malice is a busy demon, and, unscrupulous in the use of the weapons always ready at hand in the party prejudices and the easy faith of the mass, can make itself widely felt after the tide of popularity begins to turn, as it must. Then it might seem to one who found himself assailed from various quarters, that the fickle favor of the multitude was of little value, since it could thus suddenly desert him. But let him wait a while, and he finds that he passes for what he is worth, in spite of detraction; and his value is the better known for the ordeal he has passed through. Each man finds his level; and envy cannot pull him down, unless he gives it a fair hold by some grave fault or ridiculous weakness.

Everybody is delighted with successful talent; and even roguery receives some share of reluctant admiration. In the best minds perhaps, the homage given to intellect is too apt to be independent of moral considerations, or too ready to take every thing for granted. Mortals are stone-blind when dazzled. Men are quite willing to make themselves fools, to elevate him whom they delight to honor. The many bow, and ask no question; those who do, are indignantly thrust aside. It is well if man-worship be not as *heathen* as idol-worship; for it is as blind. Very slowly is the world learning its lesson, that neither physical nor intellectual power is the true object for its homage; but very sincere, so far as it goes, is its homage to the higher qualities of human nature, and pervasive like leaven. Every demagogue must pay his homage also, or he would be behind his age. A man of talent may lead where he will, do what he will: the moral and affectionate qualities of his admirers are those which make them most capable of enthusiasm. They shut their eyes, and follow, trusting in him that all is right. A Lopez or a Carvajal must stealthily seek what a Kossuth may openly urge amid huzzas and tearful acclamations. Even peacemen grow bloody-minded, and think there are too few bayonets in

Europe, though the age is come in which the nations suicidally point them at their own bosoms, and make war upon their own liberties. That such a state of things may not last, they are ready for a crusade; where religion and the principles of justice and equality, which rest upon it, are so much wanted, they would carry them at the point of the bayonet, and compel the haughty lion to lie down with the lamb, albeit the bear may growl in the distance. Do they not remember that "he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword," and how dismally the prophecy has been fulfilled, in more senses than the direct one, in the past bloody ages? Who can wonder at the fate of Italy and Hungary, who put their trust in those weapons wherein they were weak, instead of those which the gates of hell cannot prevail against, and which even despots fear? The still small voice which they tremble at is not heard among the passions and din excited by war; and war strengthens absolutism, because its own spirit is pure absolutism. Who can wonder at the impatient resort to force on the part of the cruelly oppressed, when the generous feelings of sympathy in our happy land, excited by the eloquence of a powerful orator, cannot see any hope but in cannon and muskets? Even ministers of the Prince of Peace, listening to his stirring appeals, feel like the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

But to return to the idea suggested by the motto.

The unpopularity that occasionally attends a man who feels he has some reason for vanity on the score of talent, may be accounted for, I suppose, by that very self-consciousness. Does he wear his honors modestly when he wins them? Does he esteem properly talents of a different cast from his own, and delight in an excellence or a fame in which he can never share? Does he not use a peculiarly fine discrimination in pointing out blemishes, rather than beauties, and so never heartily admire or approve any thing at all? Does he not sneer at poetic exuberances of fancy, writing himself a severely simple style? Is he not grave as an owl, should any one seek to amuse others by quaint humor in his presence, he being no successful humorist himself? Having a phlegmatic turn of mind, is he not sure to proclaim all the romantic coloring which the affections give to life, fine-spun sentimentality or love-sick folly? Does he deem it a token of superior intelligence to have lost the pure reverence of his boyhood for what is above him, and to shock that which wiser and purer

minds are anxious to preserve uninjured? Does he, with all his wealth of knowledge and his various talents, ever impart to those who are seeking knowledge or skill, unless he is to gain something by it? C. W. L.

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## WORDS, A POWER AND A TRUST.

"There is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord! knowest it altogether."

Before the mind had shaped its thought,
Before the thought became a word,
Thou, God! the first faint breathing marked,
That deep the spirit-fountain stirred.

And when the lip had sent it forth,
Winged messenger of good or ill,
That ne'er could change or be recalled,
Father! thou didst behold it still.

What ear first caught that living sound?
What heart first felt its spirit-thrall?
What low or lofty impulse waked
In answer to its mystic call?

What earnest musings took their shape,
What daring purpose rushed to deed,
What yearning stilled,—when came the word,
The one small word that met their need?

And, gathering strength as on it goes
From life to life, from soul to soul,
What mighty influence at last,
From that faint sound, shall onward roll?

Lord! only thou canst ever know;
And in the souls that give them birth,
And o'er the words to ends that grow,
Rule thou those ends in heaven and earth.

A. D. S. W

## THE MINISTER.

An old, gray-haired man sat in his well-furnished study, surrounded by the books in which he most delighted. A cheerful fire burned in the grate; and the flame, singing merrily, danced up and down, as if it tried to go up the chimney, and persuade the cold wind to come down and warm itself, but was neither tall nor strong enough. The sweet tone of the piano, on which his eldest daughter was playing, and the merry voices of his children, dancing to the tune, struck upon his ear pleasantly, without disturbing him; and with a cheerful brow he went briskly on with his writing, that he might the sooner join them.

Although the shutters were fast closed, and the curtains drawn down over them, he knew that, out of doors, wind and rain spared none from their attacks, who, by necessity, were exposed to them. This knowledge produced a feeling of gratitude for his own better lot; and, as his pen moved fast and faster, thoughts, flowing from a source where such feelings dwell, were shaped by them; and, though not distinctly expressed, there will be a lesson of thankfulness taught on the next Sunday, by which many will profit.

But another lesson awaits thee, my friend, which God judges the most needful. Hark! even now it comes, for some one knocks.

"Come in," said the gentleman in as calm and pleasant a voice, as if glad of the interruption; and his servant enters.

"There is a poor woman down stairs, sir, who asks to see you. I told her you were busy; but she said so much about it, that I could not help coming to tell you."

"You did perfectly right, Thomas. It must be important business which sends a woman out on such a night: tell her to come here."

As the expectation of his evening's enjoyment faded away, a slight shade of disappointment passed over his face; but, as the woman, drenched by the rain and shivering with cold, appeared at the door, all thought of himself vanished in pity for her wretchedness. Wretched she was indeed, hardly sufficiently clothed for a warm summer's evening, wasted and thin with hunger and care.

"O sir!" she cried, springing forward, "will you come with me? My child is dying, and cannot die easy without a prayer; for Jesus' sake, who never would have refused, do come; quick, for every moment takes so much comfort from my darling."

"Sit down by the fire and warm yourself, and I will be ready in a few minutes," said the clergyman, kindly.

The woman mechanically obeyed; but her thoughts were evidently with her sick child; for, instead of seeking comfort for herself, she watched with impatience every movement of the minister. He laid aside his papers, and then went into the adjoining room. As he opened the door, the joyful throng rushed towards him, each eager to claim him for a partner in their game.

"I cannot play with you this evening, my children," he said; and, as they expressed their disappointment, he added, "There is a poor woman in my study, who has walked a long distance this stormy night to ask me to visit her dying child. Would you wish me to refuse?"

The feeling which moved their father communicated itself to all in the room; and not even the youngest offered any further opposition, nor showed in its face how great was the disappointment.

"Have you nothing warmer to wear, my good woman?" said he, returning to his study, and throwing over his shoulders a warm but shabby cloak.

"This is all I have in the world. A kind lady gave me a warm gown and shawl; but I had to sell it for medicines for my child."

He said nothing, but went out of the room, and soon brought back a large shawl, which he handed to her; and they left the house.

Long and weary was the walk, and so dark that the good man knew not the way. Corner after corner they turned, splashing through mud and snow; and, warmly as he was defended, every blast made him shiver.

At last they stopped before an old, dilapidated house; lights struggled through the windows of the lower room into the thick darkness; and the harsh sounds of a broken fiddle, mingled with shouts and laughter, were distinctly heard. In such a place was a soul taking its last farewell of earth: no wonder it struggled to exchange such scenes for the peace of heaven.

In the upper story of this hovel lay the girl. Unsullied she had lived in all this blackness; and now, calmly, and almost uncon-

scious of the misery around her, she waited for the messenger: it was sufficient proof of the power of God.

The minister wished for no better reward for all his trouble than the privilege of passing with her those few last hours, and speed the spirit on its way.

Imagination now is better than description; the hour was sacred to the inmates of that room, as much to him who held the office of comforter, as to those to whom he ministered; and on the prayer offered at that bedside rose a spirit, breathed out as quietly, as, in some sunny nook, we see the pure snow silently disappearing day by day, so imperceptibly that we hardly notice it at all, till it is gone, and nothing but the bare earth remains.

But the minister's mission was not fulfilled when the lifeless body lay beside him; for the living still claimed consolation, and it was morning before he could say, "I have done what I could."

How refreshing it seemed to be once more in the fresh air! His soul was weary and sad, and the quiet stillness of every thing suited him well. The wind and the storm had passed away; and the sun, just rising, seemed to welcome him as he appeared, while the frozen ground sparkled and crackled under his feet.

Amid all this, his thoughts were: "It is good for me to have been there. I thank the Father, that out of a disappointment he has brought me so much pleasure. So all sorrows must come; and, when mine strike me, may the remembrance of this night be present, a comforter, an instructor!" C.

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As surely and naturally as the first dusk and gloom of the evening tends to, and at last ends in, the thickest darkness of midnight; so every delusion, sinfully cherished and persisted in, — how easily soever it may sit upon the conscience for some time, — will in the issue lodge the sinner in the deepest hell, and the blackest regions of damnation. — *South.*

# IDENTITY OF MAN AFTER DEATH.

LUKE, xxiv. 36—39: "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, It is I myself."

MY BRETHREN, — It is said that Jesus has destroyed death, and brought life and immortality to light. Is this great benefit, of which the gospel claims the glory, due only to it? Has the gospel alone given this great and holy lesson, and in what sense can it be said that the evidence of immortality is shown only in Christianity? This question interests the triumph of the true Christian, and incredulity has agreed with faith to recognize the importance of it. Incredulity admits not that the Christian religion, supposing it otherwise true, may be the best demonstration of the future life that man possesses; and faith, justly jealous of the power of conviction which belongs only to religion, happy in bringing to the prince of life all his expectation of a better life, is often constrained to deny that man may have in himself knowledge of his immortality.

How incredulity deceives itself in denying these proofs of our immortality that Christianity furnishes, you all know. I purposely avoid entering, after the first words of this discourse, into the depth of the discussion; and I shall confine myself to two considerations, which are proofs, not of reason, but of fact. Philosophy is possible, without the idea of immortality; and you know there are even entire systems, which, in the first word, destroy this hope and deny this truth, or which present it only as a doubt of the mind or a reverie of the heart. The Christian religion, on the contrary, is impossible without the idea of immortality: all its marvels, all its mysteries, its remembrances and its symbols, the manger, the cross, the tomb, and the last supper, — all are reduced to nothing, if our true existence is not hidden with Christ in heaven. A religion which has need thus far of the idea of immortality, supposes it, teaches it, maintains it; without it, would be only an immense and derisive contradiction. Thus, without supporting this remark, which would demand developments that I now pass over, let us consult experience and history. Who believed in immortality before the gospel? The learned

and the wise, and their most intimate disciples, and the happy ones of the age, the great ones of the world, who came to beg or to buy this secret? Since the gospel, since the appearance, on this world of grief and of sepulchres, of the religion which is addressed to the poor in spirit and the pure in heart, immortality has become a general truth and a common hope. The most humble Christian knows more than formerly the proud professor under the porticoes of his school. Now, all the dying comprehend death, and have a glimpse of immortality; and what philosophy never could do, Christianity has done: it has made popular the idea of immortality. Incredulity cannot take from our holy religion this glory. The proof that Jesus has brought to light life and immortality is, that, since Jesus, all men, whatever may be their minds, can see it: my brethren, this proof is sufficient.

But, in return, these reflections even show you how little piety gains by denying that reason, by its own strength, is sometimes able to demonstrate a future life. It is a common error to imagine, that, in overthrowing reason, one raises up faith. No, my brethren, faith is at such a height, is so near heaven and God, that the most brilliant lights of this world cannot cause its splendor to grow dim: *smoking candles* that the Lord has designed not to extinguish, what are their pale lights in comparison with the *sun of justice?*

Man carries in himself, in the depths of his being, an instinct of immortality, — a presentiment of existence that neither the state of barbarism nor the excess of worldliness can completely stifle in his breast. In the darkest night of ignorance, he sees at intervals some light escape from this torch. In the delights of the most intoxicating sensuality, he yet feels the incentive of this need awaken him in the depths of his satiety. The noble faculties of his soul; the sweet affections of his sensibility; the limits even of his reason, — impatient captive, which suffers under its chains, and strives to break them; the most elevated ideas of his mind, those of justice and truth, of beauty, infinity, and especially of God, — all reveal to him confusedly the grandeur of his future destinies: and it is at this point, in order to inquire farther, that Moses and Sinai have not sufficed, — that there is need of Jesus and Calvary.

Let us, then, leave, my brethren, in the discovery of immortality, to reason all her part, without fearing to make that of faith

too small. It would be dishonoring Christianity to fear to compare her divine lessons with the hopes that instinct nourishes, or the proofs that intelligence suggests. Between reason and faith, on the subject of the future life, the difference is less in the strength of the demonstrations than in the clearness of the teachings. In other language, whatever man has endeavored to foresee or to conceive of his immortality, has always left him in uncertainty: it is this desolating uncertainty that the gospel dissipates. After having said "there is another life," man succeeded not in saying what he would be in this new life. It seems that, exhausting all his strength in resolving the first question, there remained none with which to answer the second. He truly persuaded himself of his immortality; he doubted not that this immortality would be for him; he demanded in vain to what point his being ought to be changed, to be renewed, to be modified in his tomb, by death and before immortality. It seemed impossible to him to rise from the sepulchre the same as he had descended there: his terrestrial life, his death more terrestrial yet, if we may speak thus, concealed from him his celestial life; and, as in the swaddling-clothes of his cradle he had not conceived his mature life, so, a mortal, he conceived not his maturity of immortality. Jesus has come, and he has explained immortality in explaining death; he has shown that death changes, destroys, effaces nothing in man; he has placed the fact before our eyes; and, after three days of a real death and a closed tomb, he has re-appeared the same after his resurrection as he was before his death; and he has been able to say to his apostles, "It is I myself!"

The same as man dies, the same he lives again; in other words, our identity finds itself in the future life, and remains indestructible, more powerful than that death which seems to destroy it. Behold, my brethren, the great truth upon which I wish you to meditate to-day. I shall commence by recalling to you the facts which justified these words of the Saviour to his apostles, "It is myself!" and I shall afterwards establish your right to apply them to yourselves.

I. Mankind knew, for forty centuries and more, that a Saviour would come; but never could the human mind imagine the gospel. If, before the coming of the Son of God into this world, one had demanded of the most sublime genius, or of the most enlightened and pure faith, — "What will the Saviour do in this

world, and how will he accomplish salvation?" my brethren, genius perhaps would have dreamed out one of those brilliant careers of triumph and of glory that it loves to describe; faith perhaps would have attempted to represent an ideal of perfection and of holiness superior to the virtue of Abraham and Moses. And, do not doubt it, genius would have done better to have kept a prudent silence; faith to have prostrated herself in waiting; for the inventions of genius and the foresight of faith could never have divined the gospel. The scenes of Bethlehem and of Tabor, of Gethsemane and of Calvary, are such that all other places of this earth have offered nothing which may support comparison, and which could aid in making them foreseen. The human mind had no precedence to consult.

And, if there is one part of the ministry of the Lord to which these remarks apply with more force than to the rest, these are the days which have followed his resurrection, the last forty days of his stay upon the earth. Suppose for one moment that you knew nothing of these last events of his mission; that you have stopped in reading the Gospel at the tomb of Jesus; that you are ignorant of the morrow after the death; ask yourself, then, this question, What will the risen Lord do? An immense field of conjecture, strange, mysterious, solemn, opens before you. Jesus has risen! What will he do after his resurrection? how will he employ his renewed life? what ineffable and unexpected manifestation of his glory will he make? with whom will he now deign to associate? Placed upon the threshold of the opened sepulchre and of the heaven where he ascended, what language of the sepulchre or of heaven will he speak to his enemies or to his friends? and by what new means of communication will he consent to renew his relations to feeble mortals, — to whom he can address himself only through the glory of his resurrection? In one word, where will Jesus go, raised from the depth of the sepulchre? and what new theatre for his glory will he choose, since the tomb is so no longer? Will he go to Jerusalem, before the porticoes of the temple, where Judas had sold him; before the judicial seat, where Pilate had delivered him up, to shake down upon all these guilty heads, as a sign of condemnation, what he has brought back of the dust of the sepulchre? Will he go to Calvary, to overthrow the last remnants of his cross, and thus to give a tranquil and magnificent contradiction to these sacrilegious defiances,

"If thou art the Christ, save thyself?" Will he go to Tabor, to resume there for ever, as for one moment before his three most beloved apostles, the glory of his divine splendor, and cause to break forth with more joy than ever from the depths of their moved hearts this cry of enthusiasm, "Master, it is good for us to be here"? Oh, vanity of reason! Oh, weakness of faith! Nothing, during the interval between the resurrection and the ascension, — nothing took place that mortal man could foresee or demand. The resurrection of Jesus changes nothing of the simplicity of the gospel, and introduces there no complication. The word of the enigma, the key of the mystery, is entirely in these words of Christ to his apostles, "It is I myself!"

Instead of investing himself, in his life renewed from the tomb, with a splendor more difficult to wear, with a dignity more troublesome to attain; instead of showing himself different from what he had been; instead of assuming grandeur and glory, the risen Jesus resumed his ordinary life; he lived again as if he had not ceased for a time to live; he shows himself under the same aspect as before his cross and his death; he is in the eyes of every one, in all his acts, all his discourses, all his conversations, the same as he was before. Seek for the least difference: my brethren, you will not find it.

His relations are the same. All his friends, all his disciples, and shall I say it, if the word has enough gravity? all his familiars, those who were so before his crucifixion, are so still. There are the apostles, these humble publicans and humble fishermen of Galilee, timid sheep who have fled when the shepherd has been struck, and of whom the one most eager to swear fidelity has followed him afar only to deny him thrice, and who all now, after so many marvels, and notwithstanding so many oracles, have difficulty in believing the simple marvel of his resurrection; there are these disciples, whom he sent two by two to sow the first seeds of his word, the first offers of his salvation, sick ones whom he has delivered, infirm ones whom he has healed, the poor in spirit whose understandings he has opened, the simple of heart whose confidence he has confirmed, tender mothers whose children he has blessed, and these true Israelites in whom he discovered no guile, and whose sincere integrity was worthy of appreciating in advance the new and holy era which dated from his tomb; there are these holy women, who were devoted to him with so much love, to

whom he had pardoned much, because they had loved much, and who had wept for him with a respectful sadness.

Think not, my brethren, that I increase too much the circle of the last friends of Jesus, of the last witnesses of his presence here below. St. Paul declares to us, that he has shown himself also to *above five hundred brethren at once*, notwithstanding the doubts which, according to St. Matthew, troubled then some minds, and veiled in some respects these last manifestations of his love, these last rays of his terrestrial splendor.

Behold, then, the friends whom, in his highest days, he admitted to his side; behold the auditors of his last discourses in this world, the objects of his last benedictions, the followers of his triumphal car, which took the sting from death and finished its triumph; behold, as a fulfilment of a humble and sweet pleasure, as a contrast to so much majesty, to so much grandeur, — behold the guests at his last repast, the companions of his last walks upon the dust of this earth! The angels and the saints in the glory of heaven await him, yet to surround him with their songs of adoration and of praise; poor fishermen and feeble mortals like us are admitted to press around him; and, losing none of those whom the Father has given him, loving even to the end those whom he had loved since his manifestation in Israel, he has truly had the right of saying after his resurrection, "It is myself!"

As in his relations, he is the same in his habits. He has resumed with a touching gentleness his customary life; he has resumed with all those whom he loves, and by whom he is loved, his conversations so mild, so simple, so engaging, which cause our young children to listen to them when they are read to them, and which abound in sublime traits of light, in astonishing sayings, of which each word goes to the foundation of the gravest questions, and gives the only possible solution of them before that of eternity and of heaven; he has resumed his travels towards Galilee, his paths in the midst of the marvels of nature and of the picturesque sites of these countries, upon the shore of the same waters and upon the declivity of the same hills as formerly. As formerly, he walks with his apostles and his disciples, rejoins them and surprises them in the midst of their conversations, and draws from their words, often imprudent, the subject of the lessons of his divine wisdom: as formerly, he wins their attention to the things of heaven by the aid of the humblest things of earth;

and a fish, taken in their last fishing, is sufficient for him to bring them to reflect, and to recognize him: as formerly, he visits their houses, claims their hospitality, seats himself at their table, takes part in their repast, breaks the bread before them; and even a feast for fishermen, waiting, on the sand of the sea-shore, the return of the boats, shall have nothing which may be unworthy of his glory. My brethren, what change has there been in this Jesus, and what hold has death had over him? Is he not the same Jesus who went about doing good, and preaching the gospel to the poor? is he not the same Jesus who has lived the ordinary life of an Israelite of that epoch? is he not the same Jesus whom you knew as the master of one Simon, son of Jonas; the friend of one John, son of Zebedee; the comforter of Martha and of Mary; the guest of Simon, of Zaccheus, of Lazarus; and, later, the tried of Caiaphas, and the condemned of Pilate? Yes; this risen Jesus was right to announce himself to his apostles by saying to them, "It is myself!"

It is the same in his divine powers: death has changed nothing of the humble holiness or of the touching affections which he has displayed from his manger to his cross; he lives as he has lived; he loves as he has loved. Be not, then, astonished that he reigns as he has reigned, and that death, which has left every thing to him, has left to him his empire, so that he recognizes himself, at the same time, Son of man, for all which is sweet humility, and Son of God, for all which is celestial glory. His wisdom is the same: he has resumed, in renewing life, this infallible regard which penetrates to the depth of the heart, sees the naked conscience; and thus he read, in the soul of Thomas, his doubts and his desire of conviction, — in the soul of Peter, his repentance and his desire of retrieving himself. The secrets of the future are known to him as the secrets of thought; and he sees from afar the bonds and the martyrdoms, the old age and the deaths, reserved for his disciples.

His power is the same: he always commands nature; even as death, it recognizes its Master. The depths of the lakes of Palestine have not forgotten to obey him; and, when the time shall come, it will be as easy for him to ascend to heaven through the waves of light, as it has been for him to rise from the tomb, and to free himself from the darkness of it. His goodness is the same; and I wish only to give here, as a proof of it, his conde-

ension in prolonging his sojourn in this world, which had espised, rejected, condemned, crucified him. What has he ished, by continuing for a time his earthly life with us; by ursuing his ministry near so much ingratitude, so much rebelion, so much hatred? What has he wished, if it is not to comlete his salvation, to certify his resurrection and our immortality, o prepare his church and to arrange all things so that his cross ight not triumph over his tomb, that the efficacy of his sacrifice ight not be lost from sight in the midst of the horrors of his eath, and that man might not turn into dissolution the immense enefits of his grace? Christians! the absolute want of power f death over all which is moral, intellectual, sensible, religious, ivine, is it not entirely displayed before you, and entirely exressed and defined in these words of Jesus to his apostles, "It is myself"?

Behold the great features of the picture! Do you wish to enetrate farther into the details, and to follow the risen Christ n the particular circumstances of his new life? There is not one hich shows us the least change in him. For instance, this walk o Emmaus, where he shows himself so well as the good shepherd, ho pursues and brings back to the fold the wandering sheep, his olemn reproaches against the want of faith of the two disciples, is solemn declarations upon the necessity of his sufferings and is death, are the faithful echo of so many warnings given to the istrust, in his contemporaries, of so many oracles of his grievous nd, of which the design had been to prepare the minds for his acrifice. When he feigned to go beyond the village of Emmaus o prove the affection of the two friends, what similitude between his touching trait and so many ingenious and simple proofs, that e has suffered for his disciples and the unfortunate ones who demanded prodigies from him; and when, in breaking the bread with leophas and his companion, he makes himself to be recognized y the traces of the nails of the cross, and disappeared soon, is it ot this wisdom that he has always displayed, in giving to man all he means of belief, and in leaving him free with the testimony of is faith? Hear him confound the incredulity of Thomas, by oming before his doubts, by offering to him the means to diserse them, by pressing him not to resist the manifestation of the ruth. Is it not the same spirit in which he speaks to all unbeievers, except to the unbelieving hypocrites? Hear him confirm

the repentance of Peter. Here, my brethren, is offered a parallel so touching, that it is impossible not to recognize in the two pictures the same divine love. The scene of the restoration of the son of Jonas to the apostleship is the faithful repetition of that of his vocation as apostle; the place is the same, this Lake of Genesareth, where Christ has so often sailed; the same miracle is worked by his voice; and, in the question three times repeated, as expiation of the triple denial, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" you find again this Saviour, who had so often proclaimed that love is the condition and the fruit of pardon. But why quote any longer all these last pages of the Gospel in support of this truth, that Christ has triumphed over death, and has lost nothing in the conflict? It would have been sufficient proof to you, viz., the first conversation that he held after leaving the tomb, his first appearance to a human being in the morning of the day of his resurrection. It is Mary Magdalene whom he has chosen for the first witness of his return to life; and, in the garden of Calvary, at the door even of this sepulchre that she believed violated, Christ has said to her, "Touch me not; seek not to retain me; for I am not yet ascended to my Father, who is your Father, and to my God, who is your God." It is the risen Christ who speaks on the threshold of his tomb just opened, and he speaks to a feeble woman, who loves and who weeps according to this so well-known affliction and tenderness which death excites; and, to recompense and to console her at the same time, the risen Christ declares to her, that death, the death even of the cross, and three days' darkness in the depth of the tomb, have so little destroyed all that his afflicted friends mourned in him, that his Father is always their Father, and that his God is always their God; that is to say, in a way the most sublime and the most simple, in taking God even for witness, that he came, for yet some days, to occupy his place in humanity, to take again his seat by our side, to place himself upon our level, to be a man, as before, and like us, notwithstanding death, and to justify, in the name of God, his words spoken to the apostles dismayed before his resurrection, "It is myself!"

II. From this study of the life of Christ in this world, after his death, results this great and legitimate consequence, that death is only a passage during which human nature changes not. Nothing of that which is fundamental, nothing of that which is

essential, nothing of that which is excellent in us, is destroyed: the body alone perishes or changes, and leaves us; the human being remains; these organs of dust, which are good only for this life, return to dust: the soul remains as it was. In one word, what we are, we shall be; and, if I dared to use a word which is opposed to the pulpit from which I address you, because it has a false philosophy, I will say to you, that our identity subsists beyond the tomb: we shall find ourselves entire. The example of our divine Master guarantees it to us: it is a proved fact for the support of our hope. A resurrection like his own awaits us; and, in going out from death, may we say like him to our friends who have gone before us, "It is myself!"

Is not this too much to promise to you? Is it not imprudent to render you ambitious for immortality? Who are we to pretend to a resurrection like that of Jesus, and to confound thus, in our rash foresight, the throne eternal and divine, where he is seated at the right hand of his Father, and the place he has prepared for us? No, my brethren, it is not only to reign with him, but to live again as he; and take care, that, in an excess of humility, you shake not, though without wishing it, the basis even of Christianity. Man has been created in the image of God; this image sin has effaced; and man can take it again only by clothing himself in the resemblance of Christ, who is the express image of the glory of the Father. Behold what an admirable series unites all these truths one to another, — creation to redemption, faith to holiness, you to Christ, and Christ to God. Do you believe, then, that this sacred tie embraces only this life, and does not include death? No; this merciful similitude is too profound for the sting of sin to reach or efface; I see in the gospel that the resemblance of the Saviour and of his faithful followers is prolonged across all the phases of their existence; it extends to life. St. Peter declares to us, that Christ "has left us an example that we may follow in his footsteps;" and St. John requires that "he who believes in Christ should live as Christ has lived." It extends to our final departure: St. Paul aspires "to be conformed to Christ in his death." It extends to our resurrection: St. Paul still declares to us, that, "as God has raised Christ, he will raise us also in like manner." And, in short, it extends even to the blessed life beyond the grave: it is said that Christ "will transform our vile bodies to render them like to his glorious

body;" and that, "when the Son shall appear, we shall become like unto him." You see that Peter, John, Paul, are my guarantees to you; I do not promise you too much for heaven. Christ has lived your life; and, by the efficacy of his salvation, you, you will die his death, you will have his resurrection, you will live again his celestial life; and, at the entrance to the heavenly mansions, you will say to those who have loved you, as Jesus said to those who loved him, "It is myself!"

There is without doubt a magnificent destiny, an immense grace, offered to us all, feeble creatures, beings of a day, whose life is a vapor, which rises one moment and falls; beings of a day, who, in this world, cannot dispose of the morrow, and who, through Jesus, can appropriate to ourselves eternity; there is an immense grace for us mortals, who, forsaken in our nursery, could not have taken from death one of its terrors, one of its uncertainties, and whom the dust of so many sepulchres has so often blinded; there is an immense grace for us sinners, who could not have known that we depart from God in place of drawing nigh to him, and that the command of becoming "perfect as God is perfect" would have made us despair, if any other than Jesus had given it; yes, there is an immense grace for all of us who have seen cherished beings glide to the tomb in the midst of our weak embraces to retain them, and who leap with unspeakable joy at the idea alone that they may one day say to us, "Behold, it is myself!"

Oh! my brethren, I see your emotion; you grant it; there is an immense grace; but it is not too great for the goodness of God; it is not too great for the love of Christ; and, ought I yet to astonish you, I should add that it is not too great for the nature even of man. Suppose that the resurrection of Christ may not be a guarantee for you, and that yours may differ from his; suppose that death may totally change your being, that your immortal life may not be a succession, a continuation, a prolonging of your present life; that all that constitutes you to-day, not only physically, but morally, may disappear in death, and that, in rising again, you recognize yourself no more;—then it is not you who live again; it is a different being whom God substitutes in your place, and then the whole Christian religion receives the most evident contradiction. There is no more faith; for it is from you that Jesus has demanded confidence, not for this side only,

but for the other side, of the tomb. There is no more hope; for of what consequence to you the salvation of a being different from yourself, and who will live only when you will be no more? There will be no more love; for it is said that love lasts for ever: to continue to love, it needs to continue to be moved as one has been moved. There is no more a judgment; for how, if all our former nature is destroyed, and if an entirely new nature is given to us, can you appear before Christ to be judged according to the good or the evil you may have done? And, if there is no judgment, there is no salvation; for from what can we be saved? Oh! my brethren, it is especially at the foot of the tribunal of the sovereign Judge, that we feel the necessity of being able to say to him, "It is myself;" and it is especially to take possession of salvation, that, prostrating himself at the throne of grace, the redeemed of Jesus learns that he should be able to cry, "Lord, it is myself; myself, with my doubts, my weaknesses, my sins; myself, with my repentances so often forgotten, and my amendments so often belied; but also myself, with the faith that all which thou wilt demand from thy celestial Father, even my eternal salvation, he will grant it thee." If death changes your being, and destroys your nature, I defy you to hold this language to your Redeemer on the threshold of eternity. You see it, then; this truth touches all Christian truths; and, in order that Christianity may be true, it needs that you may identify yourself, that you may recognize yourself in heaven; it needs — pardon the familiarity of these expressions out of the energy of my belief — it needs that you may be yourself in the other world as in this; it needs that your soul may be always your soul. Then, according to the promises, you will rest upon your labors, and your works will follow you; then, better still than David, you may say at the sepulchres of your dead, "They shall not return to me, but I shall go to them;" and all these hopes rest upon the certainty that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can separate us from the love that God has shown to us through Jesus Christ." Man will then live again; and the first words of his eternal conversation will be those of the risen Saviour, "It is myself!"

But the future life, — you yet ask, will it then be only a simple repetition of this life? Revelation teaches us, that some great differences will be found between our terrestrial existence and the

immortality which awaits us. St. Paul teaches this doctrine with his accustomed energy, when he compares the body of the man in the grave to the grain of corn in the furrow, and assures us that "the body is sown corruptible, to be raised incorruptible; sown despised, to be raised clothed in glory; sown weak, to be raised full of strength; sown an animal body, to be raised a spiritual body." How do these perspectives of renovation and of change agree with the idea, that we shall find ourselves on the other side of our tombs? My brethren, the answer to these last doubts is very simple, and furnishes a full confirmation of the consoling and sublime doctrine that the text reveals to us. It is true, some great changes, so great that we have now only an imperfect idea of them, are reserved for us; let us give to these changes their true name, and all enlightens and explains itself: these changes are only progressions. Behold the man in the fulness of his bodily strength, and of the energy of the faculties of his soul; behold the man arrived to the full development of his conscience, of his sensibility, of his reason: he is king of this world; he reigns there by thought; "he has been created a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor;" and this man, before girding on this crown and exercising this sovereignty, has been a young child, whose conscience, whose reason slept, and with whom the most childish toy occupied the entire day. What have been all these changes which have caused him to pass from this cradle to this throne? Progress. It is an analogous progress which awaits you at death. The child has become a man, and he has remained the same being; and some day it will be said of you, the mortal has become immortal, the inhabitant of earth has become a citizen of heaven; and he has remained the same being, and he can say, "It is myself!" and I do not know whether this Moses sleeping in a little boat of rushes and exposed to the waves of the Nile, and this same Moses surrounded with splendor on the summit of Sinai and conversing there with the Eternal as with an intimate friend, has more or less difference than the man in his life from the man in his immortality. Such as you are now, your nature agrees not with the heavens; it needs that it should become better; it needs that it should change, but without affecting what constitutes your essence. Farther from forgetting yourselves, you will identify yourselves. In this life reasonable beings, you will be so

always; but your reason, increased and assured, will embrace a much more extended circle of truths, more sublime, and will be rejoiced to add to the imperfect and doubtful sciences of earth, the knowledge of eternity, without a point of delay and without a shadow of doubt. Conscientious beings, you will be so always; but your conscience, refined and sanctified, will never hesitate between two duties or two progressions, and will advance towards the good by a continuation of flights, which will be without fatigue and without relaxation. Religious beings, you will be so always; but your worship will have no more the desolating distractions which intercept before your spirit the idea of God, and the sentiment of the presence of your heavenly Father will press upon you continually from all sides, so that you will never be separated from him. Sensible beings, you will be so always; but your sensibility, disengaged from all that is terrestrial in its ties to the earth, and moulded anew in the flames of the divine love, will love God, will love the Saviour, will love the children of God and the elect of Christ, with an affection so ardent, certain, and peaceful, that this affection alone will be for you the seal of eternal happiness. And do not doubt, that, in the use of this sensibility, God will give you the power to find again and to follow the trace of your pure friendships in this life. These cherished beings, from whom you have been separated for a short time by death, have preserved their nature as you will yours, and they have found it again in the resurrection. Ah! if their tenderness for you, and your tenderness for them, ought to be extinguished and swallowed up in death, there would be no means of saying to the Creator in heaven, "Such as thou hast made me, behold me! it is myself!" I am no more myself, if death takes from me every sentiment of my affections, all remembrances of my friendships, all idea of these beings so dear, whose existence is blended with my own, and who have made me know by practice what is love, confidence, gratitude, devotion. I have experienced these virtues only through them; and what will remain to me of them, if they remain not? Myself, without my affections, it is no more myself; it is a different and new being, which in eternity will become what the Eternal would wish, but with which I have nothing to do. Yes, if creation is a constant work, it needs that, standing upon an open and henceforth useless sepulchre, I may say to the Creator, "It is myself;" and if love, if happiness by love, if progress by love, is

the design of creation, it needs that I may say as much to the objects of this love in finding them again in the ruin of all these sepulchres; notwithstanding death, it needs that I may be recognized by them all in the same time as by God.

Behold, Christians, the magnificent perspectives that your religion opens to your faith; behold the picture of your existence as revelation explains it; behold the sepulchre and the heaven, the death and the immortality, according to the gospel. You will seek in vain what you can demand more from him who can give all. Render, then, glory to the infinite goodness of this God, who has first loved you; and think what ought to be this life of apprenticeship and of exercise to make you ready, in due season, for such an immortality; think, whatever may be the trials of this period of probation, that "the sufferings of the present time cannot be compared to the glory which shall be manifested in you." Duties and labor, worship and faith, prosperities and affections, or sadness and grief, all will in turn present themselves to your experience under their true aspect, if you recall that the cradle is a passage, that the world is a passage, that the sepulchre is a passage; that the stopping-place and rendezvous is in heaven; and that, in whatever way we may pass over the by-paths of the pilgrimage, at the end of the road it will be necessary to say to the supreme Judge, either with confusion or with hope "It is I myself!"

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We boast our light; but, if we look not wisely on the sun itself it strikes us into darkness. The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitreing of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy nation No: if other things as great in the church be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin have beaconed up to us, that we are stone-blind. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, — for all her body is homogenea and proportional, — this is the golden rule in theology, as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly-divided minds. — *John Milton.*

# REV. JOHN WHITE.

[It is a gratification to read so just a eulogy as the one before us, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, on his excellent friend and neighbor lately deceased, Rev. John White, of West Dedham. The portrait is as unexaggerated and correct, as the original was pure and simple in his manners, faithful in his office, and true, in all his relations, to the character of a Christian minister and gentleman. — Ed.]

As we look at the ministry of this departed servant of God, some points present themselves with great prominence. I have alluded to its length without change of place, which, though not as common now as formerly, yet, I must say, presents a picture, in my view, pleasant to the eye, and creditable alike to pastor and flock. In the present case, this long period has been entirely harmonious. A more peaceful ministry never existed. Through these long years, not a murmur of discontent, that I have heard, has ever risen; no acrimony of feeling has ever been awakened; there has been no angry controversy; no bitterness nor strife; no feverish restlessness; no ill-feeling, no reproach nor recrimination. All has been light; no dark cloud has risen in your sky. The prayer for peace, — peace in your day, — which, I doubt not, has risen from many hearts, has been signally answered. There has been peace, — peace within these walls, and peace without. This cannot have been the result of accident. It must have had a cause; and, in seeking this cause, we must not look wholly on one side. Some portion of the effect is certainly to be traced to the pastor; for, however well inclined a people may be, well principled and Christian, indiscreetness or want of judgment in him will sooner or later occasion an interruption of good feeling and friendly relations. Confidence will be impaired, offence will be given and taken, and passions roused which should for ever slumber. . . .

These traits of his mind and character not only contributed to render the pastoral relation harmonious, but in different ways greatly enhanced his influence. They gave him great personal weight; for they were associated in him with no want of firmness, no base truckling to expediency, no compromise of principle. He never sacrificed a principle to gain an end. He had a downright honesty and truthfulness, an unbending integrity; he never wavered, nor turned aside from the straight line which his con-

victions marked out. His opinions were carefully formed, diligently sifted and examined, and scrupulously weighed in the balance of a cool judgment; and, once settled, they were not to be changed without some new element of proof. What he held as principles, he held firmly, tenaciously, and never swerved from them in practice, never flinched. He was always ready to avow his belief, and always acted upon it. You at all times knew where to find him, and were sure that there was no artifice or concealment, but that he was a whole-souled man, more anxious to be than to seem, — from his heart abhorring falsehood and deception of every kind.

A conscientious and earnest man was he, though quiet in his energy. He never thought of making his profession a sinecure; he had a high idea of Christian fidelity and the responsibilities of the ministry; and he never spared himself from love of ease, or any motive addressing itself to the selfish principle. He was ever ready to go at the call of duty or benevolence, at any personal inconvenience. By temperament he was incapable of being an enthusiast, but his heart was in his work; he venerated truth and holiness more than all else; he had a faith undoubting in his Saviour, and in the future and unseen world as a great reality, and he labored therefore in a right, serious spirit; he never pretended to what he did not feel; and whatever he said, you were certain, was said in sober earnest. For his fidelity and conscientiousness in the work given him to do, I hesitate not to appeal, in evidence, to your present convictions, and the proofs treasured up in the storehouse of your memories. The simple truth is here the highest panegyric; no rhetorical exaggeration is needed, and no colors borrowed from fancy.

These and other qualities lay at the foundation of that remarkable consistency of character for which he was ever distinguished. There was in him no fickleness, hardly an element of variableness. He was not one thing yesterday, and another to-day; neither in his religious opinions, nor in any other, was he likely to shift his ground, or be found veering, setting his face now to this, now to that point of the compass. In his feelings he was as uniform and consistent as in his opinions. He was not one who would be warm to-day and cold to-morrow, exchanging friendships for enmities, now loving, now hating. The current of his affections was placid and constant: there was in it an equable flow and persistency that precluded all fear or distrust. He was one whose position could always be counted upon. His meridian could be always

calculated with entire certainty. In truth, his sobriety of temperament, his self-control, and a cast of mind in which the reflective powers predominated over the imaginative, preserved him from extravagancies of every sort. He had little of that impulsiveness, which, beautiful as it is in itself, and often leading to beautiful results, yet introduces into character and actions some element of uncertainty that baffles calculation. I like impulsive characters; but they are less safe than others, have less steadiness, and are less to be relied upon in emergencies which require practical judgment and wise forethought. Our friend's mind was marked by clear-sightedness. What he saw, he saw distinctly, not dimly and confusedly; there was method in his thoughts and mental operations; he formed his judgments and acted with deliberation; and hence his perfect consistency with himself, and the confidence with which the future of his life could be predicted.

The characteristics of Mr. White's preaching will be readily inferred from what has been already said of his intellectual and moral features and habits. It was not highly impassioned, but calm, serious, dignified, full of an earnest and Christian spirit. There were in it no flights of fancy, but principles well reasoned out, — a clear statement and wise application of religious truths. He never lost himself in a cloud of metaphysics, was never too subtle for the intellects of his hearers, but sought always the practical and the useful. He was grave, plain, simple; and his sincerity shone through all. He knew the dignity and worth of his calling; and his pulpit performances gave evidence that he remembered there was a Master to whom he must account, and souls he was appointed to feed and to save. He was not fond of controversial preaching, and rarely indulged in it. Neither his taste nor conviction of duty led him often to make excursions into the field of polemical theology. Yet his preaching was, I think, what may properly be called evangelical, in the best sense of the word. It was pervaded by a spirit of Christian seriousness, breathed a deep reverence for the Saviour, and manifested feeling views of the worth of the gospel, as containing a revelation of the Father's mercy and love, and glad tidings of immortality for man. He held tenaciously to the old Protestant doctrine of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, which address themselves to the individual conscience, and are to be interpreted by right reason, aided by God's holy spirit. His teaching was founded on the Bible, and thence he drew the highest motives and sanctions, — in all sobriety breaking the bread of life, ministering at the altar as one who knew in whom he had believed,

and who made the Christian walk in faith and love his high aim. In listening to his preaching, you were always sure that you were receiving the counsels of a good man and a sincere minister of Christ, who never uttered a false or meaningless word, — whose lips gave expression only to that which was in his heart. . . .

Without commanding powers of eloquence, which he did not claim, he yet exerted a ministerial influence to the extent of which it is not easy to fix any precise limits, and which will be as much felt hereafter as now; for the effects of his preaching and life will not soon pass away. They were of a nature not to be transient, but abiding. I am not sure that we are not some of us in error, in regard to the characteristics of a good sermon. I have been sometimes disposed to question the effect of what is called brilliant preaching. It tends to create a taste or fondness for intellectual affluence or oratorical display; it leads to the worship of genius or artistic excellence; and the hearer goes away to praise and admire, but without perhaps being made, in any sense, a more humble, devoted, and earnest Christian. The best evidence a preacher can desire of the success of his public labors, is, not the incense of flattering lips, — not the cry, on the part of his hearers, "Behold the man;" but the going and doing as Jesus has said, — the fruits of humility and love, the carrying out the principles of Christ's gospel in the life. That is the only proof of success which the true-hearted man will desire; and he will often in his heart be tempted to say, "Spare your praises, but go and do; go out courageously to the great battle of life, and do its work manfully." This alone will satisfy the true preacher and disciple of the cross. How far it was permitted to our friend to enjoy this satisfaction, it is not for me to say; but the question is one for each of you solemnly to ask of his own conscience.

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CHRISTIANITY sets up a higher standard of charity than any sect, and requires us to be liberal even to the illiberal, forbearing towards bigotry, tolerant to those who are unfortunate enough to be intolerant of us. It will not satisfy the Christian rule of love to say, "I can bear any thing but bigotry."— *Selected.*

IF men could but be brought to look upon the *agenda* of Christianity as suitable, they would never judge the credenda of it irrational. There is a strange intercourse and mutual corroboration between faith and practice. — *South.*

# THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

The Book of Ecclesiasticus was probably written in the second century before the Christian era, and translated into Greek by one of the authors. That Greek translation is all that has come down to us. The common version, bound up with our older editions of the Bible, is quite a faithful and spirited representation of the Greek text. But, by the aid of comparison with Greek translations of the Old Testament, we may conjecture, with some certainty, what the Hebrew Ecclesiasticus was; and, in a new version, give more of the spirit of the really original writing. In the following translation, the connection of thought, and dignity of the subject, have been allowed great weight in the interpretation of some sentences, in which the usual meaning of the Greek words seems out of place, or powerless. In other words, we have yielded somewhat to what Dr. Noyes calls the besetting sin of a translator, and paraphrased those passages of which a translation seemed to fail in giving the full meaning. Our only apology is, that we are not translating a book to be quoted as authority, but one to be read for profit; and are therefore more anxious to be true to the spirit than to the letter of the book. For the same reason, we have taken no pains in textual criticism; following, with little variation, the edition of Bos. T. H.

Waltham, March, 1852.

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## THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

### Chap. I. — Wisdom, Piety, and Hypocrisy.

1 Wisdom cometh from the Lord alone,
For with him is her dwelling for ever.
2 Who can count the grains of sand, or drops of rain?
Who, then, will number the days of her eternity?
3 Who will measure the height of heaven, the breadth of the earth, and the depth of the sea?
Who will sound the depths of Wisdom?
4 Wisdom was first among all created things;
There was a comprehensive Understanding ere the world began.
5 The fount of Wisdom is the word of God, most high;
The streams that flow thence, His eternal laws.
6 To whom hath the source of Wisdom been revealed?
Or who hath known, in full, the mystery of her plans?
8 One there is, wise and greatly to be feared,
Who sits, the Lord, upon his throne:
9 He formed her, approved her, appointed her her work;
Then poured her out upon all his creatures,

10 Upon all living things, — most precious gift, —
Most freely given to them that love Him.

11 The fear of the Lord is honor and glory,
Gladness and a crown of rejoicing.
12 The fear of the Lord maketh the heart merry:
It giveth cheerfulness, and gladness, and length of d
13 Whoso feareth the Lord, it shall at the last go well v
He shall find mercy in the day of his passing away.
14 To fear the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom,
And she is twin sister to the pious heart.
15 She has placed her everlasting dwelling among men,
And to the race of man she will entrust herself.
16 To fear the Lord is the fulness of Wisdom,
And satisfieth men with Wisdom's fruits.
17 She filleth their whole house with desirable things,
And their storehouses with her riches.
18 The garland of Wisdom is the fear of the Lord,
Blooming with peace and perfect health.
19 Wisdom raineth down skill and perfect knowledge,
And exalteth them to honor that hold her fast.
20 The root of Wisdom is the fear of God,
The branches thereof are lengthened days.

22* The self-righteous man cannot be justified;
The pride of self-righteousness is its condemnation.
23 The humbly patient will wait the Lord's time;
So in the end shall joy be his reward.
24 He may until that time seem to act without reason;
Yet the lips of the pious shall bring to light his wis
25 From the treasury of Wisdom he draws his wise tea
Yet his godliness is an abomination to the sinner.

26 If thou desire Wisdom, keep the commandments;
And the Lord shall give her unto thee.
27 For the fear of the Lord is wisdom and instruction;
Faith and meekness are his delight.
28 Be not faithless in thy fear of God,
Nor come before him with divided heart.
29 Feign not to be righteous in the sight of men,
And take good heed that thy words be true.
30 Exalt not thyself, lest thereby thou fall,
Lest thou bring dishonor upon thy soul.

For God can unveil thy secret thoughts,
And humble thee in the sight of all the people,
If thy fear of God be not in truth,
And if thy heart be full of deceit.

CHAP. II. — THE DISCIPLINE OF PIETY THROUGH SUFFERING.

1 My son, if thou come to serve the Lord thy God,
Prepare thy soul to meet with trials.
2 Set right thy heart, and put on thy strength,
Nor haste to escape when the trial begins.
3 Cleave unto Him, and turn not thou away;
So shalt thou find thy strength increased.
4 Whatsoever is brought upon thee take cheerfully,
And be humbly patient in the changes of adversity.
5 For gold is tried in the fire,
And men acceptable to God in the furnace of adversity.
6 Have faith in Him, and He will care for thee;
Set right thy ways, and hope in Him.
7 Ye that fear the Lord, wait for his mercy;
And turn not aside, lest ye fall.
8 Ye that fear the Lord, have faith in Him,
And your reward shall by no means fail.
9 Ye that fear the Lord, hope for good;
Yea, hope for everlasting joy and mercy.
10 Look at the generations of old, and see:
Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was put to shame?
Did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken?
Or who hath called upon him, and He did not answer?
11 For the Lord hath pity and is merciful,
And forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction.
12 Woe be to fearful hearts, and to unsteady hands,
And to the sinner seeking to walk in two different paths!
13 Woe be to the unsteady heart!
Because it has no faith, therefore it has no defence.
14 Woe unto you that have lost patience:
What will ye do when the Lord shall call you to account?
15 They that fear the Lord will never distrust his words;
And they that love him, keep the paths he showeth them.
16 They that fear the Lord seek still to please Him,
And they that love Him are satisfied with his law.
17 They that fear the Lord are ready for all He sendeth:
They humble their souls in his sight.

18 "We would fall into the hands of the Lord,
And not into the hands of men;
For as His majesty is,
So also is His mercy."

CHAP. III. 1—29. — FILIAL PIETY, AND HUMILITY.

1 Hearken, my children, unto me your father;
For, if ye thus do, ye shall be saved.
2 For the Lord hath made the father to be honore
children,
And the judgment of the mother to be binding on t
3 Whoso honoreth his father atoneth for his sins,
4 And he that does honor to his mother layeth up a tı
5 Whoso honoreth his father shall rejoice in children:
When he asketh for them of the Lord, he shall be h
6 He that honoreth his father shall have length of day
He that comforteth his mother is obedient to the Lo
7 He that feareth the Lord will honor his father,
And serve his parents as his masters.
8 Honor thy father, both in word and deed,
That a blessing may come upon thee from him.
9 For the blessing of the father makes firm the children
But the curse of the mother uprooteth the foundatio
10 Seek no honor by the dishonor of thy father;
For thy father's dishonor can give no honor to thee.
11 For the glory of a man is from the honor of his fath
And a mother in dishonor is a reproach to the childı
12 My child, take care of thy father in his old age,
And grieve him not as long as he liveth.
13 Even if he grow weak in understanding, pardon him
Look not on him with contempt in the pride of thy s
14 For tenderness towards a father shall never be forgo
And it will repair the mischief that thy sins have do
15 In the day of thy trial, it shall be remembered;
And, like ice in mild weather, thy sins shall melt aw
16 He that forsaketh his father is like a blasphemer,
And he that gives his mother grief is cursed of the
17 My child, do every deed with meekness,
And by men acceptable to God thou shalt be loved.
18 The greater thou art, the more shouldst thou be hun
And before the Lord thou shalt find favor.

20 For the power of the Lord alone is great,
And by the humble is He exalted.

21 Seek not that which is too hard for thee,
Neither undertake that beyond thy strength.
22 What is appointed for thee, to that apply thy mind;
For thou hast no need of that which God hath hid from thee.
23 Be not curious in that which concerns thee not;
For thy own affairs are a full task for a man of wisdom.
24 Moreover, presumption hath caused many to err,
And blinding doubt hath broken down their minds.
26 The self-willed fool shall fare evil at the last;
For he that loveth danger shall fall therein.
27 The self-willed fool shall be overwhelmed with burdens,
As a sinner adding sin unto sin.
28 Neither is there healing for the stripes of pride;
For the plant of wickedness is rooted in the proud.
29 The heart of the prudent attendeth to instruction,
And a listening ear is the desire of the wise.

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## THE PERSIAN, THE JEW, AND THE CHRISTIAN.

### A PARABLE.

A Jew stepped into a Persian temple, and saw there the holy fire. He said to the priest: "How! do you pray to fire?" "Not to fire," answered the priest; "that is only an emblem to us of the sun and his warming light." Then asked the Jew: "Do you worship the sun as your divinity? do you not know that he also is only a creature of the Almighty?" — "We know that," replied the priest; "but earthly man requires earthly signs in order to grasp the highest. And is not the sun the image of the invisible, incomprehensible primitive light, that preserves and blesses all?"

The Israelite replied: "Do your people separate the image from the emblem? Already they call the sun God, and, sinking even from this to a low symbol, they bow before earthly flame. You charm their outward, and blind their inner eye; and, while you hold before them the earthly light, you draw them away from the heavenly. Thou shalt make to thee no image and no likeness."

"How then do you designate the highest Being?" asked the Persian.

The Jew answered: "We call him Jehovah Adonai, that is, the Lord, who is, who was, and who will be."

"Your word is great and glorious," said the Persian; "but it is fearful."

Then a Christian stepped towards them, and said: "We call him Abba, Father."

The Heathen and the Jew looked at each other with astonishment, and said: "Your word is the nearest and highest; but who gave you courage thus to name the Eternal?"

"Who else," said the Christian, "than He, the Father himself?" Thereupon he explained to both, the secret of the manifestation of the Father in the Son, and the word of reconciliation.

And when they had heard it, they believed, and raised their eyes to heaven, and said full of earnestness and soul: "Father, dear Father!"

And now all three clasped hands, and called each other, brother.

KRUMMACHER.

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## JOHN W. FOSTER, OF PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence!
And when, O friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!
Thy long-sustained song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased — yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces." — S. T. COLERIDGE.

THERE are moments in every life, in that most firmly sustained and rigidly conscientious, when the heart sinks, and the head swims, and man says to himself, "What have my long years of discipline availed? I have not drawn unto myself the confidence of my fellows; I have not mastered the stand-point I once proposed; the voice of the sharper reaches farther than my honest words; perversity and wickedness prevail over the land. Were the Son of Man to come again in this our day, he would not only hang upon the cross, but his patient endurance and loving pro-

phecy would fail to win for him even a faithful twelve." But it is in the hour of our faltering that such thoughts suggest themselves. The widest experience, a calm and rational view of life, proves the folly of the complaint. In the broadest sense, men think of us as well as we deserve; and close upon a fair and honorable life follows fair and honorable renown.

Whatever superficial failings may attach themselves to a character, if it be sound at the heart, it will outgrow and cast them off, in the estimation of men, and the passer-by will look upon the traces of self-conquest as the school-boy gazes at the gaping initials carved high upon the trunk of some patriarchal tree, only to wonder at the solid work long years have accomplished since they were cut. And with a life built up in the fairest proportions of Christian rectitude, in the most graceful harmonies of self-dedication, the popular acknowledgment is delayed, only in proportion as the necessary appreciation is slower. Every life we survey, every year we live, every book we read, every science we investigate, every art we master, as it serves to widen and fix the foundations of our judgment, so it confirms us in the belief, that there is always essential justice in the verdict. Humanity pronounces upon men. Human love follows what is lovely; and, if we needed any proof of this, where should we find one more self-evident than is offered by the simplest mention of the name that stands at the head of these pages?

"How good he was, and how beautiful!" are the words that fall naturally from every lip with regard to him; and the consciousness that such a life as his is the rightful inheritance of the world, gives that courage to speak of him which the restraining delicacy of private friendship had otherwise denied. For a single year, it was our privilege to walk at his side; to teach in his Sabbath-school; to sit by him in the teachers' meeting; to work with him in private; and though that year brought with it no ordinary share of trial, and once and again during its passage our "whole head grew faint, and our whole heart sick," yet, in the healthy and invigorating influence of his daily life, we should have found compensation, had the discipline been seven-fold. And it is for this reason that we press forward from our distant home, to bear our prompt testimony to his invaluable life. Those who have grown up at his side, who have been tended in infancy by his loving arms, and cheered by his blessing, as, turning from

the marriage-altar, they entered the responsible paths of life, — *they* may well have felt the power of his piety, the warmth of his love; but a single year, asks some discouraged toiler at the foot of the cross, — a single year, — what could that do, especially for a character already formed? It could and did do much. It could strengthen faith; it could invest unbending principle with a charm to last the whole remainder of life; it could make the past ideal, real, and lift from out its practical accomplishment a fairer, loftier ideal still; it could bind in chains of adamant a warm, impulsive, and somewhat wilful nature, to one wise, calm, and forethinking, to one Christian, self-denying, and patient. If we felt truly the immense power our life might wield, we should speak with reverence of what one year might do. When the uncertain rumor of his death reached us, we hardly listened. We felt it impossible that he should die. We could not think of the town where he dwelt without him. We saw him still at his post in the market-place, the light of a deeply religious life illuminating the duskiest and most doubtful moments of the merchant's experience. We saw him in his home, where the reflection of his loving countenance lent beauty to every face, whether of wife or child or guest, that was uplifted unto his. We saw him in his relation to his pastor, so firm and true, so erect yet teachable; in his Sunday-school, where his brow glowed always like that of the Hebrew prophet, where the beaming of his smile, as he looked round upon his children, seemed to inspire teachers and pupils with a vigorous perseverance; among the young of the parish, garlanded by bright faces, as by waving wreaths of flowers, where his opinion was always most desired and respected, and where his decided disapprobation had a weight that does not always belong to the words of wisdom when they fall upon the ears of youth. Wherever he came, the heart leaped up in gladness to meet him; when he spoke words of appreciation, the risen blood thrilled joyously to the very fingers' ends; when he rebuked, the quick gathering tears were checked by the love that gushed under and forth from the magnificent tones of his voice. "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; he put on righteousness, and it clothed him; he was a father to the poor; and the cause that he knew not he searched out. Men kept silence at his counsel, as his speech dropped upon them; they waited for him as for the latter rain."

The young and over-confident did well to listen to him; he was mature and cautious. If they were radical in their views of theology and politics, he, like the good housewife of Lady Willoughby's time, feared lest the sound fruit should be swept away with the windfalls. It was beautiful to see him, when a question of theology was discussed in a way that did not please his ear. Reverent even toward the youngest who reverently sought the truth, nobly patient always with all who honestly differed from him, he would not spare the rude assailant of that which he held dear. Beginning to listen with silent determination, his brow would gently knit itself as the discussion went on, his upper lip would contract, and then, at the first pause in the conversation, came a gush of fervid, strong, and well-arranged thoughts, that silenced at once the reckless and audacious. Few men possess such a voice as his. Its lightest tone might linger for hours on the ear. The first time that we heard it after leaving Portsmouth, it came upon us by surprise. We were in Assembly Hall, at the pleasant dinner in the month of May. After some dull speaking and some inattention on our own part, there came, in answer to a toast, the words, "I rise somewhat unwillingly, Mr. President ——." What need of waiting for more? At the sound of that dear voice, our whole soul poured itself into our ears, and seemed to vibrate along the auditory nerve. Few, indeed, were his words; but they brought with them, then as ever, a palpable refreshment.

In 1837, Mr. Foster published some "Lessons on the Lord's Prayer." They were intended for the children of his Sunday-school; but they are so deeply penetrative, so simply earnest, that the oldest clergyman might read them with profit. They reveal to us in their various parts the whole loveliness and energy of his character. We see in them how uplifting and God-searching truth nestled as if at home in his heart, how majestic and spirit-stirring words poured naturally from his lips. His words were always fitly spoken, fair apples of gold in dishes of silver.

And what was the charm that invested this man with a grace beyond that of his peers? What was the power that streamed through him, as through its fit channels, and baptized all willing human hearts? What was the secret of his beautiful life? It was the long-sought secret of *Eternal Youth*. It was the power of Christ's manhood, graced by the attendant loveliness and sim-

pleness of the child Jesus. Mature in wisdom, he was yet fresh and young in spirit. Though the "almond blossoms" were already opening about his brow, the light came to his eye, the soft color to his cheek, as readily as to that of the maiden; and it was no passing enjoyment to see how the beauties of nature and art, above all the beauty of truth, could kindle his whole soul into the most glowing enthusiasm of the most glowing youth! Our love follows him. He is not dead, but risen! Never while we live, in time or eternity, shall we part with what he has given us. God blessed his life; let its memory be blessed to all who ever held him dear. Let no tears throw mists before our sight when we think of him; but, turning the current of our sorrow inward, let us not release it so easily, but force it to do earnest service in the great work which he, our friend, so far advanced. Let it help to fit us for the companionship he now enjoys. His life was a "sustained song." The echo of the departed music still lingers on our ear. Let us weave it into the rhythm of our own life, re-echo it in the chorus of our daily experience; and, as we grow more familiar with its burden, we shall learn no more —

"To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling."

C. W. H. D

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## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

### PUBLICATIONS.

THE following publications are at hand, and some of them should have been acknowledged before: —

*Nineteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester*, December, 1851.

*First Semi-Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Boston*, — showing that there was occasion for the measure adopted by the City Government, a year ago, in the appointment of this new office, and that they were wise in the selection of the incumbent.

*The Municipal Electric Telegraph, especially in its Application to Fire Alarms.* By Wm. F. Channing, M.D. — A full and lucid exposition of the elaborate apparatus recently put upon experiment by the liberality of the municipal authorities of Boston.

*The Panoplist, or the Christian's Armory. — Jesus: a Christmas Sermon, preached in the Unitarian Church, Montreal, on Christmas Day,* 1851. By John Cordner. — A discourse so elevated in its general tone, so vigorous in its statements, so vivid in its recognition of the mischiefs of sin, so clear in its exposition of the doctrine of divine influence, and of the manifestation of the Father in the Son, that we regret we have not room for extracts from its pages.

*Arvine's Cyclopædia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts,* containing a copious and choice selection of anecdotes of characters, &c. &c., Nos. 6, 7, and 8, — a work we have commended before, and commend again.

*The Unitarian Congregational Register for the Year* 1852. Printed for the American Unitarian Association. — Well arranged in its statistical department, instructive and diversified in the didactic, graceful in the literary, none the worse for containing several extracts from the "Monthly," and altogether superior every way, we are happy to say, to a Number of the same series which the publishers instigated *us* to prepare, a few years ago.

*Anthems, and Hymns set to Music, for Sabbath Morning, Ordinations, Dedications, Thanksgiving, &c.* By Augustus Kreissman. Published by A. N. Johnson, 86, Tremont-street, Boston. — Some private knowledge of Mr. Kreissman and his talents as a composer makes it a pleasure for us to recommend his collection. He is a well-educated musician, and is a practical chorister in one of our churches. Though a German in his origin and training, having resided in this country three or four years he has acquainted himself with the wants and capabilities of New England choirs. This work is prepared for their use; and we do not hesitate in the opinion, that its general employment would introduce a decided improvement in the character of the voluntary pieces performed in our assemblies, and of all this part of public worship.

*Annual of Scientific Discovery: a Year-book of Facts in Science and Art for* 1852. By David A. Wells, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. — Competent judges pronounce this a trustworthy record. Apart from its service to men interested in scien-

tific and mechanical pursuits now, it is one of the few works that must have an increasing value in future years, and should be in all libraries.

The same publishers have *The History of Palestine from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time, illustrated.* By KITTO. — Dr. Kitto is certainly ingenious in putting his Hebrew learning into various shapes. As to the thoroughness of that learning, and the accuracy of his statements, there is more than one opinion. If his treatises awaken in the popular mind a livelier interest in the Old Testament Scriptures, they will be worth what they cost.

G. & L. also offer for sale a duodecimo volume of Dr. J. V. C. SMITH's lively and entertaining *Sketches of his recent Visit to Egypt and the Nile*, with minute accounts of personal adventures, the antiquities of the country, and the customs of the people.

Gould & Lincoln also offer for sale *Novelties of the New World*, and *The Excellent Woman;* the former, one of a series of popular illustrations of American history, by Rev. J. Banvard, already having a large sale; and the latter, a full and practical exposition of the character of the excellent woman as given by Solomon, bearing the high endorsement of Dr. W. B. Sprague.

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## YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.

Two Institutions have lately been organized in Boston, having kindred designs, and both commending themselves to the cordial favor and support of Christian people. One is named "The Boston Young Men's Christian Union;" the other, "The Boston Young Men's Christian Association." The former invites to membership in it young men of whatever denomination; the latter, young men of the denominations commonly called Evangelical. The purpose of each is to engage the interest and co-operation of laymen in early life, in a kind of intercourse that is pure and elevated, as well as in promoting, by any promising means, the cause of religion and virtue. It is expected that each will have its Rooms and Library, and each has already elected its officers.

It must have been deeply and painfully felt, for a long time, by all persons having the moral welfare of the city at heart, that active efforts were wanting, on the part of the Christian church, to win over the energy and hope of youth to the kingdom of Christ. The children of the world are, by far too much, wiser than the

children of light. No solicitations are spared to draw our sons, and the strangers that come to live among us as clerks, apprentices, or traders, into saloons of dissipation, political societies, places of amusement, and a thousand avenues to material advantage, sensual pleasure, and spiritual perdition. The scouts, runners, and purveyors of appetite and profligacy are busy in all our streets. They snatch up converts everywhere, to which the church had a better claim. They lack neither personal assiduity, adroit contrivance, nor powerful combinations. In vehicles, shops, eating-houses, military companies, and even lecture-rooms, in chance interviews at the corners of the way, and in the dreariness or temptations of larger boarding-houses, they gather hosts of recruits. Society of some sort social beings must have. And if Christian love does not extend an invitation to these home-sick souls, Satan will. If believers do not offer them a cordial hand, they will take that of voluptuaries and atheists. An evidence lately fell in our way how real the exigency is. A worthy citizen, without great wealth, after hearing a proposal from his minister to offer certain literary and social privileges in the vestry to the young persons within the parish, handed a hundred dollars to the preacher with this remark: "Make the *place attractive;* I will double the amount, if necessary; if anybody had said to me, when I first came into Boston, what you have said in the pulpit to-day, it would have saved me what money can never buy back." Perhaps the most desirable practice of all would be, that every young man coming to the city from the country should bring a letter of introduction to some Christian family, or else to some judicious and friendly minister. That would almost invariably lead to associations and opportunities of the right character. We have confidence enough in the clergy of all denominations to feel assured that no such letter, even if written by an unknown party, would fail of faithful attention, and be followed by the happiest effects. The parent would then exercise a right degree of influence over his child's choice; no compulsion would do violence, and no craft would give a surreptitious bias, to denominational predilections; and those wholesome influences would also be secured which are inseparable from domestic circles and friendships, which no public institution can wholly supply, and which are of the utmost moral importance to men without families or family-connections, amidst the blandishments of every wide and wicked metropolis.

It is earnestly to be hoped that these institutions, whatever measure of efficiency they reach, will not aggravate, but rather

mitigate, sectarian jealousies. We observe, that, at the opening of the rooms of the "Young Men's Christian Association," Francis O. Watts, Esq., the President, in the course of appropriate exercises, "defended the Society against the charge of exclusiveness in regard to membership." The "Young Men's Christian Union," we believe, needs no such defence. Let both dwell together in peace. The officers of the latter are these: *President*, Geo. W. Warren; *Vice-Presidents*, Thos. A. Goddard, Fred. W. Lincoln, jun.; *Secretary*, James D. Martin; *Treasurer*, John Reed, jun.; *Directors*, Edwin A. Wadleigh, Benjamin F. White, jun., Nathaniel J. Bradlee, John C. Danforth, John A. Cummings, Amos B. Merrill, Gilbert Atwood.

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## CRITICISM AND CANDOR.

The "Christian Register" is "surprised" at our copying, as we did, in the last number, a paragraph from the correspondence of a secular newspaper on the defects in the administration of Unitarianism. The matter is not large, but it furnishes a text, not to be refused, for a little comment. Our object, as is plain enough, was to show our readers a curt and pithy satire on a certain timid and feeble way of preaching which is not altogether unknown in Unitarian pulpits, and is a fair subject for either rebuke or ridicule. It struck us that the language we quoted was more likely, on every account, to reach the mark, than any thing we should say of our own; and we are inclined to think we were not mistaken.

The "Register" says, "The fact that Unitarians are not popular preachers is certainly no evidence that their doctrines are not true." Most certainly. But, if a particular way of presenting religion fails to adapt itself to the general wants, exigencies, and convictions of mankind, or to move them to repentance and zeal, it is at least as reasonable to suggest a remedy in some modifications of that *way*, as to ascribe all the difficulty to the perversity of the human species.

Again, "Religious opinions are not like presidential candidates, to be adopted without regard to their merits, simply because they are available." Now, we go so far beyond agreeing with our monitor, as to hold, with particular determination, that not even a presidential candidate — how much less a religious opinion! — should be adopted without regard to his merits, "simply because

he is available." But when a candidate, or a style of preaching, is found to be unavailable on account of imbecility, the sooner either is dropped, the better.

Once more: "The coarse and libellous caricature of Unitarian views and preaching in the 'Tribune' article, though it may cause a momentary smile, is altogether unworthy of a place in any religious journal." This is positive. But, 1*st*, The fact that we copied the passage in question might be taken, by a friendly judgment, as some evidence that, in our opinion, there was no "libel" in it, nor any thing likely to do real and vital Unitarianism — the only Unitarianism worth having, in the "Register's" estimation we trust — any harm. 2*d*, We have ourselves heard preaching of which "J. S. P.'s" language is a perfectly fair and unexaggerated description, from ministers called Unitarian, not denied the name by any Unitarian authority, but included in Unitarian catalogues. Why try to hide facts, or hide from them? 3*d*, The "coarse" expressions alluded to must, we presume, be these: "Believe, or be damned;" "If we are damned at all;" "Fire and brimstone." Now, we are aware that the use of these terms is unfashionable; but it is also ancient and respectable. Mark xvi. 16: "He that believeth not shall be damned." Rom. xiv. 23: "He that doubteth is damned if he eat." 2 Pet. ii. 1: "Who privily shall bring in damnable heresies." Rev. xiv. 10: "He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone." Chap. xix. 20; xxi. 8. Psalm xi. 6. Matt. xxv. 41. Mark ix. 44, 45, &c., &c.

4*th*, If, however, the expressions condemned as "coarse" are the following, "namby-pambyism," "humbug," "like it or lump it," we reply, that, although these do not appear to us very aggravated offences against Christian decency, yet we distinctly signified, in the remarks we prefixed to the quotation, that we regarded them as departures from good taste, requiring some apology.

For the rest of the passage, it seems to us — apart from all partisan prejudice, of which the "Monthly" makes no professions — to contain critical ideas, of rather more than the average force and point, put in becoming speech. There is a sin of indifferentism and stupid complaisance as enormous as that of rude energy or even honest impudence.

The "Register" only commits the not very heinous, but very common, mistake of falling into a false criticism, from a sectarian partiality. It knows as well as we, that downright naturalism is both preached and defended by recognized Unitarians, in Unitarian pulpits and periodicals: its own columns afford honorable proof

how well it knows this, in able and emphatic disclaimers of such doctrines. It abuses its own sense, and swerves from its usual simplicity, when it affects to be indignant at a republication of that fact. The only point in the passage open to serious complaint, — that of reckoning Priestley and Price among anti-supernaturalists, — it does not touch.

From whatever quarter it comes, we welcome the censure that arraigns for judgment our prevalent lax tone of piety, and all unreligious preaching. A denomination that covers and countenances any such sin cannot escape the retributions of Providence or the justice of history, by fretting at the exposure of its crime. If we would forestall the condemnation of our neighbors or of the divine laws, let us hasten to condemn ourselves. The conspirators against faith are too numerous and vigilant and aggressive to allow the real disciples and friends of Christ in pleasant pulpit-declamations on political economy, self-culture, dignity of manhood, æsthetic elevation, and moral propriety. Adversaries that the church of God has now to meet believe in all these as well as the Christian, and discourse upon them quite as eloquently. The emergencies of the times, the impenetrable hardness of the worldly mind, the covert infidelity and open contempt of sacred ordinances, the undeniable decline of spirituality and prayer in our liberal congregations, — all appear to us to demand another dispensation of the gospel, more pungent, more life-giving, more regardless of formal polish and unsanctified elegance, — more thoroughly animated by that apostolic zeal, fed from the ardent faith of the New Testament, which commands respect and audience precisely because it is real. Nor will we refuse to take, with shame, our own place among the delinquent. How is the power of the cross and its reconciliation to be witnessed in the people, unless it is felt, believed, and proclaimed by the shepherds and examples of the flock? If there is any one of these who can look complacently out on the tendencies and forces at work in our community, and feel his soul moved to no anxious supplications for a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he must have reasons for complacency that we know not of.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## AONIO PALEARIO.

BY THE EDITOR.

WRITING on the Papal Revolutions, for the "Edinburgh Review" of October, 1840, Mr. Macaulay remarked: "It was not on moral influence alone that the Catholic Church relied. In Spain and Italy, the civil sword was unsparingly employed in her support. The Inquisition was armed with new powers, and inspired with a new energy. Whoever was suspected of heresy, whatever his rank, his learning, or his reputation, was to purge himself to the satisfaction of a severe and vigilant tribunal, or to die by fire. Heretical books were sought out and destroyed with unsparing rigor. Works which were once in every house were so effectually suppressed, that no copy of them is now to be found in the most extensive libraries. One book, in particular, entitled 'Of the Benefit of the Death of Christ,' had this fate. It was written in Tuscan, was many times reprinted, and was eagerly read in every part of Italy. But the Inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone. They proscribed it, and it is now as utterly lost as the second decade of Livy."

In common with many other authors of equal respectability, and indeed the general opinion of scholars twelve years ago, Mr. Macaulay was mistaken. Soon after his very positive assertion was made public through the pages of the "Edinburgh," a

diligent search for the missing treatise was undertaken by a clergyman of the Established Church, Rev. John Ayre, of Hampstead, chaplain to the Earl of Roden; and not without success. The copy that he discovered was of a fourth English edition. Two other copies were afterwards found to be extant. According to the authority of Dr. M'Crie, the historian of the Italian Reformation, the first English translation of it was made as early as 1577, — only seven years, as will be seen, after the author's death. This statement is supported by an allusion to the work in the last testament of an Edinburgh printer, who died October 18, 1577. There is no reason to suppose that any copy in the original language survives. Mr. Ayre, on his discovery, immediately proceeded to republish the treatise; and a copy is now lying before us.

The authorship of this work, on its first appearance, as our readers may know, was much in dispute.* By some critics, it was attributed to the distinguished great-nephew of Edward IV. and rejected favorite of Henry VIII., Cardinal Pole, whose six years' residence in Padua, with other advantages for elegant scholarship, had made him an easy master of the Italian tongue. The supposition, however, was absurd; for what was most wanting to identify the author of the volume in question was certainly not literary accomplishment, which Cardinal Pole had, nor commanding genius, which he had not; but that intense conviction of a doctrine essentially Protestant, strong enough to defy torture and destruction, which would be hardly consistent with the character of so staunch a supporter of the Papal See, as one of the three Romish legates to the Council of Trent, the author of the "De Mentale Ecclesiastica," and a candidate for the chair of St. Peter. Indeed, it is difficult to believe, that, at any time after his first journey to Italy, this recipient of many honors at the hands of Rome could have afforded countenance for what has been stated by some obscure writer, that he, with Flaminio, Priuli, and other friends, defended and circulated a book so anti-catholic in its spirit and contents, that it cost the real author his life.

This author was Aonio Paleario, born in the year 1500, and

* The original titlepage was as follows: "Trattato utilissimo del beneficio de Giesu Christo crucifisso verso i Christiani. Venetiis, apud Bernardinum de Bindonis. Anno Do. 1543."

so, as it happened, of exactly the same age with the English Cardinal. His birthplace was Varoli, in the Campagna di Roma. His education seems to have been conducted at the great city close by, still the seat of learning and power. Remarkable talents and eminent teachers soon led him into distinction, even among the multitude of able competitors. Students of high reputation readily gave him a friendship, which was soon after to be grieved by his defection from the faith, or else bereaved by the terrible catastrophe that his heresy prepared. Dignitaries of the church, like Cardinal Sadolet, marked, with approval and pride, the promise of that intelligence, which was presently to be turned into a powerful assailant of their most cherished tenets.

His introduction to active life was at Sienna, where he married. Under the appointment of the Senate, he held the office of public teacher of Greek and Latin, and gave lectures on general literature and philosophy. The jealousy of his colleagues seems first to have been provoked by detecting in his teachings a certain earnest, liberal, and independent spirit, always as stimulating and grateful to the energy of young minds, as it is suspicious in the eyes of indolent officials, and so as refreshing to his pupils as it was offensive to his sleepy associate professors. Cautious counsels reached him; Sadolet warned him of his danger; the apostles of expediency, who embraced many of his convictions without sharing his courage, whispered in his ear that he might find it safe to clothe his vital ideas in less definite expressions, and moderate his zeal by the coolness of the times. But the fresher element that was already working powerfully at the North impelled him in quite another direction; and his devoted studies in the New Testament had persuaded him, that it was a small thing that he should be judged of man's judgment, and that he ought not to hearken to selfish and sluggish ecclesiastics more than unto God. For Luther had already refuted Eckius at Leipsic, burnt Leo's edict of excommunication at Wittemberg, and offered the cup to the laity. It is interesting to see, from one of the incidents occurring at Sienna, that, however extreme Aonio's speculative opposition to the doctrine of works may have been, he yielded it a practical respect; for it was his fearless censure of a formal hypocrite, who knelt devotedly every day at the shrine of the Virgin, but impudently refused to satisfy his financial creditors, which formed the ground of his arraignment as a heretic. The

complaint lodged against him set forth, that he was "an impious wretch, who dishonored the blessed saints." How he dishonored them may be partly inferred from his answer to his interrogators. Being asked, in three successive questions, "What are the first, second, and third foundations on which men should rest the hope of their salvation?" he replied, in each instance, "*Christ.*" Three hundred persons, with a malignant and determined meddler, named Otho Cotta, at their head, appeared as his prosecutors, and elected twelve of their number to testify for his destruction. The special charge adduced was the publication, in 1543, of the treatise already mentioned, on the "Benefit of Christ's Death." The immense popularity of this production — a popularity so great, that, notwithstanding the urgent and repeated attempts of the church to suppress it, it attained a circulation of forty thousand copies within six years of a period when books were not too cheap, nor readers too common — only exasperated his enemies, and hastened their proceedings. His defence, uttered in an oration before the Conscript Fathers at Sienna, is a noble specimen of impassioned Christian eloquence. In the course of it, he says: "I affirmed, agreeably to the most unquestioned monuments of antiquity, that those who turn with their souls to Christ crucified, commit themselves to him by faith, acquiesce in the promises, and cleave with assured faith to him who cannot deceive, are delivered from all evil, and enjoy a full pardon of all their sins. These things appeared so grievous, so detestable, so execrable, to these twelve, whom I ought rather to call inhuman beasts than men, that they judge that the author should be committed to the flames. If I must undergo this punishment for the aforesaid testimony, then, Senators, nothing more happy can befall me. In such times as these, I think a Christian ought not to die in his bed. To be accused, to be dragged to prison, to be scourged, to be hung up by the neck, to be sewed up in a sack, to be exposed to wild beasts, is little: let me be roasted before a fire, provided only the truth be brought to light by such a death." Words like these are invigorating to the discipleship of an age offering so few occasions as this for fulfilling the Master's precept, where he requires his followers to take up some cross for his sake, — an age when that self-denying faith is in danger of growing impotent, in proportion to the infrequency of its exercise. "See, young man," said Innocent IV. to Thomas Aquinas, —

pointing at the same time to some bags of money brought in, by an officer, from the sale of absolutions and indulgences, — "the age of the church is past in which she must say, '*Silver and gold have I none.*'" "True, holy Father," replied the angelic doctor, "but the age is also past when she could say to the paralytic, '*Rise up, and walk.*'"

The accusation failed; but, although the trial resulted in Paleario's acquittal, his influence and peace at Sienna were so seriously damaged, that he presently withdrew. Like Abelard at Paris, he was the victim of the envy and hatred of his fellow-teachers. The Senate of Lucca, still an independent republic, repaired the wrongs of Sienna, and invited him to the post of orator in behalf of the government. One of the bitterest of his adversaries, Machus, who appears to have earned the title of *the babbler*, pursued him, but found all his intrigues and instigations, whether with the politicians at Lucca, or the Dominicans at Rome, baffled by the generosity and abilities of his antagonist.

The ingredient of honor rather preponderating over that of pecuniary support in his office at Lucca, after a tenure of it for ten years, his domestic hardships drove Paleario to Milan, where he was established by the Senate, as Professor of Eloquence, on liberal and honorable terms. But the indications of a reformatory movement in Italy had by this time become too strong and too manifest for the patience of the vigilant guardians of the Papal crown; and in 1566, just as the suspected heretic was about planning another escape for shelter to Bologna, Pius V. ordered him to be re-examined on the old indictment. A willing instrument of the Inquisition, — that Inquisition which Aonio mortally offended, by calling it "a dagger drawn against all literature," — Angelo di Cremona, was found to bring him to Rome. Sadolet, his influential friend, was now dead; and he had to look out upon his gloomy prospect from the dungeons of the Torre Nona.

In the specifications of the indictment, it is easy to detect the current of that new tide of thought that was now setting in upon the exhausted channels of church-life. Rome was rousing her energies, with desperate resolution, to repair the mischiefs of Protestant violence. The balances hung across the Alps, and Italy was determined not to be outweighed by Germany. Ignatius, bringing all the elaborate results of his exact military discipline into the field, and displaying an ardor in his austerities,

such as few men have felt in their pleasures, fanatic and general in one, had taken up the gauntlet thrown down by Luther. The same year that Luther obeyed the summons of Charles V., and appeared at Worms, Loyola received his wound at the siege of Pampeluna. The reaction had already begun. Jesuitism, destined to be alternately feared and courted, suspected and pampered, by the Papal government, soon made itself indispensable to the hierarchy. The sovereign Pontiff already began to understand that the maledictions which he hurled forth from the balcony of the Basilica, on the Thursday before Easter, over the bare heads of the kneeling and awe-struck multitude, amidst tolling bells, lowered flags, uplifted hands, and the lurid glare of torch-light processions of priests, needed to borrow some new force to sustain their terror: they spent their fury before they travelled to Wittemberg. It was but too manifest to all Europe, that the reformer's commentary emptied the holy Father's bull of its dignity. This new force Ignatius offered, in the compact, comprehensive, magnificent machinery of the "Society of Jesus." At first, it is true, Paul III. feebly pretended to criticize some of the principles of the Institutes; but when Loyola, in addition to the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, proposed to throw in, as a fourth, implicit submission to the Holy See, all objections were withdrawn: the gigantic and formidable child received its formal adoption, September 27, 1540.

For three years, the number of the Order was limited to sixty; but this restriction was soon removed, and its ranks soon swelled into thousands upon thousands, — a sworn, indefatigable, indomitable brotherhood, — stretching from Pekin to Lake Superior, — of boundless fertility in invention and intrigue, of a skill in the adaptation of its means which covered every resource in the capacity of human nature, of a conscience pliant towards every obligation but the vow, and recognizing no law but the rules of the Institution, of a devotedness to the interests of the cause matched by no other associated and organized zeal on earth.

At the same time, that deeper and more earnest spirit, of which Ranke has so finely traced the origin and progress, was yielding its first fruits, in Italy, within the old ecclesiastical forms. The chief men of the church were shaking off effeminate and luxurious manners, dissolute morals, studies merely fanciful and profane, and practical infidelity concealed under the guise of

religion. Bellarmine, Possevin, and Aquaviva, were something better than sportsmen, voluptuaries, exquisites, or courtiers. The Paul IV. of the Pontificate did not cast aside the strict and purging discipline of the Theatines. The Protestantism that was already rife in Saxony, Sweden, and Denmark; in Prussia, Livonia, and the Palatinate; in Switzerland, Netherlands, and two-thirds of Great Britain, left the anxious ecclesiastics of the South less appetite for their "choice cookery, delicious wines, lovely women, hounds, falcons, horses, newly-discovered manuscripts of the classics, sonnets and burlesque romances in the sweetest Tuscan, plates from the hand of Benvenuto, busts, mosaics and gems just dug up from among the ruins of ancient temples and villas," — even if no nobler motive than a selfish regard for safety had animated their vigils, and a spiritual faith had not needed to be quickened by a political fear. But, as might be expected, this renewal of diligence brought with it no softening of the stings of persecution. Old orders were not cleansed and rehabilitated, to relax the oppression of heretics. If Barnabites and Capuchins consecrated themselves with fresh fervor to the pains of self-mortification and the ministrations of charity, they did not therefore look with more favor on the disinterested sufferings of those who chose Christ over the Pope, nor were they disposed to affix a more liberal interpretation to the New Testament doctrine of brotherly love. Indeed, one of the bravest manifestations of increasing zeal would be an intensified rigor against the aliens; and cruelty towards every suspected or doubtful adherent would become the measure of loyalty to the great maternal fold of the Faithful.

Accordingly, in due time, Paleario was led forth from his prison to be tried by the cardinals of the Inquisition. That bitter enginery of tortures never encountered a firmer or serener courage. We have already alluded to the accusations, as indicating what the powers of Christendom then held to be most essential to the purity of Christian faith. They alleged, in four counts, that the accused denied the existence of purgatory, — disapproved of the burial of the dead in churches, preferring the ancient Roman mode of sepulture outside the walls of the cities, — treated the monastic and conventual severities with contempt, — and ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God, forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. The treatise

we have already referred to, shows plainly enough that the last of these charges could not be met, except by an admission; and that alone was enough to establish his guilt. Luther had said, "How shall a man become holy? A Franciscan friar will reply, 'Put on a grey hood, and tie a cord round your middle.' A Roman will answer, 'Hear mass, and fast.' But a Christian will say, 'Faith in Christ, and that alone, justifies and saves.' But when we are born anew and made children of God by the word of grace, then we perform good works." These are the sentiments of which Paleario's whole book is an endorsement. He was condemned. Why should he not be, when the master of his judges, on the Papal chair, was Pius V., a Roman of the Romanists, a man of whom history tells us that under the splendor of his imperial robes he wore a coarse hair shirt, by day and night, and walked barefoot through the streets on royal occasions? A special refinement was annexed to the execution of the sentence, in the form of an imprisonment of three years. At the end of that time, the fire did its work upon the believer's body, without touching the composure of his spirit. Under the interrogatories of the Inquisitors, he had responded with lofty dignity: "Seeing that your Excellencies have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps; who did no evil, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment. Pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfil your office."

A common device of Catholic mendacity has been to diminish the moral power of the constancy of the victims of Romish tyranny, by circulating some lying story of their recantation at last. Such an attempt was made on the good repute of Paleario, but without success. The records of the Inquisition itself refute the tale. Laderchius, who continues the annals of Baronius, writes: "When it appeared that this son of Belial was obstinate and refractory, and could by no means be recovered from the darkness of error to the light of truth, he was deservedly de-

livered to the flames; that, after suffering their momentary pains here, he might be found in everlasting burnings hereafter." We can afford to pardon the savage spite of the chronicle, for the sake of its indisputable testimony to the martyr's steadfastness. But there is another witness, whom we are quite as willing to credit, — the sufferer himself. On the last morning of his life, he wrote to his "dearest wife" as follows: "The hour is now come when I must pass from this life to my Lord, and Father, and God. Wherefore, comfort yourself with the will of God and with my resignation, and attend to the desponding family which still survives; training them up and preserving in them the fear of God, and being to them both father and mother. I am now an old man of seventy years, and useless. God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with thy spirit! Thy husband, Aonio Paleario." To his "beloved children" he wrote: "It pleases God to call me to himself by this means, which may appear to you harsh and painful; but if you regard it properly, as happening with my full resignation and pleasure, you will acquiesce in the will of God, as you have hitherto done. Virtue and industry I leave you for a patrimony, along with the little property you already possess. I have requested from Luca Pridio an account of what is due to me, and what I am owing. With the dowry of your mother, bring up your little sister as God gives you grace. Salute Aspasia and sister Aquila, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. The Spirit of God console and preserve you in his grace! Your father, Aonio Paleario."

At the hill Valdensa, in the suburbs of St. Catarina, — with what sorrowful apprehensions, and tears, and consolations, we may imagine, — Marietta, his wife, Lampridio and Fedro, his sons, and the "little sister," received the message of his death; but, along with it, these precious and comforting tokens, from his own hand, how much survived to them, and to God, after the earthly tormentors had done their worst to his beloved and venerable form. The scrupulous reference to the settlement of his pecuniary debts will remind the reader of a similar allusion in the last conversation of Socrates. It is another proof that his doctrine of faith did not run into Antinomianism, nor his trust in the Redeemer obscure his insight into the law of righteousness.

This was the earthly end of one of the worthiest and purest spirits

of the sixteenth century, the cotemporary of Philip Sydney, Spencer, Fox, and Hooper; of Beza, Scaliger, Camoens, and Molina, — the heretic whose sincerity in both virtue and piety will bear comparison with the purest orthodoxy of his times, with the excellence of Borromeo or Philip Neri, — and the fit companion of Zwingle, Luther, Melancthon, and Erasmus, in the sufferings and grandeurs of the Reformation.

During his lifetime, he seems to have published four books of epistles, fourteen orations, and three books in verse on the Immortality of the Soul. A "Letter to the Reformers in the Council of Trent" was printed after his death, and other compositions have been ascribed to him. The "Benefit of Christ's Death" has uniformly enjoyed the honor of standing among the books forbidden by the prohibitory indexes of the Romish Church. It has been translated into the French and the Spanish; the present English version seems to have been rendered from the French. The name of the English translator is not certainly known. From the initials, "A. G.," it has been supposed to be Arthur Golding, a scholar, well known as a translator of the foreign reformers and Latin classics in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In its apposite and frequent quotations from the Fathers, this treatise exhibits a good degree of ecclesiastical learning. It is graced throughout with a most reverential spirit, and wields the ponderous weapons of Scripture authority with signal force. We have left ourselves no room, either for an analysis of the work, or even an account of its contents. The following brief extracts will imperfectly indicate the quality of the style, and the tone of the argument:—

"But this so holy and divine affiance is gendered in our hearts by the working of the Holy Ghost; who is communicated unto us by faith, which never goeth without the love of God. And hereof it cometh, that we be provoked to do good works with a certain liveliness and effectual cheerfulness, whereby we gather such a strength and inclination to do them, as we be thoroughly ready and forward to do and suffer all intolerable things for the love and glory of our most gracious and merciful Father; who hath enriched us with so abundant grace through Jesus Christ, and of his enemies made us his most dear children. This true faith is no sooner given a man, but he is, by and by, endued and imprinted with a certain violent love of good works, to yield right sweet and

amiable fruits both unto God, and likewise to his neighbor, as a very good and fruitful tree. And it is no more possible that he should be otherwise, than it is possible that a fagot should be set on fire, and not cast light immediately." . . .

"The true Christian asketh not whether good works be commanded or not; but, being wholly moved and provoked with a certain violence of godly love, he offereth himself willingly to do all the works that are holy and Christian-like, and never ceaseth to do well." . . .

"Then is the justifying faith, as it were, a flame of fire, which cannot but cast forth brightness. And like as the flame burneth the wood without the help of the light, and yet the flame cannot be without the light; so is it assuredly that faith alone consumeth and burneth away sin, without the help of works, and yet that the same faith cannot be without good works. Wherefore, like as, if we see a flame of fire that giveth no light, we know, by and by, that it is but vain and painted; even so, when we see not some light of good works in a man, it is a token that he hath not the true inspired faith which God giveth to his chosen, to justify and glorify them withal." . . .

"And we must mark well, that, as oft as we receive this holy and worthy sacrament, we bind ourselves to all the duties of charity; as not to offend any of our brethren, nor to leave any thing undone, that may be profitable and helpful in their necessity. But, if there come any to this heavenly table of the Lord, that are divided, at variance with their brethren, the same must assure themselves that they eat unworthily, and are guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and that they eat and drink their own damnation; for that there was nothing wanting on their behalf, but that the body of Jesus Christ was rent and plucked in pieces again, whilst they by hatred are divided from their brethren, that is, to wit, from the members of Jesus Christ, and have not any part with him; and yet, nevertheless, in receiving this holy communion, pretended to believe that their whole salvation consisteth in the participation and union with Jesus Christ. Then let us go, my brethren, to the receiving of this heavenly bread, to celebrate the remembrance of our Lord's passion, and to strengthen and fortify the belief and assurance of the forgiveness of our sins with the remembrance thereof, and to quicken up our minds and tongues to praise and exalt the infinite goodness of our God; and, finally, to cherish brotherly love, and to witness the same, one to another, by the strait union which all of us have in the body of our Lord Jesus Christ."

## OUR LIFE HID WITH CHRIST.

[The following thoughts were suggested by a perusal of Mr. Lunt's excellent sermon on the text, "Our life is hid with Christ in God," published in a late number of the Magazine.]

Yes, our life is hid with Christ in God. It is not this mortal life that constitutes our being, beset as it is with cares, trials temptations, errors, and sins. No! it is that spiritual life of which this is only a type, a stage, one scene in the great drama.

This inner-life, — this life of the soul, for which every thoughtful spirit must long at times, however unrenewed it may be, is hid with Christ in God. Our Saviour came to reveal more clearly to us this only true life. Sages, philosophers, had sought it in vain; unassisted reason could not clearly discern this great truth what aspirations does not the pious soul feel for this life! What are all the affections of this world in comparison with that love with which the soul strives to elevate itself towards its divine original!

The proper nourishment of this life is the study of the character, works, and lessons of our Saviour. How do his sublime yet simple teachings set at nought the learning of the schools his parables, his images, so forcible, yet so natural, — "The sower sowing his seed," "The good shepherd and his sheep," "The lily of the field," "The vineyard and the vine." The warning of Lazarus in Paradise to his brethren, and that most beautiful one of all, "The prodigal son," — how forcibly do they speak to our consciousness! how do they penetrate our hearts and awaken all the higher emotions of our nature, — admiration love, pity, and gratitude! Yes, "our life is hid with Christ in God." How must he have loved us! Persecuted, reviled, forsaken, scourged, and crucified; yet how full of tenderness are all his actions! He wept, he pitied, and he forgave us, even on the cross! and yet how insensible are we to this depth of love How many there are, dwelling beneath the refulgent light of the cross, who refuse to join the sacramental feast, to obey his last command, "Do this in remembrance of me"! Frail mortals beset by temptations from without and within, subject to all the pains and sorrows of mortality, who yet refuse to lean upon the

only arm that can strengthen and support them. How many assurances has he given us of his kind protection! — "I will be with you always, even unto the end;" "Come unto me."

Christ saw enough of the woes of humanity to feel more for us than we do for ourselves; and his aim was to lead us to God through himself, that our life might be "hid with Christ in God," to be revealed for ever in eternity.

Do we obey all his commands? do we partake with him at his table? do we pray unceasingly? do we repent of our sins, and hasten to claim this great salvation? If not, at the last great day of account, he will say to us, "Depart from me, I know you not." "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

E. B. L.

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## THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. III. 30.—IV. 28. — CHARITY, WISDOM; TRUE AND FALSE SHAME.

30 As water quencheth flaming fire,
So a deed of mercy atoneth for sins.
31 The Rewarder of virtue shall remember it,
And, when others fall, uphold the merciful.
IV. 1 My child, deprive not the poor of his living,
Neither make thou the longing eye to wait.
2 Grieve not a hungry soul,
Nor wound the feelings of the poor.
3 Disturb no further the troubled heart,
And delay not a gift to the needy.
4 From an afflicted suppliant turn not away,
Neither turn away thy face from the poor.
5 From him that asketh of thee turn not away thine eye,
And give not the man occasion to curse thee.
6 For, if he curse thee in the bitterness of his soul,
His prayer shall be heard by Him that made him.
7 Show thyself friendly to all the people;
Before the great also bow thy head.
8 Incline thine ear to hear the poor man:
Give him a friendly answer with meekness.

9 Deliver the injured from the hand of the unjust,
And be not a coward in declaring justice.
10 Be unto the fatherless as a father,
And instead of a husband unto their mother.
Thus shalt thou be as a son of the Most High,
And he will love thee more than doth thy mother.

11 Wisdom raiseth up her sons,
And gives a helping hand to them that seek her.
12 He that loveth her loveth life;
They that early seek her shall be full of cheerfulness.
13 He who is strong in her shall obtain honor;
And where she entereth, the Lord shall bless.
14 They that serve her are priests of a holy temple;
And them that love her, the Lord doth love.
15 He that hearkeneth to her shall rule the nations;
Whoso giveth ear to her shall dwell securely.
16 Whoever has faith in her may obtain her,
And his children hold her in possession.
17 Yet, at first, she will deal with him perversely;
Fear and dread will she bring upon him;
Putting him to the test of her discipline,
Until that she may trust his soul,
And give him further trial by her laws.
18 Then will she deal with him frankly, and cheer him,
And will unveil to him her hidden treasures.
19 Yet, if he wander, she will forsake him;
Yea, give him up to the hands of Ruin.

20 Watch thine opportunity, and beware of evil;
Neither be ashamed of thy soul.*
21 For there is a shame which leads to sin,
And there is a shame which is glory and virtue.
22 Let no respect of persons lead thy soul to harm,
Nor shamefacedness cause thy ruin.
23 Withhold not thy words, when they may save another;
And hide not thy wisdom in over-nice speech.
24 For by speech should wisdom be made known,
And learning by the words of the tongue.

* Which may mean, either "Be not ashamed of having a soul," or "of having stained t soul;" i. e. "Do not stain thy soul, and shame thyself."

By no means speak against the truth:
If thou hast not learned thereof, acknowledge it.
Be not ashamed to confess even thy sins;
And strive not against the course of a river.*
Yet do not humble thyself to serve a fool,
Nor unduly respect the person of the mighty.
Even till death, strive for the truth,
And the Lord thy God shall fight for thee.

CHAP. IV. 29.—VI. 4.—SUNDRY REMARKS UPON SINS OF HEART AND TONGUE.

Be not prompt with thy tongue,
Whilst in deeds thou art slack and remiss.

Be not like a lion in thy house,
Nor without self-government among thy servants.

Let not thy hand be open to receive,
And shut when thou shouldest repay.

Set not thy heart upon thy goods;
Nor say, "I have abundance."

Trust not thine own soul, and strength,
To walk in the ways of thine own heart.

Say not, "Who is master over me?"
For the Lord shall surely punish thee.

Say not, "I have sinned, and what has happened to me?"
For it is the long-suffering of the Lord.

Be not confident of making an atonement,
Adding boldly sin unto sin.
Say not, "His mercy is great,
I can atone for my numerous sins;"
For not only mercy, but wrath, is with him,
And his anger will rest upon sinners.

* may be a proverbial expression. A very slight change in the Hebrew would give, instead of "a river," "light," i. e. truth.

7 Make no delay in turning to God,
And put not off from day to day;
For suddenly shall the wrath of the Lord come forth,
Causing thee to perish in the day of retribution.

8 Set not thy heart upon unrighteous gains:
They shall profit thee nought in the day of trial.

9 Turn not about with every wind;
Walk not in every path,
As doth the sinner with a double tongue.

10 Be steady in holding thine opinion,
And let thy word be unchanged.

11 Be ever ready to hear,
But deliberate and modest in answering.

12 If thou understand the matter, answer thy neighbor;
But, if not, lay thy hand on thy mouth.

13 Honor and shame come from our talking:
Oft the tongue of a man is his fall.

14 Let no man call thee a talebearer,
And lie not in wait with thy tongue;
For as a thief is in dishonor,
So heavy condemnation is on the double tongue.

15 In a great matter, and in a small,
Act not without knowledge.

VI. 1 Be not an enemy, while professing friendship;
For thy name shall have foul shame and disgrace,
As becometh a sinner with a double tongue.

2 Be not puffed up in conceit of thy wisdom,
Lest thy soul be torn in pieces, as a bull might tear the
3 Thy leaf shall wither, and thy fruit shall fall,
Leaving thee as a dry tree.
4 Lack of wisdom shall destroy the wicked,
Making them the scorn of their enemies.

* The Hebrew may have read, "Lest by success itself thy soul be injured.

CHAP. VI. 5—37. — FRIENDSHIP; WISDOM.

5 A sweet mouth multiplieth friends;
A pleasant tongue multiplieth kind greetings.
6 Be at peace with many,
But take counsel of one out of thousands.
7 If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him in adversity;
And be not forward in trusting to him.
8 For some are friends when it serves their purpose,
And will not remain so in the day of thy trouble;
9 And there are some who are easily turned into foes,
And in a quarrel will reveal what thou wouldst have hidden.
0 There are even friends who have sat at thy table,
Yet remain not friends in thy day of trouble.
1 In prosperity, such a one uses thy wealth as thou thyself,
And orders thy servants as his own.
2 Yet if thou be brought low, he is against thee,
And from thy face turns his eyes away.
3 Keep apart from thine enemies,
And beware of thy friends.
4 A faithful friend is a strong defence:
He that finds such, finds a treasure.
5 A faithful friend is above price,
Nor is there a measure for his worth.
6 A faithful friend is the elixir of life,
And they that fear the Lord shall find such.
7 He that feareth the Lord will guide aright his friendship,
That as he is, so also shall his neighbor be.

8 My child, gather instruction from thy youth up;
So shalt thou find wisdom till thine old age.
9 As one that plougheth, as one that soweth, come to her,
And wait for her good fruits.
There needeth little labor upon her fields;
But quickly thou mayst eat of her fruits.
0 Rough indeed is she to the unlearned;
The thoughtless man refuses to dwell with her.
She seems to him a heavy trial-stone,
And he hastens to cast it from him.*

* Alluding perhaps, as commentators think, to athletic games of Palestine.

22 For Wisdom is according to her name,*
And few are wise enough to find her.
23 Give ear, my child, and receive my advice;
Neither reject thou my counsel.
24 Put, then, thy feet into her fetters,
And her yoke upon thy neck.
25 Bow down thy shoulder to carry her,
And do not take offence at her chains.
26 Come unto her with thy whole heart;
With all thy strength keep in her paths.
27 Search and seek, and thou shalt find her out;
And, when thou hast caught her, let her not go.
28 For at the last she will give thee rest,
And it will become thy joy.
29 Then shall her fetters be thy strong defence,
And her yoke a glorious ornament.
30 For the beauty of gold is hers,
And her bonds are hyacinthine bonds.
31 Put her on as a robe of glory,
And with a festal garland thou shalt bind thy head.
32 My child, if thou wilt, thou shalt be taught;
If thou wilt apply thy mind, thou shalt gain all skill.
33 If thou love to hear, thou shalt receive instruction;
Yea, if thou incline thine ear, thou shalt be wise.
34 Keep to the company of thine elders;
And whoever is wise, to him cleave fast.
35 Be desirous of hearing every godly discourse;
The parables also of wisdom, let them not escape thee.
36 If thou see a man of understanding, hasten early to him
And let thy foot wear out the steps of his door.
37 Apply thy mind to the ordinances of the Lord,
And on his commandments meditate continually:
He then shall establish thy heart,
And thy longing for wisdom shall be satisfied.

* The Hebrew word for "wisdom" signifies *hidden*.

## THE LOGGING ENCAMPMENT.

A SKETCH OF THE WOODS.

One bright morning, cousin James came in, exclaiming in his cordial, noisy way, "Marie and Fanny! have you ever seen a logging camp?"

"Oh, no! Never! How should we?"

"Well, then! On with your bonnets and shawls! Come out into the back-yard, and see what a stylish vehicle I have for you city folks."

It did not take long to throw on our sun-bonnets; and, full of curiosity, we wended our way to the back door, where our kind hostess was feeding her chickens, with the pride of a good housewife.

"Come out into the barn, and see my swallow's nest!" shouted a distant voice.

To the barn we went, therefore, and clambered, in high glee, into an open wagon. Within a few feet of our heads was a lump of clay sticking against the rafter. This was the swallow's nest, and now and then a little black head was popped out to look saucily down upon us.

You may laugh as much as you please at my taste; but I protest that an open wagon is the very best thing to ride in that ever was invented. If it is hard in the springs, so much the merrier! If it has a low-backed seat, with no sides whatever to hold on by, so much the more exciting! And if you are squeezed in between two merry companions, and are talked across and talked at, till you scarcely know which way to turn next, — that is best of all! Off we started with a jounce over the barn-door sill, that nearly dislocated my neck, and a violent nodding to my cousin's wife that set it all right again, and an alarming scattering of hens and chickens before us. Away we went at a rapid pace, up hill and down; our brisk little nag encouraged to do his best by the merry laughs behind him, and the cheering voice of his master. We rattled down the hills at a fearful rate; but we soon found that the horse was sure-footed, and the driver watchful and expert. The ride was very exhilarating; for the wind was fresh on the hill-tops, and the view open

and extensive. We rode a mile or two, skirting the forest, on a broad, smooth road. Now, with a sudden turn, we entered its shady recesses, bumping over the soft, yielding, grassy path; now dipping suddenly into a hole, now coming in violent contact with a moss-grown stump, now sinking to the hub in black mud. We could scarcely speak for the jolts and the laughing, which, together, left us almost breathless. After a half-hour's ride through the most luxuriant foliage, we suddenly emerged into a perfect wilderness. Far as the eye could reach, on every side, rose gaunt, leafless, blackened trunks. The sun poured down between them its intensest heat on the scorched earth, in places once dank and moist from the depth of shade.

"What a dismal place!" exclaimed I.

"*Dismal?* Well may you say so! A sad story is connected with these half-burnt trees, ay, and a true one, too; no romance to work upon your feelings."

Our companion had dropped his merry humor; and the horse, taking advantage of his momentary abstraction, fell into a walk. A death-like stillness seemed to brood over the place. No sound was heard but the snapping and cracking of the brittle boughs beneath our wheels, and, now and then, the distant caw of the crow. We had left behind us the whispering leaves, the twittering birds, and the musical hum of the insects. We had left the wild flowers and the mossy trunks, all the life and beauty and charm of the forest. Here not even the fire-weed raised its head to cheer the lonely spot. All looked blighted, dreary, and desolate, as if a curse had fallen upon every living thing.

"John Willis," said my cousin, "a good, honest, hard-working man, failing to find employment in more thickly settled places, came, with his wife and children, to make a home for himself in the woods. He was strong and intelligent, and of a happy temper, that no hardships could overcome; and right manfully he went to work to break out his land. The trees must be felled, no slight undertaking when they are green and flourishing," said my cousin, glancing at the brittle trunks that had now fallen by their own weight. "Then," he continued, "the stumps must be 'hauled out,' the tough earth broken by the plough, the log-hut built, the barns and fences raised, the winter's fuel and winter's provisions laid in, &c. Only one who has gone through it all, can know what long, severe, patient labor is necessary to

accomplish it. But John finished his work, and did it well, with, now and then, a helping hand from a neighbor, or an encouraging word from a passer-by. It was a lonely spot that he had chosen, full half a mile from any habitation; but when he brought his wife and merry children to his homely log-hut, and sat with them by his own fireside and beneath his own roof, he was as happy a man as you would desire to see. His patient industry worked wonders. Every time I passed, I could see improvements. His fields extended wider and wider. New fences of rough poles, put together with some regard to taste, gradually took the place of the uncouth stump enclosures. His cattle were the finest for many a mile round. His house grew more snug and comfortable every year, while the volumes of smoke rising from the chimney spoke of warmth and plenty within. They had even tried to *beautify* the place. Scarlet runners clung to the rough logs, and straggled over the low roof, and flaunting hollyhocks and peonies stood on each side of the door. As I passed, I often saw the thrifty wife, with her brimming pail, returning from the spring, or stopping a moment on the door-step, broom in hand, to exchange a nod and a smile with me. John was always hard at work in the fields, brown, rough, and jolly, with the children frolicking round him.

It was in the hottest part of a dry and sultry summer, that John stood, rake in hand, watching with a smile the violent exertions of his little son in turning the hay with a ponderous pitchfork. His eye wandered complacently over his waving fields of grain, his trim potato patch, his vigorous green corn, all the thriving vegetables that crowned each slope, hiding every unseemly stump, and spreading out in long, even rows before him, fresh and flourishing in spite of the drought. This was all his own work. And, as he glanced towards the barn, he thought of the sweet new hay that would soon fill it to overflowing, and of the slow moving load that would be passing along the forest road, drawn by his own patient oxen. The house stood behind him. With a happy face he turned to look at it; but what a frightful glare meets his eye! The sky is of a lurid red, and clouds of thick black smoke are curling upward. His wife is wringing her hands, mute with fear. Hurried footsteps are heard approaching, and hoarse voices shout to him that the forest is on fire, and dry as tinder! The fire is sweeping down towards him! No time

is to be lost! John knew that too well! The quick strokes of many axes resounded through the air. Tree after tree fell with a thundering crash. John worked with the strength of a madman. His whole property, the livelihood of his wife and children were at stake. He could not stand still to see the work of so many years destroyed in one hour! Long after the others gave up the hopeless task, he wielded the heavy axe. Tree after tree fell crashing down; but it was too late! The flames came leaping and roaring onward! The hot wind blew in our faces! John dropped the axe from his weary grasp, turned one despairing glance at his home, and with a strange, mad impulse to do *something* to save it, snatched two empty buckets and plunged with them into the burning forest. With quick steps he returned, all dripping from the spring, and, in spite of our earnest warnings, rushed back again. Poor John! he was never seen more! His house remains a heap of ruins, his farm a desolate waste. His once happy wife removed far away from the scene of her dreadful calamity."

We rode on in silence, our mirth entirely checked by the story and the scene. The black trunks were left behind, and the leafy trees again rustled above and around us. The tender blades of grass bent beneath the wheel. The birds chirped joyously. The busy hum of insect-life was all around us. The breeze bore the fragrance of pines, and the spicy perfume of forest plants, and the damp, cooling atmosphere that is so delightful in a hot summer's day. The sunshine came gently down through the branches, tempered and softened by our leafy canopy. It was not natural for us to remain sad long, and our merry host was the first to break the silence. We soon found ourselves laughing heartily again at his jokes and anecdotes, and going into ecstasies over every thing we saw. A narrow winding river, as we crossed it on a bridge, that it makes my bones ache to remember, now attracted our attention. We observed that it was choked with logs, which lazily floated on the current, or drifted together against the banks; and my cousin informed us that we were approaching the logging encampment. The next turn brought us in view of it, a wild, romantic place; but not at all what I had imagined. We sprang from the wagon, full of curiosity, and followed our guide as he led the way to a low, clumsily built log-hut. Where we were to get in, I could not imagine, till my

cousin opened a very small door, something like the entrance to a large dog-kennel, and, thrusting in his head, asked if we might come in. A gruff voice replied that we were welcome; but all the men were out. I thought, if my cousin had found room for his giant person, *I* could follow; so with a low, but most ungracious and grumbling obeisance to the inmate of the hut, I made my bungling entrance, and stared around me. A rough-looking man stood before the fire, very busy in boiling potatoes for dinner. A board placed on two barrels took up nearly all the room in the hut, and was spread with a choice collection of cracked china. In the corner, under the eaves, was heaped together the bedding of the company. The fire was built upon the earth, and the smoke escaped from a hole cut through the logs. My cousin, being a man of colossal stature, had stood with his head reverently bent to avoid rough contact with the roof, and gladly seconded our wish to depart. The sight of the interior of the hut had somewhat diminished in my mind the romance of life in the woods; but I had no sooner tumbled out into the open air than it all come back again in greater force than ever. We saw where the cattle were stowed away in quarters as confined as those of their master. Then we wandered down to the river's edge, where the dark Rendusky seemed to rest rather than move beneath the overhanging foliage. The wild roses grew luxuriantly on the opposite bank, and many bright blossoms gleamed out from inaccessible places. The high banks threw a sombre shadow over the water; but beneath us we could see, through its transparent depth, to the long grass growing at the bottom. Beyond the river was a noble forest fit for the wild Indian to roam through; and I was half-indignant, on turning round, to see the smoke from the camp-fire ascending through the roof. . . .

# THE BLIND PASTOR.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

PASTOR.

How soft the air which from yon lucid lake
Fans my moist brow! The eve is balmy sweet,
Breathing of peace, and fraught with harmonies
Mysterious, deep, — uttered by Nature's voice
In ceaseless homage to the one great Source
That formed, and animates with life and joy,
This wondrous world. Fresh comes the vagrant breeze,
Bearing the breath of wild flowers on its wing,
As in its frolic-play it o'er me sweeps;
Then with a gentle sigh, gentle as that
Which wafts the good man's soul to his sweet rest,
It dies away.

ADALIA.

Ah! dearest father,
Would thine eye could rest its ravished gaze
On this fair scene of hill, and dale, and wood,
Empurpled all with twilight's gorgeous hue,
Glorious as though through heaven's unclosing gate
The radiance streamed! Yon mountain, like a king,
Wears on his lofty brow a golden crown,
And folds with regal pride a purple robe
Round his majestic form. The dimpling lake
Is strewed with gems; and, glistening in the sheen
Of dying day, the thousand polished blades
Of yon broad corn-field seem to fancy's eye
Like gleaming spears, brandished by fairy host,
Who watch to guard the treasures of the wave.
Never, dear father, saw I eve more sweet!
They tell of nights where soft Italian skies
Shed their bland glory o'er the teeming earth;
But nought, methinks, of beauty can they boast,
Which dwells not here, — soft, odor-laden airs;
Resplendent hues; the vesper song of birds;
The gentle falling of sweet, balmy dews
On softly folding flowers, that, with a sigh

Of gushing fragrance, breathe their last farewell
To day's departing smile. How great my joy,
Couldst thou, my father, look on this fair earth,
Which seemeth now touched with new glory
By the hand divine!

PASTOR.

My child, I see it well,
And feel its influence with a joy like that
Which lends to thy soft voice its gladsome tone.
What though through these sealed orbs there steals no ray
To light the darksome prison-house where dwells
A heavenly guest? The soul's eye is undimmed,
And ranges freely through these well-known scenes,
Where day by day our lives flow gently on;
Nor needs it, sweet, the aid of outward sense
To tell me how they change, — how the morn rises
With its veil of mist, all silvery bright;
Nor how at dewy eve yon mountain dons
His purple vesture, while the fairy waves
Of the small lake come dancing to the shore,
Radiant with gems caught from the evening sky.
I see them all! the hill, the grove, the stream,
And the gray church-tower rising 'mid the trees, —
The scene of my long labors, — where I've sought,
I in my weakness, to win souls to God.
Praise to his name, if any shall be set
As precious seals in my immortal crown
Of truth, preached not in vain. Lingers not yet
The glowing sunlight on those time-stained walls?
A gleam of brightness 'mid the gathering gloom,
Like smile of faithful friend.
'Tis a strange power,
Most strange indeed, that by the soul possessed,
To call the objects of its early love
From "memory's waste," unchanged and unforgot,
With its most fine perceptions to behold
The varied shapes and scenes of its past life,
As in a magic glass; to stand at will
In regions most remote, and commune hold
With the long absent, and the buried dead;
To pierce the earth, or with its untired wing

Soar to the gate of heaven, and worship there.
What is this power mysterious, undefined,
But a sweet earnest of capacities
Which dormant lie during our sojourn here,
But are designed for limitless expansion,
When the veil of flesh shall be withdrawn,
And the freed spirit wake to higher joys,
To nobler purposes, and clearer sight,
Than earth unfolds, amid its crushing cares,
To man's contracted view?

ADALIA.

Speak on, dear father, —
I so love to hear thy calm, sweet words.
'Tis beautiful to see thy spirit soar
In holy triumph o'er the ills of flesh;
Cheerful, resigned, and with undoubting trust
Kissing the rod whose chastening touch hath quenched,
For thee, day's pleasant light.

PASTOR.

Alas, my daughter!
Would my spirit bowed more meekly to His will,
Whose gracious hand mingles rich blessings
In the bitter cup my lips must quaff!
If I have strength to bear with patient heart
My sore affliction, 'tis derived from Him
Who gives unsparingly to them that ask
In sorrow's hour for aid. Yet one fond wish
Will sometimes rise to dim the brighter thoughts
That ever should be mine, — a yearning wish,
Which seldom utterance finds, but stronger grows
As o'er my onward path the lengthening shadows
Warn of day's decline. This, — this it is, —
To see thy face, my child, thy young fair face,
Which I have shaped into the loveliest thing
E'er yet wore human form. I still can joy
In nature, though forbid to feast my eyes
On her bright lineaments, — still love the tones,
The grateful intercourse, of my own kind;
But the strong yearning, as each day goes by,
Fastens itself more closely on my heart,

Once to behold thee, child of my soul's love!
But only once, ere in their last long sleep
My eyelids close.

ADALIA.

O my dear father!
Would to God thy wish might be fulfilled!
And yet, perchance, thy love would prove less strong,
Should it be granted to our earnest prayer.

PASTOR.

I could not love thee less, Adalia sweet,
And more I would not, else should I defraud
God of the worship due to him alone.
No more of this, — 'twas but a fevered thought,
Which in unguarded moments issued forth
From my heart's depths: there shall it henceforth rest.
Enough, enough for me to know thee near,
Tending my steps, and with thy loving voice
Cheering my hours of gloom, — enough to feel
Thou art like her who gave thee to my arms;
Like her in soul, and, 'tis my joy to think,
In outward loveliness the very same.

ADALIA.

Ah! had she lived to cheer the sunless gloom
Of those long years so dark and drear to thee,
Her presence would have lent to our lone home
The light of joy and peace.

PASTOR.

Ay, would it, love,
If God had willed it so; but he is wise,
And for some gracious purpose, dark to us,
Called hence my heart's desire. Come, let us rest
In this cool shade awhile, and speak of her.
Here was her favorite seat — I know it well
By the low drooping of the willow boughs,
That, like the tresses of thy silken hair,
Sweep o'er my face. The soft leaves rustle
In the summer air, like spirit-voices
Whispering of the past, — of those sweet days

When here with me thy angel-mother sat;
And thou, young sparkler, smiling at our feet,
Strewed the green herbage with thy fragrant spoils,
Or chased with airy step the vagrant bee,
That came, with drowsy hum and loaded thigh,
To sip sweet nectar from the dewy bells
Thy hand had culled.

ADALIA.

Some faint remembrance
Of those happy days methinks I have; —
Of a fair face that looked on me with love,
And gentle tones that murmured tenderly
O'er my young head. I hear them oft in dreams,
And sometimes feel the warm, soft pressure
Of those angel-lips that printed kisses
On my infant-brow.

PASTOR.

'Tis sweet to think
She hovers round us; with her eyes of love
Watching our progress to that spirit-land
Which is her radiant home. Four brief, bright years
She blessed my heart, and gladdened it with thee, —
Thee with thy cherub-smile, thy asking eye,
Imploring care and love. Then the strong spell
Of earth my soul enchained, and I was lapped
As in Elysian dreams of deep delight;
Forgetting heaven, — forgetting that I stood
God's messenger to man, — the lost, the fallen;
Myself degraded most, since I had made
Earth my heart's home, formed idols of its clay,
And worshipped them; reckless how frail they were;
Frail as the leaf that fades in Autumn's bower,
And fleeting as the hues which paint the sky
Ere the still Night her sable pall unrolls.

ADALIA.

Dear father, be more lenient to thyself,
Since on another thou wouldst ne'er pronounce
Judgment so stern. God's minister thou art,
And true to thy high trust; in darkness even
Faithful at thy post beside his altar,

Binding the broken heart, and pouring balm
Into the spirit's wounds, as well beseems
A follower meek of Him who knows no guile.

PASTOR.

Alas, my daughter! mine are words of truth,
Humbling and sad. I bowed to idols;
But the chastening came, a Father's chastening,
Sent in tender love to win my soul
Back to the path of heaven. Blindness fell on me,
Shutting out for aye the light I loved;
Blotting for ever from these straining orbs
Yon azure vault, the radiant forms of earth,
And ah! more sad than all, thy face, my child,
And hers in whose sweet lineaments my eye
Was wont to seek for answer to my thought,
Ere words had given it birth.
I should have sunk
Beneath this fatal stroke, but for her sake
On whose fond heart it fell with deadlier force.
Oh! gently then along my darksome way
Her small hand guided me; but, when she spoke,
There was a trembling pathos in her voice
Which pierced my soul; then would my lip seek hers,
Breathing fond tones of comfort with the kiss
Of wedded love; but seldom answered she,
Save with her tears, while in the struggle
'Gainst her inward grief she oft would fall
In wild abandonment upon my breast,
Weeping aloud, and panting like a child
By sorrow quite subdued. And so she sank
In slow decay, as day by day passed on;
And when the spring called its first blossoms forth,
Hung flowery wreaths on every budding bough,
And tufted with gay knots each verdant bank,—
I laid my flower of beauty in her grave;
While thou, unconscious of thy early loss,
Showered tender violets on the pale fair clay,
Which I too well had loved. So we were left:
I, a lone sightless man; and thou, poor babe,
Without a mother's care, or the fond shelter
Of a mother's arms, wherein to hide thy griefs.

ADALIA.

God spared the bitter knowledge of that loss
To my young heart; and though within me, ofttimes,
Nature yearns for a fond mother's love,
I know no want which thou hast not supplied.
Gently as hers thy arms have folded me;
My thoughts have all been thine, — my joys, my griefs,
Found sweet response from thee, — till, as in one,
Our hearts seem mingled, and for me the name,
The most dear name of father doth combine
The sweetest sympathies, the holiest ties,
That unto life give bliss.

PASTOR.

To childhood's life,
Which in itself is bliss. Though well I know
How fondly thou hast answered the warm love
Which without measure I have poured on thee,
Yet, my Adalia, I have deemed of late
Thy soul had found new wants, — that its calm depths
Were troubled with sweet joy, — like a still lake
That all unruffled lies mid folding hills,
Till o'er it softly steals the wooing breeze,
Dimpling with magic touch its placid breast,
And from its depths waking new shapes of beauty,
That till then within its crystal coves
Had slept, uncalled.

ADALIA.

Why thinkst thou thus, dear father?
Have I of late so failed in duteous love,
That thou dost deem my heart estranged from thee?
My wishes rovers, when at home they find
All that should give content?

PASTOR.

Content and peace
With thy old father in his darksome way, —
Thank God it hath been so, and bless thee, sweet,
For all thine angel-ministry, gently
Dispensed as it hath ever been, and constant
As the day; making my darkness light, —

My sadness joy, — my solitary home
A blissful bower, wherein thy gentle voice
Spake ever words of love, while thy young hand
Lent willing aid to guide my doubtful feet
Over smooth paths, till now my journey's end
Is well nigh won, and on these sightless eyes
Ere long shall dawn the undimmed brightness
Of eternal day.

ADALIA.

Not yet, dear father, —
Ah, I pray, not yet mayst thou be called
To thy deserved reward. Oh, name it not!
I cannot bear —

PASTOR.

My daughter, calm thy fears.
I ne'er can say, but years may yet be mine;
Though, as thou know'st, I am an aged man,
And when I called thy youthful mother, wife,
Stood in ripe manhood, — nay, e'en then I saw
O'er my bright sky the darkening shadows steal
That told of eve. So that by Nature's law
My span of life is drawing to a close,
My earthly life, — for to the Christian's eye
Death is the glad event that ushers him
To life unending, — to the joys of heaven, —
To God's own presence, and communion sweet
With Christ his Son.
Therefore, my child, weep not
That soon the silver cord must be unloosed,
And broken at earth's fount the golden bowl.
My threescore years and ten are nearly spent,
And I can feel this trembling house of clay
Dissolving fast. — I pain thee by this theme,
Yet oft I choose it; for I fain would make
The thought familiar of our parting hour,
That, when it comes, thou mayst have learned to lean
On that firm Rock which ne'er like earthly stay
Will mock thy trust.

ADALIA.

Oh, thou dost wring my heart!

Joyless my life, wert thou, my father, gone, —
Thou my companion since its earliest dawn, —
My guide, my friend! all that on earth I have!

PASTOR.

Is there not one, my child, — nay, start not thus:
It is love's hand that would unveil thy heart, —
Is there not one whom God hath raised to fill
My place, when vacant; who will guard thee well,
And guide thee gently, as thou me hast led,
Through pastures green and fair? Dearest, look up:
I feel thy soft cheek glowing 'neath my touch,
And this small hand flutters like prisoned bird
In my weak grasp. Thou hast no cause to blush
At thy fond choice, none to feel shame because
I name it thee. Long have I known it, — known
Where thy young heart was garnering its hopes,
And ofttimes prayed that they might not be wrecked.
The blind are quick discerners; so I read
By many signs, when young Durance was nigh,
How well he loved, how truly was beloved
By my fair girl.

ADALIA.

Pardon, dear father,
That my trembling lips have feared to speak
What they full oft essayed; for I have grieved
That e'en one thought should rest, unshared by thee,
Within my secret heart.

PASTOR.

I blame thee not:
'Tis woman's nature silently to brood
O'er such fond secrets, hiding them full oft
E'en from herself deep in her bosom's core.
But nought escapes a watchful father's love, —
Nought that may touch the welfare of a child
Dear as thou art; and when this morn thy lover
Told his tale of hopes and fears, approval
Craving of his tender suit, I but delayed him
Till from thee I learned thy heart's dear wish.
But I divine it without word of thine:

None needst thou speak; for, sweet, the fluttering throbs
Of thy young heart, bounding against mine own,
Give answer eloquent to my appeal,
And utter all thy maiden bashfulness
Might shame to speak.

DURANCE.

I come to hear my doom.
'Twas here, sir, thou didst say it should be told;
And I have waited trembling for the hour
Which shall decide my fate.

PASTOR.

It is a happy one,
As his must be to whom this hand is given.
Take it, my son, and with it a pure heart,
That pearl of price; and ne'er let rude neglect
Or cold indifference chill the gushing tide
Of its deep love, — its trusting confidence,
Proved by the cheerful faith with which it yields
Its hopes and fond affections to thy care.
I give her thee to cherish, to protect,
To guard from ill; and charge thee, sit with her
Daily at Jesus' feet, learning of him,
The meek, the lowly, and the pure in heart,
Lessons of wisdom high, — of truth divine,
To guide you onward in the path of faith
To joys that never die.
So she is thine, —
Soon will be thine alone; and when death's veil
Shall shroud me from her view, oh! then guard well
Thy precious trust, — that, when hereafter
At the bar of God we meet again,
I may not chide thee for the stains of earth
Which cling to her lost soul; but hail with joy,
'Mong the bright spirits that surround the throne,
My seraph-child, a victor over sin, —
Victor through Him who its dread power subdued,
And plucked from Death his sting.

E. L. C.

# CHRIST THE WAY.

A SERMON, BY REV. MORDECAI DE LANGE.

JOHN xiv. 6: "I am the way."

OUR Saviour has distinctly declared, that no man can come to the Father but by him; thus asserting, not only that he is the way, but that he is the only way, by which such coming can be effected. By coming to the Father, we understand him to include the abandonment of sin, and the assumption of holiness. Not only have we his word for this important truth, but it is demonstrable from reason. It can be clearly shown that there is no salvation for man; that he cannot come to the Father; that he cannot abandon sin and put on holiness, in any other way than through Jesus Christ. That this may become plain to our apprehension, let us address ourselves to the following inquiries:

First, — What constitutes him the way?

Second, — How is man to travel in that way?

1. He is the way because he overcame all temptation. Although exposed to it as we are, he yet remained sinless; and thus he reveals to us that such exposure does not involve the necessity of sin. This is a great discovery to a striving, sinful man. Let us suppose a case, to ascertain its value. A sinner, ignorant of Jesus Christ, is led by the providence of God to perceive the hideousness of sin, and the beauty of holiness. He determines to labor for the abandonment of the one, and the attainment of the other. In other words, he determines to come to his Father. Beset with temptations, his labors commence with endeavoring to overcome them. But soon he encounters unexpected difficulties. Habits of evil had been formed within him, and they continually suggest their customary temptations. The outward circumstances in which he is placed, also, abound with evil suggestions. Often, while manfully struggling with one temptation, he is unexpectedly assailed by another; and, before he can gather his forces for defence, he is overthrown by the suddenness of the assault. At times, too, despite his desire for spiritual progress, weariness seizes upon him: he feels unable, almost unwilling, longer to resist the attacks of the enemies of his peace. Customary temptations

ar; and, almost without lifting a hand in his defence, he powerless before them.

me flies rapidly away. He discovers that he has made but l progress in the homeward journey: indeed, he is not sure he has made any. He looks back to the period when the ficance of life had first been unveiled to him; when, per- ng its relation to its source, he sought to direct his steps rds God. Despondency assails his soul as he still perceives immeasurable distance before him. Thus far, his efforts only served to reveal his difficulties. A host of demons, in guise of the innumerable temptations of life, press him, with sing assiduity, on every side. Here he defeats one; there overcome by another. When shall the battle be finished? n shall harmony prevail? Throughout the contest, he had red much sorrow and anxiety; for his mind had constantly engaged in the painful observation of the inward enemies of eace, that he might be ready for their assaults. He loved eousness, and hated sin; and the contemplation of what he l could not be otherwise than distressing to him. He nes disheartened, and is almost ready to give up the struggle. hope he had so long cherished, appears but an illusion; he s to suppose that man is made for sin; that it is a necessary of his nature. He loses all faith in his capability for eousness, and is disposed to cease his exertions for that h appears unattainable.

it, at this critical juncture, he gains knowledge of Jesus st; and a new hope springs up within his soul. He beholds ing made like himself, and subject to similar temptations, yet overcomes them all. His past doubts and fears, and ties and despondencies, now vanish from his mind. The l truth which he so earnestly sought is made known to him; apacity for perfect righteousness is revealed to him. No r is it a mere speculation, based upon his perception of the ressive nature of his powers. It is now manifested to him in ection with flesh and blood; in a breathing, moving, living ence. He hesitates no longer. He addresses himself anew e great object of his search; he seeks again to come to his er. And, with his attention fixed upon him who has gone e him, and who thus becomes the way to him, he shall not o attain his long-desired haven of rest and happiness.

2. Jesus Christ is the way, because of his deeds. In these he exhibits the harmonious development of all the powers of man. In him, these powers all received their appropriate expression; and in this way he walked continually with God. Hence it becomes apparent that there is no quality in man which compels him to the commission of sin. There is a quality in his nature which subjects him to temptation; but Jesus shows him, by his own example, that this does not involve the necessity of sin. He learns that the whole man is capable of consecration. All his powers can be directed towards their great Original. All his acts can be exalted, holy, and full of a large disinterestedness, an all-conquering love. It is his province to walk erect in spiritual dignity. It is an inevitable consequence of a right direction of his powers, that he should rejoice in the possession of all holiest and godlike thoughts, and in the performance of all holiest and godlike acts. In this high consciousness, he breaks the shackles of fear, and walks forth in the glad freedom of hope. There is peace in his heart, for all nature sympathizes with him; and he understands the character, and shares in the possession of universal love. Such is the saving power exhibited by Jesus Christ in his deeds.

3. Jesus Christ is the way, because of his words. He spoke as never man spake. His words reveal the great wants and profoundest principles of the human soul. This was a portion of his mission, that through him "the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed." The Almighty has written on every human heart the truths in which it is to rejoice through eternity; but sin so darkens man's spiritual vision, that the fair characters are illegible to his eyes. Then comes Jesus, a being of pure vision, and reads the inscriptions that God has made; and the hearts of their possessors stir with a great emotion, for the words there written are thus revealed; and men, made conscious of their possession, are moved by their power as with the inspiration of a new life. And so is it ever when the voice of Jesus is heard: the wonderful revelation that God has made, man reads in his own soul.

4. Jesus Christ is the way, because of his companionship with the Father. He says, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do;" herein implying his constant companionship with the Father. And this declaration he makes of

powers similar to ours. Thus he shows that man may always be in the presence of God, and perform only those acts which he sees Him do. Jesus proves himself to be the way by this revelation; for man could not otherwise obtain it. By the commission of sin, he has so diseased his powers of discernment, that he knows not his capability of entire righteousness. His heart thus becomes a prey to disquietude; for he is not made to live apart from his Father; he is not made to live in sin. Many men live on in trouble and sorrow, and never learn the cause of their affliction; others, by the providence of God, perceive their want, and endeavor to supply it. They seek to return to their Father; but there is but one way by which such return can be effected, and, if they attempt it by any other, they must inevitably fail of accomplishing their object. Christ is the way, and not our own unaided powers, labor as earnestly as we will. These powers have become diseased by misuse, and are insufficient of themselves to carry the sinner to his Father's presence. It is well that we should observe the distinction; that they are given to us to walk with God, when they are in a purely healthful condition: they are insufficient to carry us to him when they are borne down, and enfeebled by disease. Then must we avail ourselves of the strength of another, of one whose purity was unsullied, to effect our approach. Then must we come to him who, in all his actions, shows us that he always does his Father's will, and always walks with him in close companionship. So shall we come to the Father. So shall we perceive his mansion open for our reception. So shall we behold him, with outstretched arms, eager to embrace the returning prodigal.

5. Finally, Jesus Christ is the way, because of his sufferings and death. This consideration embraces all the rest; for it is the only effectual influence to direct our regards towards them. It is not enough for us that he overcame all temptation; that his deeds were in harmony with God's laws in man's nature; that his words reveal the truths that God has written upon the human heart; that he always walks with the Father, and teaches us that we can do the same. More than all this we require, to accept his guidance. More than all this we demand, before we will agree to enlist under his banner. It is first necessary that he should manifest his love for us, by enduring unequalled suffering on our account. It is first necessary that he should be betrayed,

insulted, scourged, crucified, before we can surrender to him our hearts. It is first necessary that we must behold his agony on the cross; we must see the crimson drops trickling from his wounds. Our ears must listen to that wail of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yes; we must witness his transcendent afflictions, and know that they were endured for love of us; — and then, with strange mixture of sorrow and joy, with a chaos of disturbed and exciting emotions, we cast ourselves at his feet; we embrace his lacerated limbs; and, with tears of love and sympathy, we hail him as "our Saviour, our beloved Redeemer." Yes; all this is necessary as an exhibition of the inexhaustible fountain of love within his soul. Less than this does not suffice us. Truth is beautiful, but Love is precious to us. The first we admire at a distance; the second enables us to enter upon its possession. The truth which the Redeemer offers us we cannot accept, without the love that is manifested in its presentation. The sufferings and death of Jesus are the means by which his love is manifested. Thus our love is excited in return. We listen to his words; we accept his guidance; in lowly humility we seek to tread in his footsteps. Thus we learn that Jesus is pre-eminently the way, because of his sufferings and death.

I have thus sought to show you what constitutes Jesus Christ the way, — the only way by which man can come to the Father; and, in so doing, I would have you understand that I have by no means exhausted the subject. There are many other respects in which it can be shown that he is the way; but those which I have presented are sufficient for my present purpose. I am now to answer the question, — How is man to travel in that way? And here let me remind you, that repentance is not salvation; it is but the first step towards it. Salvation is holiness. Salvation is that condition of the soul, in which, although it be still subject to temptations, and those, it may be, of fearful magnitude, yet it may overcome them. A man may repent earnestly of his sins; the desire to abandon them may be the one great object of his heart; and yet, if he rest in repentance, if he content himself with the effort to overcome his sins; if he seek not something beyond and above this; if he does not avail himself of the way, the especial way offered him by the inexpressible mercy of an

Almighty Father, — he shall fail inevitably in the attainment of his object. On the other hand, I would remark, that no man earnestly repents, without God guiding him, sooner or later, to the only way by which his repentance can be made effectual. Too many persons, who have commenced with a sincere repentance, have gradually slackened their efforts, imagining that their work was done, because of the sweet comfort communicated to their souls by the kindness of their Heavenly Father, when, in the first consciousness of evil, they have prostrated themselves before his presence, confessed their sins, and humbly implored his forgiveness. These persons remind me of children who come sorrowfully confessing their transgressions to their parents, and, having been comforted by their sympathy and kindness, they plunge again into their little amusements, forgetting the sin, the repentance, and the forgiveness; and thus are easily induced to the repetition of the evil in the same or another form. Surely such children cannot become what their parents desire. Not only is it necessary to repent, but it is also necessary that we avail ourselves of all the means, and, above all, of the best means, to acquire the object which originally caused repentance. That object, as I have before stated, is holiness, salvation, entire submission to the will of God; and the only way by which it can be finally attained is through Jesus Christ. This sin, that sin, — an evil habit here, an evil habit there, — a man may succeed in overcoming, by his simple effort after righteousness. But he will find that the great body of his sinful dispositions still cling to him; and there is constant danger that they will tempt him to actual commission. He still finds himself a sinner; he still sees no prospect of perfect victory.

But, more than this; his difficulties increase with his progress. He has no conception of the obstructions in his path, until he sets out on his journey. Then, as he advances, new difficulties continually arise before him. Previous to his entering upon his search after holiness, he was ignorant of his own character. He had committed thousands of acts without the least reference to their moral quality. But now his attention is directed towards them; and, with amazement and grief, he beholds the turpitude of his most common actions. He sees their dependencies, their connections, their ramifications, as he had never seen them before; and, with a sense of profound abasement, he perceives a vein of

evil running through his best deeds. Nothing that he does seems to be wholly pure; some unworthy motive he plainly discerns in every righteous action he performs. And this is no jaundiced or exaggerated view of his condition. He was before diseased, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; his spiritual heart gave forth no healthful throb; but he was in entire ignorance of his miserable condition. Although he was daily perishing, he vainly imagined himself in the possession of health. But repentance, and the effort after righteousness, have exhibited to him his true condition; and, as he perceives that the disease of sin is spread throughout his whole spiritual nature, — that there is no spot in his soul that is free from the destroying taint of corruption, his condition is apparently hopeless. Call in your *moral* physician. He will tell you that conscience is your proper remedy. He will direct you to listen to its teachings, to render obedience to its directions. He will tell you that its admonitions shall increase with your obedience; and that thus, ultimately, you shall become cured; that thus you shall be healed of your disease; that, in this way, every action, every motive, shall be freed from the fatal leaven of sin. You turn from him in grief and disappointment; for this way you have tried, and found it wanting. What had conscience done by your frequent and earnest appeals to it? It had but laid bare your wounds, and exhibited their desperate condition; I had well nigh said, *incurable*, were there not a Physician gifted with sufficient power to heal them. Conscience is the law within us that convicts us of sin; it has no power in itself for its removal. God, in his boundless mercy, — O Heavenly Father! how shall we thank thee for this, thy most precious gift! — sent Jesus Christ into the world, that by his aid we might be healed; through him we might be made whole; through him we might be saved; through him we might come to the Father. Yes, my friends, he is the way in which we must travel. We must accept him by faith. Step by step, we must tread on in the journey of his life. No longer must we give our chief regards to ourselves; no longer must we probe so deeply the wounds in our own souls. Health is stronger than disease. Health shall overcome disease. We must walk in daily companionship with Jesus Christ.

I am exceedingly anxious that you shall clearly understand me in this statement. I sin before God, if I here, by my own act,

leave any vague or indefinite impression on your minds. I mean that you must fix your whole attention upon the character, the actions, the words, the thoughts of Jesus. I mean that you must make him the constant object of your contemplation and study. I mean that you must seek communion with the inmost thoughts, the profoundest emotions, of his soul. I will tell you what will be the consequence of this course. You will love him, — oh, how you will love him! Words are powerless to express the intense love for Jesus that shall thus take possession of your soul. And this love will be the definite medium of your salvation. It will accelerate your approach towards God. Jesus was his perfect image. This is what you wish to become. By contemplating him, you shall grow into his likeness. By loving him, your heart-strings shall become intertwined with his. What he says, you will say; what he does, you will do. He will thus supply every craving necessity of your soul. So beautifully will the divine lustre of his glorious life illumine your path, that you will press forward with an assurance to which before you were a stranger. And this divine love, as manifested in his life, which will thus be awakened within you, will imbue you with a strength that shall enable you to overcome all difficulties. Joyfully will you exclaim with the great apostle, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthened me." Do you not see that thus you will labor with a strength superior to your own; with the strength of the perfect Son of God? Yes, my friends, not only is Jesus the way, but thus it is that man is to travel in it. He chooses another way, when desiring to attain holiness; he rejects the aid that God offers him, and endeavors to come to him by his own unassisted strength. Nothing less than the strength of Christ is sufficient to enable him to attain his object; and I have shown you how this is to be obtained.

Again, I would deprecate misunderstanding. I would not be understood to assert, that the strength of Christ is at once conferred upon us. The degree in which we obtain it is always proportioned to the love we bear for him. The love we bear for him is proportioned to the knowledge we possess of him. It then becomes all-important that we should always increase our acquisition of this knowledge.

Finally, I would draw your attention to a comparison of these two modes: that by which we act from self-observation, and from

our own strength; and that in which our actions result from observation of Christ, and the strength that is thus imparted to us. In the one, the object of contemplation is sin; in the other, it is holiness. When we regard the one, we look upon that which we hate; when we regard the other, we look upon that which we love. Here, we observe a perverted, degraded nature; there, we behold a nature perfect as it came from the hand of God. On the one side, we behold jarring, divided, distracted faculties, waging continual war; on the other, we see them all in harmonious union, in the nice balance of perpetual peace. In the one case we are engaged in constant self-observation; in the other, in the delightful contemplation of the sinless Son of God. Need I continue the parallel? Is it not plain what must be the results of pursuing these two widely-diverging ways? In the one, sorrow, disappointment, and despair must be our lot; in the other, rejoicing, prosperity, and peace. In the one, we pursue an illusory light, like that which deludes the credulous traveller from marshy exhalations, — awakening hope and fear alternately by its eccentric motions, till at last it vanishes, and leaves him to perish in darkness and misery. In the other, our eyes are fixed upon a sure and steadfast blaze; such as gladdens the heart of the mariner, when its bright rays stream across the dark ocean, and enable him to steer his bark with safety into the desired haven.

And, now, what have I to ask you but this? Ye who have repented of your sins, ye whose soul's desire it is to find rest in the bosom of the Eternal Father, will you walk in this way? Will you steadily press forward in it, holding fast by the hand of the Son of God, and looking upon his face, as you proceed, with a sweet and tender confidence? Do this, O my brethren! and life shall become fair and beautiful to you. Its seemingly dark dispensations shall glow with heavenly lustre. All around you shall hover the spirits of the redeemed, whose garments of salvation have been dyed in the blood of the Lamb. With them you shall joyfully unite in singing glad hosannas to the Son of God. The constant presence of the Most High shall overshadow you with its protecting influence, and you shall feel that danger cannot possibly approach you. And when the hour of departure from this temporary residence arrives, he who went before you to prepare a place for you shall stand ready to receive you, and to conduct you into his Father's house. There you shall abide in unutterable joy, relieved of all disposition to wander. And, as

the ages roll on; as world after world springs into creation, and, having performed its mission, passes away, — the glories of the Eternal Father, which no thought can conceive, shall gradually and grandly be unfolded to you.

Thus may it be with us, oh my brethren. Thus may we come to, and ever remain with, our Father, through Jesus Christ, his Son, our Redeemer.

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## A VISION OF DANGER.

THE day was very cold; but the clear blue sky, the merry voices of children playing in the snow, induced me to forego the pleasures of a warm room, and the enjoyment of reading a new book, for exercise in the open air. As I had no particular object in view but a walk, and seeing a friend before me, I walked fast to overtake her; but, just as I was on the point of speaking to her, she opened a gate, and, knocking at the door of a house, was readily admitted as one who was an accustomed visitor.

Could I be mistaken? It was indeed the jail; and this, then, was not her *first* visit. Where had *I* been? how had *I* employed the hours which she had been giving to the prisoner? Who was now confined here that excited her sympathy? These thoughts rapidly passing through my mind, my curiosity was aroused, I confess, more than my desire to imitate her in deeds of love; and I also sought and obtained admission within the gloomy walls.

I was ushered into the rooms for visitors, in the farthest part of which was a grated door, through which might be seen some of the departments of the prison; and here I observed my friend earnestly and sadly watching a female, whose countenance, as she advanced and met the gaze of her visitor, suddenly lighted up with hope. But how shall I express my surprise in recognizing, in the prisoner, one who had ever visited with us in our social circle, but whose imprudence, passing soon into crime, had brought her here, where she was awaiting her trial!

My attention was now withdrawn from the prisoner, by the opening of a door in the room in which she was confined, and the announcement by the jailer that all the prisoners would take their seats to await the arrival of the Court, and be judged according to their deeds.

Accordingly, the seats which were arranged in this hall were soon occupied. Slowly advanced the aged man; the child young in crimes; boys who had never been taught the right ways; and she whose first transgression had been attended with ignominy and shame.

Some were accompanied by kindred, who seated themselves on the criminal's bench, not willing to desert them in this hour of searching trial. My friend instantly joined her, whose comfort she had been in these days of solitude and confinement; and *I*, I alone of that assembly, was left to gaze around.

But the eyes of all turned upon me, and silently yet in thunder-tones said, Are *you* alone innocent? Are *you* alone the one who can throw the first stone? Are *you* alone the one whom none of us can call friend, and from whom we can seek for sympathy in this the hour of need?

Confused, ashamed, convicted, I hastily seated myself with the prisoners; feeling that, in the sight of the Judge, *I* was indeed guilty; I whose education had been such from earliest infancy as to shield me from open crime, to save me from temptation, and to give me many, many noble opportunities to seek out and save the erring and the lost. And had I done this? I felt that his eye was upon me, reading all my past life; yet, when I again dared to look around, no *human* judge was visible; only those heart-stricken friends, those unfortunate prisoners.

Near me was seated a young girl of but sixteen years; her large, dark eye, flushed cheek, and frail form, indicating but few days more of suffering in this life, before her soul would pass on. My sympathy for her was awakened, and I eagerly offered her any aid she might need. A smile of scorn disfigured those beautiful features; and a quick, repulsive blow on my cheek from that delicate and almost transparent hand was the only answer.

Suddenly, the voice of this young girl broke the silence by a song, not of sadness, but of mirth, of unhallowed joys, of lost innocence. Could it be that she so little realized her sin, as now, in this her hour of judgment, to let that laugh ring through the room, indulging still in thoughts of wickedness?

My cheek still smarting from the blow, I asked, "Why do you not sing of your parents and of your friends?" Poor child! she had braved all, — ignominy, poverty, imprisonment; but this reference to early childhood was too much for her exhausted frame, and, throwing herself upon the cold stone floor, she

sobbed, "Friend? friend?—*I* have no friend!" and she stretched her attenuated arms to embrace the stones, as if they alone could be willing to speak comfort to her breaking heart.

What had I done? How thoughtless had been my words! What had been the early education of this girl I knew not,—where her parents were now; whether they knew of the crimes of their child. Her *mother!* O God! spare my heart the agony of seeing my own child brought to that misery. Oh! how bitter, how agonizing the thought, to die and have no *friend!* No friend here; then how certain to her young heart, no friend in another world! Who had there been to teach her to come to Jesus; to learn that, only by the strength obtained through him, we can gain the victory over temptation, passion, and even death? I sprang from my seat, and, gently raising her, said, "*No friend!* yes, you have one; tell *me* your sorrows; let there be at least one who can love you." These words gradually calmed her; but when she looked at me, and recognized the bruised face, it was too much: it was indeed forgiveness. She could not utter a word; but the scalding tears and the impassioned kiss showed that she was yet susceptible to love, and that the heart was not too much hardened to appreciate my kindness.

But who and where was her destroyer? She would not name him, but only said, "*He* is in the society of the rich; *he* is admitted to homes of wealth; *he* is sought by many parents, though they admit he has been sometimes wild, nay, dissipated: but his ways are fascinating; he is *rich;*—but where, oh! where am *I!*"

The sad, heart-broken tones, and the sobs of this forsaken, dying girl, whose countenance bore so strong a resemblance to my own child as to cause me to shudder, awoke me, as the clock of a neighboring church struck the hour of midnight.

I had now probably another day before me, and how should it be passed? Should the lessons taught by this dream vanish as the wind, and I sit idly looking upon the events of life, until I am aroused to take my seat to be judged?

"There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page."

Let us not, in our prayers for the heart-broken, the forsaken, the abandoned, forget those through whose instrumentality they have been brought so low. A fearful, an appalling account will be theirs in the hour of judgment; and let our prayers be, that repentance come not too late, but that in deep humiliation they may strive to repair some of the wretchedness they have caused.

Parents, watch eagerly, anxiously, over your children, boys as well as girls; for the tempter lurks around, often where you least suspect. Seek to give them *good principles;* to avoid the society of those — and alas! how many such in our midst — who sneer at religious forms and observances, and cast ridicule upon those who keep to the right rather than yield to fashion.

Brothers, sisters, pray for one another. You cannot tell how much you need each other's prayers to strengthen you in your hours of temptation.

Make Jesus your friend; and, if you love him, you will *keep his commandments*, and God will love you, and you will have that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. — A book over which twenty thousand families are alternately crying and laughing, in spite of philosophy or dignity, within a month after its publication; and which as many thousands more are impatiently requiring three paper-mills and three power-presses, worked day and night, to supply; which all social circles talk about, and talk about only to praise; which phlegmatic fathers are persuaded to read aloud of an evening, and do read aloud till they find themselves taken with unaccountable fits of coughing, in the passage down the Mississippi, or obliged to steady their nerves under cover of poking the fire, while the eavesdropping domestics in the entry wonder he doesn't go on; which creates all sorts of eager compromises and magnanimous self-denials in households, — but is never out of somebody's

ands, — the busy brother getting up early to pore over it before
eakfast, and the sister taking it to bed with her at night, and the
ildren peeping into it by means of a greater despatch at the din-
r-table, and the mother taking it in brief and sweet instalments,
hile she rocks the cradle with her foot, and sings an unconscious
companiment to the psalmody in "Aunt Aloe's" parlor, the
dest daughter looking over her shoulder; which neighbors want
borrow "when it is done with," and then undergoes a series of
ndestine sub-borrowings, connived at, not without anxiety, by
e borrower-in-chief; which travellers stuff into carpet-bags, and
burban citizens take into the cars with their fingers between the
ves "where they left off," and school-girls endanger their eye-
ht by a joggled perusal of in omnibuses; which makes all
ders voluntary slaves to the potent command of its enchantment,
ile it pictures the curse and crime of involuntary slavery be-
een man and man; which fascinates alike by its natural por-
yal of unnatural cruelties, and its ideal displays of human
elity and love, — is not a book to stand in need of the puffs of
riodicals. The last copy we happened to see — an hour ago —
as lying on a fishmonger's bench, among lobsters' claws, halibuts'
ls, and oyster-shells, ready to be snatched up as soon as the
stomer had taken his change. And if the Secretary of State has
t bent his great eyebrows over it, he will before he is President,
d will admire it just as much as the oyster-man.

In fact, among all classes of people, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is
vering, and is destined to have a success and a circulation almost
nexampled in our literature. Probably it is freighted with more
substantive hope for the Negro race in this country, both en-
aved and free, than all the organized efforts at emancipation for
e last half-score of years. If the reader's sympathies go with the
ndman, or even the fugitive, rather than with the master or pur-
er, one cannot but see that it is the fault of the system, not of
e writer. The arguments on both sides are carefully weighed.
he spirit is admirably catholic. You are not annoyed by any pre-
nceived theories, any obtrusive hobby, defended at every corner,
one-sided appeals or bad logic. You are simply planted directly
wn in the midst of slavery as it is, to hear both slaves and mas-
rs talk, and just as they *do* talk; to see both as they are, in all
eir varieties; to enter into their anxieties and sorrows, to appre-
ate their higher and lower impulses, and to be perplexed with their
rplexities. There is no stupidity nor imbecility, no cant nor spite.
ll is animated, vivid, graphic, genial, human. The dramatic

skill is equal to the inventive genius. There is the stamp of original power on every page. The tone is healthy, not morbid. Just as you are ready to cry over the pathos, you are obliged to laugh at the fun; and, in your warmest indignation at wrong, you are not suffered to grow intolerant towards the wrong-doer. More than once, it is true, the human heart in us is obliged to repress its indignation, by some such thoughts as the high and holy ones, so calmly and yet awfully prophetic, which the author introduces just where they are wanted: "Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell, indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom, he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labor in love; for, sure as he is God, 'the year of his redeemed *shall* come.'"

Although it appears to be incidental to the main design of the work, yet the religious effect of it alone is wonderfully deep, healthy, and right. If studied to that end, it might yield a wisdom touching the true nature of spiritual experience, the law of Christian life, the doctrine of the soul's relations to the Redeemer, and the workings of simple faith, that would prove a gracious medicine to many of the theological disorders of the times. Here and there, too, is a beautiful passage of hope and promise. We have room for only one example: —

"If ever Africa shall show an elevated and cultivated race, — and come it must, some time, her turn to figure in the great drama of human improvement, — life may be waked there with a gorgeousness and splendor of which our cold, western tribes have faintly conceived. In that far-off, mystic land of gold, and gems and spices, and waving palms, and wondrous flowers, and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendor; and the Negro race, no longer despised and trodden down, will perhaps show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life. Certainly they will, in their gentleness, their lowly docility of heart, their aptitude to repose on a superior mind and rest on a higher power, their child-like simplicity of affection, and facility of forgiveness. In all these they will exhibit the highest form of the peculiarly Christian life; and perhaps, as God chasteneth whom he loveth, he hath chosen poor Africa from the furnace of affliction, to make her the highest and noblest in that kingdom which He will set up, when every other kingdom has been tried, and failed; for the first shall be last, and the last first.'"

*Boston Railroad Jubilee;* being a collection of all the doings, sights, and speeches of the jubilee-week in last September, preserved in a permanent and handsome form, for reference and for distribution. Press of Eastburn, city printer.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## BIBLE READINGS. — JOSEPH.

Joseph, one of the sons of Jacob, was born in Haran about the year of the world 2140. Probably no portion of the Scriptures has been more read, or read with a livelier interest, than that which contains the record of his experience. And of all the historical persons of every age who illustrate the providence of God as the rewarder of righteousness, or who challenge admiration by their purity, honor, strength of virtuous principle, equal goodness in prosperity and adversity, as well as by extraordinary abilities and great achievements, he stands perhaps without a rival. Before proceeding with his story, however, — which is indeed almost too familiar for comment, — there are some things left in the life of his father, which, for the sake of preserving the historical continuity, require to be taken up in this place. In our last chapter we parted from him just after the memorable interview with his brother Esau, when, with so much ceremony, he introduced to him the different members of his family, and Joseph with the rest. The two brothers also parted then; Esau travelling southward to Seir, Jacob westward to Shechem. There he purchased a tract of land, set up his tents, and erected an altar which he called "El-elohe-Israel," — God, the God of Israel; for, extremely faulty as was his character, there was this good thing about him, that he always preserved in his heart a reverence for God, which he carefully fostered by the rites of worship. Time passes, and brings with it one of the severest domestic griefs in the person of his

only daughter; and the circumstances connected with it compel him again to change his residence. Obedient to a divine direction, he removes to the spot where he had slept many, many years before; where, in night-visions, he saw that ladder reaching to the heavens, with angels ascending and descending upon it; and where, on awaking, he uttered those remarkable words, which have been used ever since to express the peculiar sacredness of places of worship, — "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Near by Bethel was Bethlehem; and there his beloved Rachel, when she had given birth to Benjamin, died; and there at her grave he erected a monumental pillar. Soon after this great affliction, which served to soften his nature, as affliction always does when it acts upon a heart inclined to religion, he was summoned to Hebron, his birthplace, to attend the funeral of his good old father, who died at the age of 180 years; on which occasion he again met his brother Esau. From this time the character of Jacob grows brighter. Religion takes a more practical turn with him, shines out upon him, and combines with his many trials to impart to his old age the grace and dignity which so well befit that period of life. And he will have need enough for all the support it can yield him. Stormy days are before him, — dark, dismal providences, — that shall afflict his soul. The first page in the historical life of Joseph (loved by Israel more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age) is a page of inexpressible sorrow to the father. Undoubtedly the undue partiality of the parent was the foundation of this trouble. His other sons were of a temper to be easily inflamed with jealousy, malice, and hatred; and his doating favoritism was just the fuel to kindle it. A wiser man, though he had felt the same preference, would have carefully concealed it; instead of which, Jacob showed it openly, and increased it by indulgence. The first act in the series of his coming trials is thus related, — "And Joseph brought unto his father their evil report." It seems that he was engaged with four of his half-brothers in tending the flocks, and that, as petted boys are apt to do, — thinking to gain approbation thereby, — he reported to his father, whether truly or falsely does not appear, something to their disadvantage; and that this conduct created a strong resentment, nay, a deep hatred, towards him in their bosoms. This was the beginning of Joseph's afflic-

tions, and of his father's on his account. He failed to keep the confidence of his brothers, and, by treatment which they deemed unkind, and prompted by disingenuous motives, alienated their affection. He sought his father's commendation at their expense; and this was unbrotherly, to say the least. Added to this, and perhaps as a consequence of the parental flattery he received for it, he dreamed two dreams, of the same general purport, which he interpreted as a prophecy that he was to become eminent over all his brothers; and that they, with his parents also, should one day come to him bowing themselves down to the earth. The relating of these dreams to his brothers only increased their enmity. They made a deep impression also upon his father. He remembered them: he could not forget them. "Will it be so?" he inquired within himself; "shall this boy be the chief of my house? and shall I myself come to regard him with a submissive reverence, as I now do with affection?" Time will soon reveal to thee, O father Jacob! Those dreams of thy darling son portend not a little; but, through a night of darkness and a sea of storms, lie the footsteps of their fulfilment. Let us follow them. Joseph is sent by his father to the pastures near Shechem, where his brothers, of whom for a good while nothing had been heard, are tending the flocks, to ascertain and bring word how they do. He goes, dressed in a beautiful coat which his father had just bought for him. The sight of him, as they saw him coming, excited all their old animosity. The new coat gave them no pleasure, and produced in them no throb of love for their father. "Behold that dreamer cometh!" they say one to another; "come, let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we shall see what will become of his dreams." They are ready for the shocking crime. Will they, then, put to death their brother for such a cause, — be guilty of such a murder, *fratricide?* Are they cruel enough for that? One of them objects. Reuben, the eldest, will not consent. They might throw him into a pit, but they shall not murder him. He could pull him out of the pit; but he could not restore life to him, if they should repent. Accordingly they cast him into a pit, Reuben intending to rescue him after a while. Behold him there, this young man of seventeen; so lately full of joy, no wish ungratified; so soon, tossed by the waves of fortune, to be cast on strange shores, and to be the hero of a history so

thrilling, so wonderful in its incidents, so pathetic in its termination, so beautiful in its moral, that it has been preserved thousands of years, and will be read with pleasure and with tears as long as the world stands. So far the brothers have acted together. They have left the lad in the pit, and sat down not far off to refresh themselves with food. While thus employed, lo! a company of merchants from Gilead with spices, balm, and myrrh, for an Egyptian market, approach them. This puts a new idea into the mind of one of them, which he hastens to communicate to the rest. "If we leave our brother to die in the pit, we shall gain nothing by it; let us therefore sell him to these traders, and thus rid ourselves of him, and put his price in our pockets." Lucky thought! No sooner said than done. The youth is drawn up from the pit, and handed over to the Midianite merchants, — *sold* for twenty pieces of silver; and this grandson of Abraham is a SLAVE! *We* may try to imagine, but cannot, what must have been that young man's feelings at that dreadful moment. But there are many, alas! in our own land who need no help from the imagination to understand those feelings well. As he looked round on his brothers despairingly, and yet almost hoping to detect some sign of returning humanity; as he looked round on the cold-blooded buyers of his body and soul; as he glanced forward to the distant scene of his life's bondage, and thought of the sufferings in store for him there; as he remembered his pleasant home, and foresaw the pangs that would convulse his parent's breast when he should hear that he was lost to him for ever, — how overwhelming must have been his emotions, and how impossible for any but those into whose breast the iron of slavery has entered fully to appreciate them!

The deed is done: Joseph is carried away. One of the brothers — the same who objected to taking his life — was not present at the sale; and when he returned, and heard what was done, he was deeply moved; he was indeed in an agony of distress; he knew not what to do. But the rest, with Judah at their head, from whom Jews take their name, *they* knew what to do! They have a stratagem and a lie all ready: "Let us slay a kid, and dip this coat in the blood, and carry it to our father, and make him believe a wild beast has devoured Joseph." The artifice succeeds. Jacob believes the story; but it was too much for him to bear tranquilly. "He rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his

loins, and mourned for his son many days." Though "all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, yet he refused to be comforted; and he said, — For I will go down into my grave unto my son, mourning. Thus his father wept for him." Cruel, unnatural children! if your own feelings as brothers could not restrain you from your crime, why did not the thought of the suffering it would inflict on your parent, of the bitter tears it would cause him to weep, of the days and nights of terrible anguish it would bring upon him, why did not *that* withhold you? We leave them for the present, covered with a disgrace which no ancestral glory and no achievements of their posterity shall be able either to efface or to conceal; while we go on to trace still further the fortunes of their young brother, under the care of that beneficent Providence who will not suffer a hair of his head to perish.

The sale of Joseph is the first transaction of the kind, of which there is any record. For, while the patriarchs of an earlier period had "servants" under them, it does not appear that they were *bought* and *sold.* They were either spoils of war, or presents from one prince to another, or the children of these. The patriarch in his sphere was an absolute monarch. His servants were his subjects, all the subjects he had except his children and wives. They held various relations to their master; some very near and confidential, others subordinate and menial. In the management of his affairs they often filled places of great responsibility, such as a son would scarcely have been entrusted with. They were less like slaves than dependents and followers of a powerful chief, like those of an Arabian Sheikh at the present day. They had the care of his treasures, kept his accounts, managed his exchanges, carried on his diplomacy, and superintended the concerns of his household. They were also his herdmen and shepherds; they were his life-guard and militia. If he died childless, they might inherit his estates and dignities. Thus situated, they certainly were in no proper sense *slaves;* and the fact that they were designated by a term which has since come to mean "human chattels" affords no ground whatever for regarding *them* as such, but only serves to show what a change in signification that term has undergone, or to what widely different conditions it has been applied. Joseph, then, was the first person we know of sold as a slave by a Hebrew. Within that region of

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necessary in that which which was left; and the moral advantage to be gained by the change will depend on the resolution and vigilance actually brought into exercise. If it were not so, we should know much less than we do of temptation. Joseph found in his new position a new and unlooked-for temptation. Having been so singularly favored of his master, he was obliged, both by honor and gratitude, as well as the sense of religion, to consent to nothing which should be an infringement of his rights, or work mischief in his family, — nothing which, if known by him, would disturb his peace. He felt the whole weight of this obligation. He felt that it would be the extreme of wickedness to violate it in the way proposed to him, or in any other way; and his fidelity to it prevailed over the temptation, though presented in a manner the most artful, and with blandishments the most persuasive. What a noble sense of justice breathes in the language in which, at the risk of provoking the resentment of the mistress whom he served, he repels all her efforts to induce him to betray the confidence which his master had placed in him! "Behold, my master knoweth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back any thing from me but *thee*, because thou art his wife: how, then, can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" We behold in this case the power and the triumph of principle. It was no question of policy, but purely of principle. If by yielding he could have been sure both of being crowned with gifts and of the eternal concealment of his perfidy, it would have made no difference with him. There was in him a moral rule, which was entirely above all considerations of present expediency, — a principle, not of the earth, but of God, — a divine law engraven on his heart, which was stronger than passion, stronger than the attractions of woman's love, stronger than the fear of woman's hate; and it carried him safely through the perilous trial. Some people talk as though they doubted the reality of any such law; as though they believed all men governed solely by what they call interest; as though they thought gratitude, honor, fidelity, the fear of God, were not as substantive things as dollars and swords and speeches and chairs of magistracy; as though they acknowledged that to be true which was once said by a celebrated minister of state, that "every man has his price." It is pleasant to be able to hold up to such this

example in refutation of their bad theory, — an example which is encouraging also to all who would plant themselves on the immovable rock of principle; affording them, as it does, an opportunity to see how grandly a man appears when he is once established on it.

But such adherence to principle, is it always followed by worldly success? Does it receive its reward at once? Is it recompensed instantly according to its deservings? Look again at Joseph for the answer. No! the path of virtue is not always smooth. Righteousness often waits long for requital. Fidelity to conscience is frequently treason to the world, and incurs its frowns. Although it is true that godliness hath promise of the life that now is, although it has a larger share of earthly happiness than a life of sin, yet this is from its own essential nature, rather than from the circumstances it gathers around it; for these are such very often as are most abhorrent to the natural feelings. Reproach and neglect of friends, derision of the wise and prudent, loss of worldly possessions and advantages, restraint of personal freedom, expatriation, the scaffold and fires of martyrdom, these have been — ah! in how many instances! — the immediate effect of adherence to principle. And so, in the case of Joseph, his determined fidelity cost him his place in the regards of his master, and gave him in exchange for his agreeable abode the gloomy walls of a prison. We turn, then, from Joseph the head-servant of Potiphar's house to Joseph in prison. These, we should suppose, would be dark days to him. As he remembered his fond father, and the home and hopes from which he had been so cruelly sundered; as he looked round also on his fellow-prisoners, and mused on his and their probable fate, — it would be natural to expect in him signs of impatience, grief, and even despair. But none appear. And why? "Because the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy." A heavenly light gleamed upon his prison-walls, and heavenly communings cheered his prison-hours. A mind conscious of rectitude carries with it into all circumstances a certain calmness and inward illumination, of which it is impossible to deprive it. And these Joseph has to an extraordinary degree, attracting the notice of the keeper of the prison, and winning from him a measure of confidence fully equal to that which he had received from Potiphar. And thus, though a prisoner, being entrusted with the whole care of his fellow-prison-

ers he is still a man "under authority;" and the evidence accumulates, even while in this condition of restraint and seeming punishment, that "the Lord is with him, making to prosper whatever he does." And indeed what condition is there so humble and confined that God's wisdom and love may not make it a centre of kindly influence? What prison-walls are so thick that the light of heaven cannot make its way through them, and impart to the inmates such comfort and support as shall be not only grateful to them, but instructive to others? Yes, even the guilty in their imprisonment may speak to others impressively by their penitence and their patience; but the innocent still more by their equanimity, their self-respect, and their cheerful trust in God. Yes, there opens to Joseph in his prison, through the favor of Heaven, opportunity for distinguished usefulness, and for laying the foundations of a fame wide as the world, lasting as the ages. Yes, upon the floor of his cell the finger of God traces the outline of his magnificent destiny, and from the day of his unjust confinement dates the commencement of his earthly glory. The particular office through which he rises into power almost unexampled is that of dream-interpreter. Now, dreams at that day were supposed to be prompted by supernatural agency, and to be designed for the information, guidance, or warning of those who had them. It was therefore of great moment to find a gifted interpreter. There were not wanting those who took on themselves that character, and with more or less skill practised the art. It seemed good to Him who is over all and in all, to take advantage of the popular belief in dreams, by using them as vehicles of divine communications, and also to endow individuals of eminent virtue and piety with the faculty of interpretation. Upon Joseph in prison God was pleased to send that endowment, and by means of it to raise him up to be a great benefactor to the Egyptians and the temporal saviour of the Hebrews. It was on this wise that he first used the gift. Two officers of the king's household had given offence to their sovereign, and had been cast into prison; and both of them in one night dreamed dreams which troubled them exceedingly. The dreams savored of their respective offices, and were probably suggested by them. The "butler," or cupbearer, for instance, dreamed of a vine covered with clusters of ripe grapes, which he gathered and pressed into Pharaoh's cup, and then gave it, as had been his wont, into the hand of his

master. This dream Joseph interpreted as foreshowing the release of the cup-bearer, and his being reinstated in his office. The interpretation was given in full confidence that it would be justified by the event; for, on giving it, he made this touching request to the cup-bearer, — "Think of me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharoah, and bring me out of this house; for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon." A few days, and the cup-bearer was discharged, and restored to the chief butlership; "yet," it is significantly added, "did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." So true was it then, and still is it, that kindness manifested, benefits conferred, do by no means insure a grateful remembrance, but often pass away and are forgotten when a change of circumstances fills the mind with new cares, and the heart with new objects of interest. The sad experience of all who have lived many years testifies of human nature that this is one of its most common infirmities. Two years Joseph remained in his dungeon, when perhaps a single word from this man whom he had so greatly comforted would have sufficed to procure his immediate enlargement.

The chief cook or baker dreamed of baskets of bake-meats borne upon his head, and birds coming and eating them out of the baskets. This dream Joseph interpreted as denoting a fatal termination for him. And this also came to pass. These two cases were enough to give Joseph a high reputation as an interpreter; and therefore, when shortly afterwards the *king* had a double dream which perplexed him, and when he had sought in vain the solution of it from all the wise men of Egypt, he sent for Joseph; and he was brought at once into the king's presence. Here is now the young Hebrew slave in the palace of Pharaoh! How well does he carry himself in the presence of royalty! The king tells him that he has heard of him as one who can understand a dream to interpret it. Now mark how piously Joseph refers whatever ability of that kind he might possess to the true source, and how admirably such a reference of it was calculated to inspire confidence towards him in Pharaoh's bosom. He had been religiously educated; and here, for the space of two years the inmate of a prison, it is reasonable to think that his mind reverted to the

simple worship of his fathers, and was exercised much in religious thoughts and fervent prayers. And as a consequence it is probable he received such spiritual assurance and help as to fix in him the conviction that God was very near to him, speaking to his soul, and enlightening him by his counsels. Accordingly, when the king asked him concerning the interpretation of his dream, he answered, — "It is not in me: *God* shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace;" thus distinctly declaring himself to be the organ of divine communications, and to speak as God gave him commandment. Our youthful Hebrew, treacherously sold by his brothers into bondage, has now become a prophet of the Most High God. It is sufficient to say of this dream, without reciting it, that in the view of Joseph it portended a period of seven years of great plenty, to be followed by one of famine of the same duration. The interpretation, being accepted by Pharaoh, led to another change in the life of Joseph, quite as wonderful as any that preceded it. From a Hebrew boy, a servant of Potiphar, a prisoner, he is advanced to the post of the king's chief counsellor and prime minister. And no man could have conducted in that capacity with more discretion and ability. He showed himself in it not only eminent for integrity and industry, but for sagacity and statesmanship. He recommended a plan of proceeding, with reference to the expected famine, comprehensive and far-seeing, requiring in the execution great labor and consummate skill, and which the king at once determined to adopt. His plan was, in brief, to establish granaries or depots of corn in all the principal places of the country; to appoint a general superintendent with subordinates, for purchasing, during the years of plenty, all the unconsumed produce of the country which should be kept into store-houses against the years of famine. This was in substance the plan. Well, who shall carry it out? Who is competent to take the superintendence of this vast enterprise? "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And he took the royal signet from his hand and placed it on Joseph's, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and made him ride in the second chariot; and the herald cried before him, Bow the knee; and he became ruler

over all the land of Egypt." "Behold," says Bishop Hall, "one hour has changed his fetters into a chain of gold, his prison garments into robes of finel inen, his stocks into a chariot, and his jail into a palace; Potiphar's slave to be his master's lord; and the noise of his chains into the acclamation of the people, Bow the knee!"

Soon after his advancement, Joseph was married to an Egyptian, a daughter of the priest of On, who bore to him two sons, one of whom he named "Manasseh," which signifies *forgetting;* "for God," said he, "hath made me forget all my toil and all my father's house:" the other he called "Ephraim," that is, *fruitful;* "for God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my afflictions." The fact of this marriage renders it almost certain, that, in the time of Joseph, idolatry had not obtained much ground in Egypt. Such had been Joseph's religious education, that he could hardly have taken for his wife any but a worshipper of the true God; and therefore we conclude that the priest of On, the city of the Sun, like the priest whom Abraham met in Canaan, was a servant of Jehovah, although worshipping him by different rites from those of Abraham and his posterity.

It has been alleged against Joseph, that, in the swelling and height of his prosperity, he failed to manifest a proper filial regard for his distant and bereaved parent; leaving him, during all those years, unsolaced by the information that he was still alive. Well, if in this he is to be blamed, it is only a proof that he was human. The cares of state may have furnished some extenuation. But we need not attempt to make him out a faultless man; doubtless, he had many faults; — but for the age he lived in, yes, and for any age, he was a singularly good man. Thank God for such men as Joseph, in whatever nation or of whatever religion found! They are too rare not to demand a special acknowledgment when they do appear. But although Joseph's neglect, notwithstanding all extenuations, may be deemed censurable, yet he certainly made ample amends for it afterwards in his noble and generous treatment of his father and brethren. Into the details of that treatment we have no room to go, nor would we mar the poetic beauty of the original narrative by any comment. Let it be read there as it is written, the whole story, from the first arrival of a part of his brethren

in Egypt, till the settlement of the whole family in Goshen, and from that till the death of Jacob, and the grand funeral escort which attended his remains to the family tomb in Macpelah; let it all be read attentively, and then if the literature of our language or of any language can produce a narrative of facts of equal beauty, pathos, and interest, or one more touchingly illustrative of the wonderful workings of the human heart, and the still more wonderful workings of the providence of God, we shall be thankful to him who will refer us to it. We do not believe it can be found.

"All that any one wants," said a friend at our side, when we had written the last sentence, "all that any one wants in order to believe in a Providence is — *time*." And there is only truth in the observation. It requires time for the development of the ends contemplated by the permission of events dark and evil; but time always justifies the permission. And, what is more, time proves abundantly that Providence is attentive and kind to each individual, as well as watchful over the aggregated mass. Time proves that the Disposing Hand is, in each particular event, making it the instrument, remote and obscure it may be, but always the indispensable instrument, of good to his creatures. Let us learn, then, in whatever state we are, therein to be content; trusting always to the Divine Wisdom to change it when he sees best, and using whatever ability he gives us to extract from it the good it contains. Let us learn to rest, in the good providence of Heaven, from all the weariness and vexation of earth; from all the burthens that oppress, and the sorrows that afflict, and the anxieties that disturb us, — to rest calmly on the bosom of that unerring wisdom and infinite love, which are the life and glory of the world, and whose eternal work it is to change darkness into light, evil into good, confusion into order, weakness and sin into strength and righteousness and immortality. J. W. T.

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One of the saddest signs of modern illiberality is, that men are obliged to travel back so often to old John Robinson for a maxim in behalf of freedom of mind and faith in progress. — *Selected.*

# LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE RECOLLECTION OF A PICTURE OF THE PRODIGAL SON IN A PICTORIAL BIBLE.

AGAIN I seem to see him stand,
Poor Prodigal! with downcast gaze,
Far from his childhood's holy land,
Far from his childhood's happy days, —

Far from his father's house and home,
Far from his mother's house and heart, —
Where memories of lost visions come,
And dark remorse with stinging smart.

I see him there, as on the ground
He gazes downward in his woe,
As if a sorrow so profound
Might call dead hopes up from below.

In the meek look of patient kine
The mist of pity seems to rise,
And silly sheep and sullen swine
To gaze on him with mournful eyes.

"Ask thou the beasts, and they shall teach." *
Poor Penitent! so shall it be;
The very cattle have a speech
Of solemn tenderness for thee.

They speak of one whose bounteous hand
Is opened when for meat they pray;
And thou, a stranger in the land,
What master servest *thou* to-day?

Is not thy Father ever near
To hear his child's untold distress?
His arms are open even here
To meet, to welcome, and to bless.

I see his wet eyes lifted now
To heaven, as low his knee he bends,
And on his pale but lightening brow
A smile serene from heaven descends.

C. T. B.

* Job xii. 7.

## THE VISIONS OF ISAIAH.

GOD spoke to the prophets by visions; and Isaiah, son of Amoz, was set apart as a preacher, to declare the mighty communications received by him in the miraculous way of a vision. Even our short-sightedness can see reasons for the appointment. Isaiah was a zealot, of a warm temperament, constantly aspiring in his nature, looking above the temporal things of earth to the spiritual realities of heaven. He combined the wonderful faculties of an inspired preacher and thrilling exhorter; he proved to the people that they were wellnigh lost, but led them to the hope of regeneration by a strain of rich and noble eloquence, which must have vivified the hearts of the Hebrews. "Learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The true force and beauty of these words are only felt when we see, in imagination, Isaiah, the champion of truth, standing in the midst of the idolatrous Hebrews, men who were baptized and merged in sin, and telling them, without any fear of consequences, that they were great sinners; and, after awakening them to a sense of their condition, showing to them the only avenue of escape, *repentance*. To the prophet's soul the realities of truth, its supreme mightiness, its vitalizing power, were sufficient to nerve him to any task, however difficult or dangerous; and when we add to this fact that he was specially missioned and divinely inspired, he becomes the centre of our love, our reverence, and our praise. It would seem as if, in the glimpse that he had of the coming Saviour, there was a portion of the spirit and the life of the divine Master which rayed itself into the soul of the preacher, and rendered him a partial Messiah. Whilst we delight to behold our Saviour as the central sun amidst the many illuminating fires sent to warm and brighten the world, still we deem it not irreverent to show in what respects the characters of good men resemble him. We love to place Isaiah and St. Paul together with the Redeemer; *and we do it reverently*, aware that the lesser planets derive *all their light* from the central Sun.

Christ wrestled with priests and priestcraft, and stood alone in the contest. Isaiah cannot be said to have been isolated altogether from kindred spirits; but still, in regard to his peculiar embassy, he had no buttress but his God. Men could not see into the nobility of his thoughts and the richness of his truth: they esteemed his zeal madness. In this respect he resembled Christ. Isaiah, however, did not possess so much moulding power as the Messiah: he could remember the past and be acquainted with the present, but had not the discernment, except by visions, of calculating for the future. Whilst he proclaimed the mighty Redeemer, the Prince of Peace, the mighty God that appeared to him, he felt discouraged in regard to the success of the truth. "All day long have I preached unto a disobedient people."

Isaiah and St. Paul agree in their zeal; and, by the constant reference-verses found in the Epistles, we may judge that the apostle loved to commune with the spirit of the departed prophet through the medium of his writings. St. Paul's individuality, however, gave a somewhat peculiar turn to his life, character, and influence; and in this respect he differed from the prophet, in whom we recognize no particular individuality: God spoke through him, and not by him.

Again, Luther and Isaiah are very similar in some respects: both "went out of the camp," and pronounced the favoritisms of the age to be hypocrisies; but the one could boldly declare, "*God said*, Let there be light," whilst the other could only assert his right to conduct reformation through an individual conception that he was the chosen witness, — the "echo," so to speak, of prophets and apostles. Or, in other words, the one was inspired directly and really, at a critical period, and for a special purpose; the other was permitted to go on because the Father saw that he was doing well.

Once more, Isaiah, St. Paul, Luther, all resemble each other in one respect: they went about doing good; they sought to break the fetters of sin, and to reveal to mankind the true means of salvation. In the extent of their influence, in the intensity of their faith, in the exertions used to carry out the great principles of right, of course there is not an equality; but, in the fact that renewal was the grand idea, the leading impulse, the only motive-power, we are obliged to confess that there was a oneness of spirit, an undivided purpose, and an identical earnestness of

struggle. Christ himself says, that those who do his will are one with him, as he is with God.

We have said that God acted through Isaiah, and not by him. Are we to understand by this statement that Isaiah lacked the intellect necessary to be a self-agent in the proclamation and exposition of truth? We only assert that his teachings were the results of immediate tuitions, not his own manufacture approved by God. He waited until God touched his mouth with a live coal and inspired him that he might speak.

We can deduce from our cursory remarks the following truths: — First, that Isaiah was a reformer; secondly, that he was a conservative man; thirdly, that he was a scholar; lastly, that he was a mighty prophet.

Isaiah was a reformer, since he taught reformatory doctrines, and based happiness upon their practice. He was a conservative man, taking that term in the broadest sense, as the expression of all that is gentle and peaceful, and of an unwillingness to revolutionize society. Where one seeks only to crucify sin, and does not mix with his cure specifics of his own imagination, then can he be truly called conservative, nobly and blessedly conservative. Such was Isaiah. Isaiah was a scholar, well versed in Hebrew lore. According to tradition, his education was far from being neglected, and his mind ripened under all the advantages of Jewish institutions.

Isaiah was a prophet. It is in this light that we delight to view him; for this makes him a Bible-man, and classes his writings with those of the holy book.

Isaiah, the reformer, the conservative man, the scholar, and the prophet! Isaiah! who has heard his name without feeling an emotion of reverence? When translated, it reads, "THE SALVATION OF GOD;" and so he was, and so he is, and so he ever will be! In himself as a man, and in his writings, his influence will never die. The book that bears his name gives a more glorious hue to the cluster that compose the Old Testament. May God bless the readers of this portion of the Bible, and grant us all a clearer insight into the character of his great prophet!

C. D. B.

## THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. VII. — SOCIAL VICES AND VIRTUES.

1 Do no ill,
Then no ill shall seize thee.
2 Keep away from the unjust,
And he will turn away from thee.
3 My son, sow not in furrows of injustice,
Then thou wilt not reap it sevenfold.

4 Seek not from the Lord the place of leader,
Nor from the king a seat of honor.
5 Call not thyself just in the sight of God,
Nor wise in the presence of the king.
6 Ask not to be made a judge,
Lest thou be unable to prevent injustice;
Lest thou be timid in the presence of the mighty,
And put a stumbling-block in the way of thine upright

7 Give no offence to the multitude of the city;
Yet lower not thyself among the mob.

8 Do not bind on a double sin;
For with one thou shalt not be unpunished.
9 Say not, The multitude of my gifts, —
When I bring them to God most high, He will accept t
10 Be not faint-hearted in thy prayer,
Nor negligent in deeds of mercy.

11 Scorn no man whose soul is in bitterness;
For He that humbleth can exalt him.
12 Plan no deceit against thy brother,
Nor do the like against a friend.
13 Be not willing to be false in any manner;
For remaining so can never lead to good.

14 Be not talkative in the company of thine elders,
And repeat not thy words when thou prayest.

5 Hate not laborious work,
And husbandry, by the Highest ordained.

6 Number not thyself in the multitude of sinners:
Remember, wrath will not delay.
7 Humble greatly thy soul,
For the punishment of the ungodly is fire and the worm.

8 Sell not a friend for worthless riches:
A brother is dearer than the gold of Ophir.
9 Fail not to get a wise and good wife:
Her worth is above that of gold.

10 Never ill-treat a servant laboring faithfully;
Nor the hireling, giving his life to thee.
Let thy soul love a wise servant,
And do not rob him of freedom.

11 Hast thou cattle? have an eye to them;
And if they bring profit, keep it.
12 Hast thou children? instruct them,
And bow from childhood their necks.
13 Hast thou daughters? pay heed to their person,
And be not too free in their presence.
14 Marry thy daughter, and thou hast finished a good work,
Provided thou give her to a wise man.

15 Hast thou a wife dear to thy soul?
Then never put her away.

16 With thy whole heart honor thy father,
And forget not the pains of her that bare thee.
17 Remember that through them thou hast thy being,
And what return canst thou make to them?

18 With thy whole soul fear the Lord,
And to his priests show reverence.
19 With thy whole strength love Him that made thee,
And forsake not his ministers.
20 Fear the Lord, and honor the priest,
And give him the portion, as commanded;
The first-fruits, and the trespass-offering;

Also the gift of the shoulders,
The sacrifice of sanctification,
And the first-fruits of holy things.
32 Then to the poor outstretch thine hand,
That thy blessing may be perfected.

33 Let thy kindness be shown to all living;
Yea, from the dead withhold it not.
34 Keep not away from the weeping,
And with the mourning mourn.
35 Be not slow to care for the sick;
For by such things thou wilt gain love.

36 In all thou doest, remember thine end,
And to eternity thou wilt not sin.

CHAP. VIII. — INDIVIDUAL VICES AND VIRTUES, AND MAXIMS OF PRUI

1 Contend not with a mighty man,
Lest thou fall into his hands.
2 Strive not with a rich man,
Lest he should outweigh thee;
For many men hath gold destroyed,
And hearts of kings perverted.
3 Contend not with a man of words,
And heap not wood upon his fire.
4 Jest not with an unmannered man,
Lest thy ancestors receive foul names.
5 Taunt not a man who turns from sin;
Remember we are all under condemnation.
6 Despise no man for his old age;
For out of us, the young, do the aged come.
7 Never rejoice over the dead;
Remember we all pass away.
8 Neglect not the discourse of the wise,
But with their sayings be acquainted;
For of them thou mayst get instruction,
Yea, fit for the service of princes.
9 Forsake not the discourse of the aged,
For they also learned of their fathers;
And of them thou mayst learn to be wise,
To speak at the time it is needed.

10 Fan not the coals of a sinner,
Lest thou burn in his flaming fire.
11 Rise not to answer a railer:
He lies only in wait for thy words.

12 Lend not to a man that is stronger than thou;
And if thou hast lent to him, count it as lost.
13 Be not surety beyond thy means;
And, if thou hast done so, count it thy debt.
14 Go not to law with a judge;
For according to his decision it will be decided.

15 With the foolhardy go not on the road,
Lest he prove a sore burden;
For he will act according to his own wilfulness,
And by his thoughtlessness draw thee to ruin.
16 With a passionate man never have a quarrel,
Nor go with him through the wilderness;
For as nothing in his eyes is bloodshed,
And where none can run in at thy cry he will strike thee down.
17 Consult not with a fool,
For he cannot keep thy counsel.
18 In presence of a stranger, do nothing that you wish hidden,
For thou knowest not what it shall bring forth.
19 Open not thy heart to every man,
Lest he give thee ill thanks.

CHAP. IX. 1—16. — MARRIED LIFE, FRIENDSHIP, &c.

1 Be not jealous towards the wife of thy bosom,
Lest it teach her an evil lesson against thyself.
2 Give not thy soul to thy wife,
To place her in power above thee.
3 Go not to meet a wanton woman,
Lest thou fall into her snares.
4 Stay not to hear her touch the harp,
Lest thou be caught by her fingering.
5 Gaze not upon a maiden,
Lest her charms make thee stumble.
6 Give not thy soul to harlots,
That thou lose not thine inheritance.

7 Gape not about in the streets of a city,
And in its wildernesses do not wander.
8 Turn away thine eye from a well-formed woman,
Nor gaze on beauty which is not thine.
By the beauty of woman many have been led astray;
And by it love, like a fire, is kindled.
9 With a married woman sit not by any means,
Nor share with her, in mutual pledge, the wine;
Lest at any time thy soul go aside after her,
And in thy spirit thou slide to destruction.
10 Never forsake an old friend,
For a new one is not his equal.
New wine, a new friend:
If they were old, how pleasant to enjoy them!

11 Envy not the glory of a sinner,
For thou knowest not what may come upon him.
12 Delight not in the delights of the ungodly;
Remember that to the underworld they go not justified.

13 Keep far from the man who has power to kill,
And thou shalt not be anxious with fear of death;
And, if thou approach him, keep in accord with him,
That he may not take away thy life.
Remember thou art going through the midst of snares,
And walkest on the turrets of the city wall.

14 With all thy strength, aim among thy neighbors
To take counsel only with the wise.
15 With men of understanding have your conversation,
And all your discourse be according to the law of the Most High.
16 Let just men be thy companions at table,
And seek thy glory in thy fear of God.

CHAP. IX. 17. — X. 24. — OF RULERS, AND OF PRIDE.

17 By his hand the artist wins praise,
And the wise ruler of men by his speech.
18 Terrible in his city is the man of words,
And the headlong in speech shall be hated.

X. 1 A wise ruler will instruct his people,
And the government of an understanding man is well ordered.
2 As the ruler of the people,
So are his officers;
And as the governor in the city,
So are they that dwell therein.
3 An unlearned king will destroy his people,
And a city is built up by the wisdom of its rulers.
4 In the hand of the Lord is dominion over the earth:
He will raise up a good ruler for it at the right time.
5 On the hand of the Lord man's success dependeth,
And on the head of the statesman he layeth honor.

6 Let no injustice enrage thee against thy neighbor,
And do nothing like a deed of violence.
7 Pride is hateful before both God and man,
And with both is injustice discordant.
8 The kingdom from nation to nation is transferred,
Through injustice and violence and avarice.

9* Why is earth and ashes proud?
While he liveth, the dagger may strike him.
10 A long sickness shall scorn the physician;
And the king of to-day, to-morrow may come to his end.
11 For when a man is dead,
He inherits creeping things, wild beasts, and worms.

12 The beginning of pride is in falling away from the Lord,
When the heart has rebelled against its Maker.
13 For the beginning of pride is sin:
He that remains in it shall abound in crimes,
For it, the Lord prepareth unthought-of sorrows,
And utterly overthroweth the proud.
14 The Lord throweth down the thrones of princes,
And maketh the meek to sit in their places;
15 The Lord teareth up the roots of the nations,
And planteth the lowly in their stead;
16 The Lord wasteth the lands of the nations,
Destroying them to the foundations of the earth;

* Verses 9 and 10 may also be translated thus:—
Why is earth and ashes proud?
"While alive I gave him purges,
He will not get over the weakness," jests the physician;
And "to-day a king, yet to-morrow must come to his end."

17 He slayeth the nations, and destroyeth them,
Making the memory of them cease on the earth.

18 Pride was not made for man,
Nor angry wrath for those of woman born.

19 What race is worthy of honor? The race of man.
What race worthy of honor? They that fear the Lord.
What race is worthy of dishonor? The race of man.
What race worthy of dishonor? They that transgress the commandments.

20 Among brethren the best man is honored,
And by the Lord are they that fear Him.
22 The rich, the noble, and the poor, —
Their glory is the fear of the Lord.
23 It is unjust to despise a wise man for being poor,
And unbecoming to give honor to a sinful man.
24 The great man, the judge, and the prince should be honored;
Yet is none of them greater than they who fear the Lord.

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## EVA.

"While opening the gates of heaven for others, perchance thou mayst thyself catch a glimpse of the glory within."

Eva sits in silent musing;
Tears bedim her downcast eyes
At the bitter thought of losing
Mansions fair, beyond the skies.

Then she hears a voice of chiding:
"Strive not for thyself alone;
While another's footsteps guiding,
Upward still shall mount thine own."

Eva sighs no more at even;
For while leading now, instead,
Weak and erring souls to heaven,
See! its light is on *her* head!

D. F. A.

# NEARNESS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

A SERMON, BY REV. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

LUKE xv. 7, 10: "I say unto you, joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist among Christians as to the particular meaning of such passages of Scripture, they are confessed by all to have one indisputable bearing, which we pass by all points of controversy to consider; and, however truly we may distinguish between Christian truth and the Jewish expression of it, yet such passages unite to convince us of one fact most beautiful and precious to us. They teach the near relation of the spiritual world to this in which we now live; the connection of the seen with the unseen, of the present with the future, of the temporal with the eternal. They authorize the conviction that that higher and purer world to which men have in all ages looked forward, is divided only by a narrow stream, and hidden only by a thin, though impenetrable veil from this lower one of earth. They confirm our hopes; they justify our confidence.

A belief in the direct agency of spiritual messengers, on all occasions, was common among the ancient Jews, among the disciples of Jesus with the rest. It colored their expressions; and a literal reading declares the strict truth of such opinions. But the sincere reader of our day may be permitted to distinguish between this highly figurative imagery, and the simple truth it was intended to convey; while we are neither authorized nor compelled to believe that any messengers troubled the waters of that pool of Bethesda with healing power, or that these spiritual beings are banded in heaven into legions, according to the plans of earthly warfare, as the literal words would suggest. Still we are authorized, and compelled, if it needed compulsion, to believe the plain and glorious truth expressed by such hyperbolical pictures. It is the one already mentioned, — the reality and the nearness of the world of spirits; the close connection, the clear relation, the warm and holy sympathy between us dwellers upon earth and those above this lower sphere; the truth of that spiritual existence; the similarity between our highest condition here; the virtue

we attain, though it be so little, the worship we are permitted to offer, though imperfect, and the holiness and adoration perfected there; the natural affinity and connection of our highest wishes and our noblest purposes in this world with those characterizing heaven.

The spiritual life above is the continuation of all that is best and holiest in this stage of being, purified from the corruptions and by the sufferings by which we are now surrounded; and all that is true, virtuous, and lovely here is allied in natural and necessary connection with all that is purest and best above. The worlds are joined, not divided. There is similarity between them; for truth and holiness are always the same, whether in heaven or on earth; and there is sympathy between them, — the sympathy and interest which always exist between those engaged in one cause, and worshipping one object.

Nor is this merely a fancy, bright and encouraging, but visionary and unreal. There are pleasant analogies that clearly point us to its truth. The distant nations of the earth, for example, have had, in ages past, but little fellow-feeling or connection; they have been isolated from each other; they have been, and, to some extent, still are, jealous and exclusive; they have built impassable walls about their dominions; and prejudice and suspicion have drawn lines no less deep and raised walls no less high about each people, until their highest virtue has included hatred of the stranger and the alien. This is the natural result of ignorance and superstition. But the religion of Christ, the spread of religious truth, has awakened a different spirit. Mutual interest and acquaintance have sprung from religious intercourse, which trade had never established. A sympathy now exists between many of the farthest tribes of the earth; the distant are brought near. The knowledge of one God, the acceptance of one Saviour, participation in the same glorious hopes and promises, are beginning to bind the nations of the earth together in the closest and the strongest bonds; and we may hope for the day when every kindred and tongue may join in religious fellowship; when all the children of men shall acknowledge a common brotherhood, adoring the common Father, — the sure forerunner of the peace and good-will, which is promised and must be fulfilled. There is, I say, this increasing sympathy between distant men, springing from likeness of faith and object founded on religious and Christian fellowship.

It is the sure effect of true religion to unite its believers. Truth, virtue, holiness, bring their followers together. They establish grounds of intercourse; and unity of purpose strengthens the ties of a common nature.

So, too, again, our human interest goes out beyond the circuits of time and sight, and we desire, at least, the sympathy and help of higher and holier beings. Though the future is impenetrable to human eyes, and no one has returned from the land of spirits to give us an account, still we feel, and, at least, long for, a fellowship with the souls of the departed. As we believe in the universal unity of truth and virtue, our thoughts will go out toward those unseen beings, with whom we have something, even our strongest desires, in common. Thus men have in all ages thought of and relied on the existence of holier spirits in the future world. They have felt an interest in them, and wished for their sympathy.

These facts of the religious fellowship between men in distant lands, resting on unity of faith and hopes, and between mortals and the spirits of the just made perfect, which has always been desired, are indisputable. Would it not then seem something more than a groundless fancy, that they who have passed before us into the heavenly home are still interested in the things of earth? Do they not still retain their fellow-feeling with us who yet remain? Is there not indeed something more than a Jewish hyperbole in the promise, "There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repents"? and must not the sympathy of the inhabitants of the heavenly world with us on earth be strong and constant? For if there be, amid all the temptations and errors of our present sphere of being, a strong bond of fellowship with those whom we have never seen (which grows the stronger as we grow in the Christian life), with whom our only tie is our Christian faith — alas! so weak! — if we have the deepest interest in the defenders of Christian truth and Christian freedom in any land and any age; nay, if we look forward even into the unknown state and through the impenetrable shadow of death for fellowship and company, — as men always have done, and always will do, — it is surely more than a fancy, it is reasonable, to believe, that they in the nearest presence of God feel for and with us who remain. If memory, the faculty nearest to personal identity, the very "warder of the brain," — if that remain after

leaving the earth, they must remember and continue the sympathies of mortal life, and the happiness of the spirit-land be heightened by the progress of our race; nay, by the repentance of one loved sinner even. It must be that the union of truth and virtue will bind all true and holy souls in interest with the struggling virtue of mortal men, and in compassion and regret for our weakness and sin. All this is not a fancy, though it be as bright a hope as mortal mind can frame; but it is authorized when thus referred back from the partial judgment of the heart to the cold tribunal of the head. This relation of the heavenly world with ours is reasonable; and we have, then, the best preparation to read the promises of the Scripture, which teach so plainly this invaluable truth. The Bible is full of declarations to this end. The lessons of Jesus and his disciples constantly imply and directly proclaim the nearness and sympathy of God to his children, of Christ with his brethren, and of the spirits which are gone before with us who yet remain.

There is upon this subject a common error. It is often said that what we strongly desire we are apt to believe: "The wish is father to the thought" is quoted to us. But it is also true that what we wish for most eagerly we are sometimes for that very reason apt to doubt. It seems too good to be true, and we distrust the evidence that should establish our wishes. Thus it is often thought a beautiful dream that the thoughts of ascended spirits can turn with interest to the world they have left, — can rejoice in our virtue, or regret our defects.

> "How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss
> Do bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
> Do leave their pure mansions of pleasure above
> To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!"

It has been held as a vision, as desirable as it is baseless. But our wishes, when universal, are always good evidence of an object prepared for their fulfilment; and this is probable to the most sober reason, and declared in the plainest Scripture.

We would not indeed be wise beyond what is written. Many imagined communications with the spiritual world seem to us blasphemous. We do not follow the visions of the German dreamer. We would not mistake fancy for fact; though we see little danger in our neighborhood on that side of the question. We do not

know the nature, the duties, the occupations, of the heavenly host. Those *are* speculations. But that there *is* such a host, to which we may be admitted, from which we may be excluded, is as certain as our own immortality; and that there is a near relation of virtuous interest and affectionate, Christian sympathy among them in all our conduct, is as clear as any deduction of reason, or any declaration of the gospel.

Shall we not remember these things? Shall they not raise us above a merely sensual, worldly, or sinful life? Do not imagine that they are dreamy, hard to be understood, or of no importance to practical, busy men and women. Let not the young think them sad, or the old think them visionary. They are practical; especially so. They are valuable, particularly to us. For they will ever remind us of that spiritual life which exists in each of our hearts, of which the body is only the clothing, so soon to be laid aside, but which is wrapped up often as closely as the buds of the trees in winter are covered and coated with ice and frost; but which is the only seat of life, and must be brought out here and hereafter, as the leaves of spring and the fruit of summer will soon appear on every hand. This spirit within us is as real as their life; its need of culture is as great.

What, then, can be more solemnly warning to man, forgetful of his truer life; what more encouraging to his virtuous efforts; what more rebuking to his worldly thoughtlessness and sin, than the Christian conviction that many holy and pure beings, who have passed through trials like to ours, and have entered into their rest, are interested in our deeds, are stationed on the side of right, are wronged by our transgressions, and wounded by our sins, or are blessed by our efforts and rejoice in our success; that the good and the true-hearted who have left this world have not forgotten those they have left behind; that —

> "Those beings beauteous,
> Who unto our youth were given,
> More than all things else to love us,
> Who are angels now in heaven;" —

that the innocence of childhood, so dear to us, and the virtue of age, so honored among us, entered on another life, look back with renewed powers on us who were loved before! Shall not such thoughts elevate and purify us, comfort us who mourn, strengthen

the striving, and appeal to the erring, and even the most hardened soul? They are true; they are reasonable; they are religious and Christian; for "there is," indeed, "joy in heaven over one sinner even who repenteth."

A distinct perception of these truths is most desirable. No one can hold them clearly, heartily, and habitually, and continue a sinful and irreligious life. No one can be in the custom of reflecting on these spiritual facts, without rising somewhat above his sins, — those weaknesses which are leading him on to his ruin; without quickening his religious feelings and desires, and his efforts to satisfy them; without turning his conduct into some better agreement with the duties of an immortal being.

And we need specially to realize the personal, individual nature of the sympathy of the spiritual world. No one of us is neglected. Each is related to heaven, to Christ, and to God. Each is surrounded with his own witnesses, joyous or sad, as he will. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground, not a hair is harmed, not a tear is shed, not a prayer is offered, which is not known above. The care that surrounds the smallest butterfly of our June, and has protected it through all the storms of its little life, — has shielded its nest in every winter gale, and brings it out again in the spring, — includes us also; and, before the multitude of the heavenly world, not one of us is forgotten.

The death of the young reminds us of these thoughts, and confirms them. Does the care of our Father cease when the innocent spirit of his little child is released from the sufferings of its flesh, and comes home to him? Is the affection and sympathy of the spirits of the blest unmindful of that infant soul that in purity unspotted joins their number? or is its loving spirit forgetful of the care that shielded it here? It cannot be.

There are many things above our reach. Sickness, suffering, the diseases of the mind, and these early deaths, we cannot understand. But there *is* revealed the love of God, the fellowship of Christ, and the sympathy of all holy beings on high with human condition, — with the youngest and the oldest, with the weakest and the most erring. There is taught in the gospel of Christ comfort from above for the saddest who mourn, aid for the weakest who strive, and joy for the most wandering who will repent.

# DOCTRINE OF THE SPIRIT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is a fact of some significance, that both the form of words which Jesus enjoined to be used in administering baptism, and the apostolic benedictions, associate the name of the Holy Spirit, or the Holy Ghost, — for the word in the original is the same, — with those of God and Christ. It is also noticeable, that, although the same term had been but rarely employed earlier in the Scriptures, and then evidently in a somewhat more general sense, as applicable to the ordinary influence of the Almighty energy, yet, with the opening of the Christian dispensation proper, it begins to bear a more specific and emphatic meaning; to be more copiously used as a sacred household word, very precious to the believer; and to imply, as the least thoughtful reader can see, a peculiar element of power introduced by Christ. Add to these considerations, that Paul refers four great internal states and powers of the soul — joy, peace, faith, and hope * — to its creative operation, and no other reason will be wanted for

* The publication of this article, written recently for another use, has been suggested by the appearance, in the last number of the "Christian Examiner," of a clear and devout one, on the "Procession of the Holy Ghost." Perhaps the points of agreement have as much influence in prompting us to this step, as the points of difference. Coinciding in many of the statements of the writer in the "Examiner," and cordially admiring their general tone, we can hardly adopt his language as to the subordinate importance of the subject. Does he, either, quite represent the historical fact correctly, when he refers to the doctrine *that the Spirit proceeds from the Father only*, as embraced by only a very limited number of minds in the Christian Church? Justin Martyr speaks of the Holy Ghost as "the Power of God sent to us through Jesus Christ" (Dial. c. Tryph.), and elsewhere as one of the "host of angels." According to Origen, the Holy Ghost is "the first being, or nature, produced by God the Father, through the Son." The Latin Church did not assert the double procession from the Father and the Son till the ninth century. It was many years after the promulgation of the Constantinopolitan Creed, before the word *filioque* was inserted into it. This word, and its doctrine, made one of the five charges of heresy brought against the Western Church by Photius the Patriarch. The opposite has continued to be the faith of the Greek Church; and many Protestant theologians of learning and weight have certainly shown a leaning in the same direction.

* Rom. xv. 13. — Griesbach inserts εἰς τὸ περισσεύειν ὑμᾶς ἐν τῇ ἐλπίδι.

a wakeful inquiry into its import. If a truth is hid in it at all, it forms one of the living ideas that are indispensable to the prosperity and purity of the church.

The true construction of a doctrine like this can only be settled by a reverential appeal to the New Testament. A proud understanding is not competent to handle it. Faith in it depends more on a teachable and worshipping heart than an ingenious brain. No man can come to Christ, except he will let the Father draw him. All spiritual truths look dim to a worldly and irreligious mind. You may pronounce the influence of the Spirit a mystery, and so reject it from your confidence; but you will find facts are mysterious, very much in proportion as they are unfamiliar. Mysteries lie all about us. You cannot take a step without planting your foot on a mystery; the law of gravitation veils as profound a secret as the Saviour's resurrection. You cannot move your arm, but you move it through a mystery: muscular action, in obedience to the will, is, in itself, as incapable of explanation as the vitalizing of the church from an indwelling Christ. The passage of your voice to my hearing involves a mystery: tell me how a vibration of the air communicates one man's thoughts to the sensorium of another, and how your intelligent commerce with the world is carried on through about two pounds and a half of nervous matter in the cavity of your skull, and I might be able to unfold to you how the Comforter quickens the soul. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," — this was Christ's own comparison, — "and thou hearest the sound thereof; but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

And so, to a sordid mind, never suffered to break away from the low enslavement of material interests, the whole doctrine of the Holy Spirit becomes a strange jargon, as absurd to the sensual comprehension as it is undesired by earthly affections; and the very language in which it is set forth, an unknown tongue. We might as well expect a deaf man to analyze the composition of Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah, as that our minds, in unrenewed and unbelieving moods, should recognize the reasonableness of our being visited, or cheered, or regenerated by the Holy Ghost.

Admit this principle, and it is obvious that to prejudge a spiritual doctrine, at the outset, by some worldly standard, is not the way of candid investigation. The very property which most

distinguishes *faith* is, that it lays hold on matters which transcend all sensible demonstration. If I wait for such demonstration before I determine what to receive as truth within the circle of my beliefs, and what to debar from it, then I forsake the ground of faith at once, and come upon the ground of ocular proofs or scientific inductions; proceeding not by faith any longer, but by sight, which is a distinct principle, and a lower one. By that rule, the less faith men should have, the less religious truth there would be; the further their habits got estranged from a religious life, the less would God require of them; and, in order to escape their obligation to his law, they would only need to neglect and forget it. It is no anomaly in science, any more than in religion, for a truth to look unreasonable just to the degree that it is held off at a distance. It must be studied into, to appear intelligible; and be brought near to the heart, to appear rational. The real question, then, stands, — Is the doctrine before us addressed to our spiritual insight and our faith by the evangelists? All our short-sighted imaginings apart, what do they teach?

The essential feature of the New Testament doctrine of the Spirit, as it appears to us, is that the coming of the Paraclete is made strictly dependent on the mediatorial office of Christ; that the Holy Ghost is sent by the Saviour in such a sense as not to be truly received till he is glorified, nor otherwise than by faith in him; and therefore that this gift of the Spirit is something, by its conditions and its nature, peculiar to the ministry of redemption, not to be confounded with the ordinary effects of Divine power in nature, and least of all to be treated as only one among the vague influences found by a poetic sentiment, a half-Pantheistic revery, or a feeble sense of elevation or comfort, in the presence of imposing scenery, in "the light of setting suns," in the serene magnificence of midnight, in the majesty of mountains, or the blossoming of the clover, — favored by a tranquil posture of the nerves. This necessary and peculiar connection, in the evangelical representation, of the Holy Spirit with the reconciliation of the cross, has fallen so generally out of recognition, in much preaching, as to enfeeble the force of the truth, and reduce the common notion held in some of our churches to the level of mere naturalism.

The principal passages of the Saviour's instructions, where the

promise of his own continued relation to the body of his church, and of the gift of the Holy Spirit, are contained, are the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of John. Detached entirely from one another, these passages offer difficulties. Each of them, taken separately, presents a truth of precious significance to the religious affections; but they need to be compared, collated, and held up in each other's light, in order to yield a self-consistent and complete doctrine.

Let it be remembered that this whole discourse of Jesus was occasioned by the sorrow and the apprehensions of his disciples, because he had said to them, "I go away."* From the comforting words, "Let not your heart be troubled," throughout, it has this bearing: it aims to assure them that they shall lose none of the spiritual benefits of his presence, if only they will have faith in him as before. Scattered through it, we find these several distinct declarations: — 1. Christ predicts that, in some sense, he is about to depart from the society of his followers: "I go," he says, "unto my Father." This refers, I suppose, simply to the withdrawal of his bodily presence, — the disappearance of that form of Hebrew flesh and blood, through which he had hitherto been manifested to the world, but which, if suffered to remain longer, would prove a veil† before his real and spiritual glory, and contract the universality of his religion. 2. He promises that he shall come again, and dwell constantly with them. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you;" "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, I will manifest myself to him, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." This can mean nothing else than that he, the person Jesus, after his bodily departure, would yet hold conscious relations with his true church, not visible to the fleshly eyes, but felt in the quickening energy of his Spirit, and bestowing the inward influence of his affection on the believing heart. For, 3. he speaks of these particular offices which he will perform, in the farther exercise of his Messiahship. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, *that will I do.*" "Without me, ye can do nothing." 4. He declares that a Comforter shall come, — a new Presence, to guide, strengthen, and assure them, in the difficulties of their

* John xiii. 33, 36.

† *διὰ τοῦ καταπετάσματος, τοῦτ' ἔστι, τῆς σαρκὸς αὐτοῦ.* Heb. x. 20.

ministry; and that this Comforter shall be sent to them by the Father in Christ's name. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth, — and he shall be in you;" "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." 5. He teaches that this Comforter shall also be sent by himself, though proceeding originally, as just shown, from the Father. "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." Again, "It is expedient for you that I go away; but, if I depart, I will send the Comforter unto you." 6. This Comforter is to bring blessings equally from the Father and the Son; for, says Jesus, "He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: he shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore said I that he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you."*

From these six propositions, different in form, but capable of being so reconciled as to be one in substance, we deduce the whole doctrine on the subject. They exhaust the statement of it; and every other expression in the New Testament is in harmony with them. That doctrine can be no other, it seems to us, than this; that, after the body of Jesus should be removed from the church, he should still continue to carry on the spiritual work of renewing, sanctifying, and saving souls, — which is his eternal ministry; the church itself thus becoming the body of his Spirit, *that* visible, but *he* indwelling, yet manifest still in the fruits of holy love and life; that, in thus acting on the spirits

* It is observed by Calvin, and deserves attention in reading the passage, that, having clearly declared that *he* will send the Spirit, as a compensation for his own going away, Christ seems principally anxious to assure his hearers that the same Spirit proceeds from God, as this was necessary to the integrity of their faith, and their full support.

"Quod dicit se a Patre missurum, et rursum a Patre procedere, ad augendum auctoritatis pondus facit. Christus ergo est qui Spiritum mittit, sed ex cœlesti gloria: ut sciamus non humanum esse donum, sed certum divinæ gratiæ pignus. Unde apparet quam frivola fuerit Græcorum argutia, quando horum verborum prætextu Spiritum a Filio procedere negarunt. Patrem enim suo more Christus hic nominat, ut ad divinitatis suæ intuitum attolat nostros oculos." — *Comment. in loc.*

of believers, in answer to prayer, the Son, and the Father who sent him, are together, united in counsel and one in purpose; and that the name given to that peculiar and secret ministry, by which they thus move and draw and change the heart, is the Holy Spirit, but also known as the Comforter, the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth, and the Holy Ghost.

Let us now bring together, in as condensed and clear a paraphrase as possible, these scattered statements of Jesus and the evangelist, so as to exhibit a connected exposition of the truth. "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go there to prepare a place for you. But this my absence will not separate my Spirit from yours. It is expedient for you, both to try your faith, by leaving you to stand alone, and to prevent my religion from being limited by my bodily presence and associations.* Yet I will not leave you wholly alone and comfortless. Let not your heart be troubled or afraid at the thought of that distressing solitude. I will come to you again invisibly, and cause my Spirit to abide with you, in all your holy labors, for ever. Be encouraged: my Father also will abide with you, as he does now. Only love me, and keep my sayings, and you shall feel me with you. Pray to the Father in my name; I also will pray for you; and the Father, who is one with me, will answer you through me. Thus I will continue to bring you his blessings. No longer in this frame of flesh, but by a certain interior sense awakened in your regenerate souls,† quite as quick as the natural eye, I will manifest myself to you, — to the true disciples in my church, hereafter, as now. But inasmuch as the mode of this manifestation is to be changed, — to be inward, and not outward, — you are to know this continued and united presence of my Father and myself, under a new name, — the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. This shall visit and renew you, and be your refreshing. This shall carry forward the work of salvation which I have begun in the body. Pray for the Holy Spirit. The world, i. e. men of worldly tastes and gross desires, cannot understand this promise. The world receiveth not this Holy Spirit, neither knoweth him, as it has not

* "Si carni carnaliter hæseritis, capaces Spiritus non eritis." — *Augustine.*

† John xiv. 19. Tholuck observes, that, "in the pregnant use of language as employed by John and Christ, ζῶ means *to lead a true life in God.*"

received me hitherto, but goeth about to crucify me. That earthly and sinful temper He will reprove; convicting it of sin, showing it righteousness, and bringing it to judgment. But on *you* He* will so act as to teach and inspire you, bringing to your remembrance all the things that I have said to you with this mortal tongue. So he shall testify of me. I shall indeed be with him, and so with you. By believing in the Holy Spirit, you will abide in me, in the strictest unity. Through successive generations he will build up and complete my church. Behold, then, your privilege and your inheritance. You were just now sorrowing because I said, I must go away. But, except my body were to be crucified, you could not enjoy those higher benefits that come from my resurrection. I cannot come to you in the Spirit, till my form is removed. What you cannot now understand of these mysteries, the Spirit will gradually reveal to you.† He shall take of my truth, and, little by little, age, after age, show mankind the full meaning of my gospel and my redemption. It is true, my Father is the author of this Spirit; but between my Father and me is no division of interest, or counsel, or honor. Whoever honors one of us, honors both. I said truly, therefore, that the Spirit, in showing you God's will, shows you mine; for our will is one, and our truth is one. Only believe what I have said. A little while, and ye shall not see me; for I shall be crucified, and ascend from the world. But again, a little while after, you *shall* see me by the eye of your faith, and you shall feel me, and know that I am with you, and my Father also. We will be to you together the Holy Spirit, the Comforter; and, when I thus see you again, your heart shall rejoice; and that joy no man taketh from you."

Let us next notice the harmony between this interpretation and other New Testament references to the same doctrine. In giving an account of that lofty discourse, pronounced by Jesus earlier in his ministry, when he stood, on the last and great day

* It is not to be overlooked, that whenever the masculine pronoun is applied to the Paraclete, there is to be found, in the context of the original, the neuter noun πνεῦμα, with neuter relatives or articles; and the pronouns usually employed throughout the New Testament, in referring to the Holy Spirit, are neuter.

† "He speaks in a language best adapted to the apprehension which the disciples then possessed, as well as to the time, and topic in hand, when he speaks concerning his departure to the Father." — *Bengel.*

of the feast, and proclaimed to the world his divine invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," — John puts in this parenthesis, "This spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given (or, as the original Greek has it, *was not yet*),* because that Jesus was not yet glorified," *i. e.* ascended into his heavenly glory. This shows that John regarded the gift of the Holy Spirit as conditioned on the death and ascension of Christ.

Again, as Jesus had promised the Spirit to be given at the time of his own departure, to fill the place of his bodily companionship, we should naturally expect some signal demonstration of it, in connection with that event. Is this expectation fulfilled? "The same day" that he rose from the dead, we are told, "at evening, being the first day of the week, Jesus stood in the midst of his disciples, and said to them, Peace be unto you! and when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit." Furthermore, the history is taken up, immediately after his ascension, by Luke, in the "Acts of the Apostles;" and the very first sentence contains two distinct references to this doctrine of the Spirit, recalling especially the Saviour's promise that his apostles should "be baptized with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence." Was that promise accomplished? Read the full answer in the record, just after, of that matchless wonder, the sublime outpouring and witnessing of the Spirit, on the day of Pentecost, when the church of Christ received its visible baptism and consecration, for all time, in the tongues of fire; and Peter preached, while the multitude praised.

Passing on into the preaching of the apostles, as they went out on their missionary work, we find their message surcharged with the burden of this great doctrine. Everywhere they preached Christ and the resurrection, and coupled with these the office of the Spirit, regenerating and sanctifying the soul. Their Epistles glow and kindle with the same animating assurance. The radiance of that conviction touched with glory their sufferings by persecution, the miseries of their prison-houses, their perils by the wilderness, and the martyrdoms that crowned their good confession of the cross. "None of these things move me," cried

* οὔπω γὰρ ἦν πνεῦμα ἅγιον.

Paul; "for the Holy Ghost is my witness." Whatever fruits of conversion and faith honored their apostleship, they described as not their own, nor of man's wisdom, but the "demonstration of the Spirit," and its power. Three verses in the Epistle to Titus really condense the whole doctrine into one comprehensive formula: "After that the kindness and love of God toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

It commends this construction to our cordial reception, that it meets all the variety of our different religious habits, suits itself to whatever sincere moods our shifting experience may bring, and, on whichever of the Divine agents in sustaining our moral life we fix our meditation, furnishes us a satisfying image of each.

Some devout minds, for example, have been trained to fasten their religious reverence and affection almost exclusively on the Father. Not denying the Son, nor his offices, nor rejecting the fellowship of the Spirit, their pious thoughts turn most naturally to God. It is He that dwells before their contemplation, absorbs their love, and reaches down to help and save them. For such, the doctrine, as we have presented it, offers the Holy Spirit as the gift and presence of that God, his witness, his token, one form of his manifestations to the soul. And although, as it needs indeed to be more believed, we rob ourselves of Christian peace and power, just in proportion as we drop out of view our intimate relations to the person of Jesus, yet, as we have seen, so long as we recognize him as the Saviour, he will not count it an offence that we think oftener of the Father that sent him; for in that holy union there are no jealousies, and Jesus will still bestow his benediction on the heart that truly worships his Father. Did he not say to the Father, "All mine are thine, and thine are mine"? Accordingly, as if expressly to comfort minds of the cast we have alluded to, the Holy Spirit is represented to us as the Spirit of God, — the God that was from everlasting, and visited Moses, David, and Isaiah. Such believers will cling most fondly to that phase in the promise, "*My Father* will love him and abide with him;" and, not forgetting that it is "in the name of the Lord Jesus," they will linger with special satisfaction on Paul's language to

the Corinthians, where he says, "It is by the Spirit *of God* that we are sanctified."

Another class — and it seems to us they are apt to be Christians of a more fervent and effectual faith — find their religious life much dependent on the person of Christ. They want to feel the strengthening touch of his hand and the breath of his intercession. They are resolute according to the frequency with which they sit at his feet, and vigilant according as they are conscious that he is near to be wounded by their backslidings, or to rejoice personally in their moral victories; and they are constant to his church according as they realize him to be veritably in it a leader, a friend, a reconciler. This class, then, will listen with most grateful eagerness when he tells them that he also, as well as the Father, comes in the Comforter. They bless him for the pledge, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." They rejoice in the declaration, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." They reassure themselves with the conviction, that, though he went away in the humiliation of the cross, he cometh again to judge the saints for evermore in glory. And the highest duty of their discipleship is fulfilled when they can know that they "abide in him."

Or, again, if there are others, whose attachment turns less to the person of either the Father or the Son than to that secret Divine Influence proceeding from them both, which we have seen to be called by the New Testament the Spirit, as actually happens with some branches of the church universal, — then, provided only they will receive it in simplicity, our doctrine makes ready room for them also, offering no violence to their peculiar culture or affinities. And these will seize on those many passages that ascribe the work of renewal to the Holy Ghost, or refer the joy and peace of believing to His power.

By all these ways, in accommodation to all these shapings of devout belief, will the view we have opened, if it be reverentially studied and welcomed with a docile heart, yield confidence and guidance to true Christian disciples, of whatever name or fold.

Nor is it an incidental, but an essential and inherent, operation of our doctrine, that it exalts our conceptions of the personal work of the Messiah, as the Head of the church and the Divine

Agent of man's regeneration. Crucified at Calvary, he lives throughout the world. Slain as our Passover, he survives as our Advocate. Ascended from our sight, he blesses us still by the Spirit. Before Abraham, in the bosom of the Father, he reigns till he has put all enemies under his feet. In that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God, and dieth no more.

It remains that we turn our thoughts to those immediate offices of the Spirit towards our own personal experience, which serve to bring the doctrine practically home to the religious affections and life.

Do we feel a consciousness of mortal weakness, which quite disables us from originating, out of our own virtue, the regeneration of the soul, and cleansing the heart from all the defilements of sin? The Holy Spirit comes to meet that very incapacity: freely, without money or price, the offered and waiting bounty of God's infinite affection comes, only asking that we accept it. So it came with a mighty wind and tongues of fire at Pentecost; so it will come, with reviving breath and burning zeal, to every heart in us that will believe. What said Jesus of the new birth to Nicodemus, but that every man so renewed is "born of the Spirit"? and Paul, but that "the washing of regeneration" is "the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which God sheds on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour"?

Are we overtaken with a solitary sense sometimes of our need of *guidance* through this tangled labyrinth of life and its temptations? The strong voice of an apostle answers to that need, "As many as will be led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Or does your mind stand, dark and perplexed, when some fiendish enemy from within or without, — a sneer, a passion, a provocation, — bewilders your judgment and agitates your temper? Behold, says your Lord, "the Holy Spirit shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say." With him who could fight with wild beasts at Ephesus, and sing anthems in prisons, and terrify pompous magistrates with his inbred dignity, we can "speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." And so we find the Spirit not only a guide, but an instructor; not only leading us to the truth, but educating us to receive it.

When you want encouragement under failure, or peace in be-

reavement, he is your "Comforter;" which is the very signification of "Paraclete;" and in the same breath where he promised that guide and teacher, Christ promised "peace" also, — his own peace, given "not as the world giveth." And if you inquire how this comforting comes, Scripture is ready with a reply: "Because the *love of God* is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

And then, when the mood makes transition from penitence, despondency, or grief, to courage, and your necessity is to be restrained rather than pardoned, stimulated, or soothed, you are taught that the same Spirit exercises a power of forbidding, as well as of impelling, and are reminded that even a purpose which seemed so right as preaching the gospel in Asia was forbidden to an apostle by the Holy Ghost, because the Heavenly Wisdom foresaw results hidden from the best man's eyes.

And, finally, that highest and crowning grace of Christian character, sanctification, is declared, in the Epistle to the Romans, to be the work of the Spirit. — Renewer, Guide, Comforter, Restrainer, Sanctifier! Witness the beneficent and celestial offices which we either reject with worldly unbelief, or entertain with devout thanksgiving.

Nor can there be any evasion under the apology that there is partiality in the invitation. For we listen to the earliest inspiration of the church, and hear Peter indignantly questioning, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And they of the circumcision were astonished, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." I am not at liberty to judge of its reality by any outward manifestations; for I am uniformly taught to look for it as a secret messenger to the soul. I turn with veneration to the noblest and holiest saints, like Stephen the protomartyr, and the first companions of his unspeakable tribulation, and find it repeatedly said of them, that the richness, and grace, and stability of their manhood was, that they were "filled with the Holy Ghost." Nay, I must contemplate with a new feeling of solemnity and Christian awe my own poor frame, when I read, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit? Whosoever defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; which temple ye are."

It becomes us to remember the great law of the gift; that

*condition* with which we must implicitly comply, if we would have our souls enlightened and expanded by the indwelling Spirit of our Father and our Redeemer. Hearken to it, as it is uttered from Divine lips: "Your Heavenly Father shall give the Holy Spirit," — to whom? To them that seek it not, and prize it not, captives to their traffic, bondmen to their ambition, satisfied with what they eat and drink, and with the shapes and colors wherewithal they shall be clothed? No; but "to them that ask him."

May it not be resisted, and scorned, and insulted, then, till it be fatally and finally forfeited, — sorrowfully withdrawing, at last, — yet with intercessions and yearnings of tender pity that cannot be uttered, from the breast that so madly and perilously repels it? The answer is not ours. It is the warning of one greater than you or me: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." "Quench not the Spirit." "Whosoever blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him."

And, now, what are the fruits of this Spirit in the hearts and lives of men? Will not our own reason, our conscience, nay, our very eyesight, as we read the characters of those we know, make the same answer with revelation? "The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth, — love, joy, peace, — long-suffering, gentleness, temperance." "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." Let the doctrine find its unanswerable testimonies in the greater purity, nobleness, and devotedness of the Christian's life before men.

We do greatly want a fresher and deeper doctrine of the Holy Spirit of God, its influence and gifts. We want it individually, to give vitality to our professions, and energy to our effort, and sanctity to our faith, and unconquerable constancy to our will. Christendom wants it, to heal the waste places of its foreign and its domestic heathenism, — to repair the desolations of bigotry and formality, to advance the flagging march of its principles, to animate the languid piety of its churches, to invigorate pure and undefiled religion, to gather unrepenting but homesick prodigals in, to enlarge, and build up, and strengthen the enclosures of the Saviour's everlasting fold.

Come, then, Thou Holy Spirit, the Renewer, to replenish our wasting lamps, and revive thy work, in the midst of the years! Come, Guide and Teacher, to take our hands in thine, and pour light on our way and on our mind! Come, as the Comforter, to

heal bleeding hearts, and bind up the bruises of uncharitableness, and every sorrow! Come, Restrainer, to keep our feet, and all our hidden desires and imaginations, from evil! Come, thou Sanctifier, to purify and perfect us, — unto the worship of the Father, and obedience to the Son, — till we are a true and accepted branch of the immortal vine, — a people patient and believing, and zealous of good works!

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## OUR RELIGIOUS WANTS.

[The following article has been sent us by a thoughtful and respected member of one of our Unitarian churches, with a letter, from which we make an extract. If we were at liberty to publish private communications, we could fill the Magazine with matter of equal interest, pervaded by the same feeling, proceeding from various and widely-separated quarters. — Ed.]

How far these few pages are a simple transcript of a personal experience, you can now easily judge; and though to some they may seem too earnest and unqualified, I confess to you that they are far from expressing all I often feel. I long to find that sympathy my soul craves; to have some to understand these struggles for light and faith, this discontent with present attainment and performance, and this thirst for a more quickening form of belief.

Even now, in almost every church in our city, there is an unwonted excitement and interest in religious truths. Much as may truly be said against the excesses attending such revivals, why do *we* alone keep aloof? Why are some such manifestations, in healthy degrees, never witnessed in our churches? Is there no faith in the gift of the Spirit? Do we as a denomination *really believe* in the efficacy of prayer, in the necessity of salvation through Christ alone?

Sometimes, when listening in silence to the confident expressions of some of my Orthodox and Episcopalian friends, with regard to *the true faith* or *the true church*, I have been almost tempted to give up all questioning, and accept so definite a creed. But I cannot do this. I cannot accept Christ as "*very God;*" I cannot believe in *total* native depravity, nor in arbitrary election, nor a vicarious atonement; yet it seems to me there is a vein of truth underlying all these doctrines, which needs to be incorporated into our faith to make it more living and effectual. I know of those of my own age and younger, who, exposed to the influences of Rationalism, whose parents have accepted more or less the peculiar views of Mr. —— and others, or unblessed by

those rich religious influences which I have ever enjoyed, have gone to Episcopalianism and Catholicism as a relief from a creed which seemed to them cold and barren. I cannot agree with them; I have seen too much of the power of our faith in producing the richest fruits of holiness to reject it; yet it seems to me that we need a new infusion of life: I am not satisfied. But where find the truth? still more, where find an assurance of faith, the *certainty* that the soul has become regenerate?

There have been weeks during the past year when I have felt utterly alone; when, surrounded by friends, and in the midst of the enjoyment of our beautiful mountain-scenery, the sublimity of nature has only pressed upon the soul with an almost overwhelming power, as it has felt its utter loneliness, its need of a Father. I adored, but could not feel his loving presence; I longed to hear the "still small voice," but there was only silence; I longed for a Saviour to lead me to the Father, but there seemed no reality in his being. Again and again have I struggled with these feelings, sometimes failing, sometimes enjoying a spirit of peace, that comes not from without. Is there not a power in the Gospels which has not yet been fully recognized, to meet such wants?

I thank you most sincerely for the references in your last letter. Upham's writings I have often referred to during the last year, and with deep interest. Dr. Bushnell's work upon the Atonement was one of the first that drew my attention to this subject, and one of the first, too, that in any way satisfied me. But what a sense of low attainment and spiritual want fills the spirit in reading such writers as Thomas à Kempis, Madame Guyon, and Fenelon! I thank you, too, for the chapters in the Epistles you pointed out. How full of meaning is every verse! how varied and infinite the treasury of thought and life there unfolded! I only wonder that I have hitherto thought so little of these great, and what now seem to me vital, realities, — God revealed through Christ; salvation, redemption, sanctification.

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DURING the last few years, observing persons can hardly have watched with any degree of attention the progress of events, without feeling that great and important changes have been and still are taking place in the religious no less than in the social and political world.

More silently, unnoticed by the common observer it may be, but none the less surely, has the old order of things been passing away; and, to the earnest seeker, there are significant tokens prophetical of a new era in sects and parties of the church.

It may not be amiss, therefore, to contemplate what these changes of feeling and opinion portend; for, uncongenial as our views may be to some, we believe that but few years will elapse ere such changes will manifest themselves in our own immediate denomination, no less than in those which feel at present but little sympathy in our peculiar views of doctrine and life.

For several years past, we have heard, from time to time, the word of alarm from some firm upholder of our denomination, as such, that Unitarianism was on the decline; that it could not compete with other sects; that its churches were lifeless and cold; and that it was in vain to expect its continued independent existence; that it might receive the support of the more intellectual and cultivated, but that it was not adapted to meet the wants or satisfy the desires of the common mind; that it was based upon the intellect rather than the heart, and appealed to the reason more than to the emotions or affections.

How much truth there may be in these accusations we do not here intend to discuss. Although educated in its views, and from childhood surrounded by those who upheld its peculiar tenets, and whose pure and devoted lives have been sufficient evidence of the power of their belief as a saving faith to them, we have no such strong attachment to Unitarianism, simply as such, as to be unwilling to see the signs of change in some quarters among us, giving evidence to our own minds of the coming of a new and better era.

We have felt deeply ourselves, that the faith given us in childhood, and the truths of the gospel as they have since been maintained by many of those in our denomination, both in the pulpit and by the press, have not reached the deepest wants of the soul. They may suffice, and we know have sufficed, for many; they may suffice for many more, until some crisis of spiritual experience arrives when the *heart* earnestly craves and seeks some place of rest, some higher faith, some more abiding trust; and then it turns in vain to the creeds of Rationalism and good works, a self-sufficient righteousness, noble aspirations, and a rigid rule of duty, and cries out for some objective reality to confront and overmaster this ever-intruding subjective force; for some divine power and aid to relieve this vivid self-consciousness, this sense of inward want and failure.

It asks for a living, ever-present Saviour and Redeemer; not

a mere teacher and guide. It seeks to lay its burdens at the
t of the cross, knowing that *there* is the very seal of the pro-
se; that in all its sinfulness, and enwrapped still in its soiled
l defiled garments of worldliness, the blood of Christ can
anse from all sin.

And in speaking these words we know that we are not utter-
; our own experience alone. Go into any of our churches on
ne bright sabbath morning, and read the hearts of the hundreds
re assembled. Outwardly uniting in the service of the sanctu-
; with prevailing purposes of obedience, and a love of goodness;
arded by others as of pure and devout lives; interested in dif-
ent modes of benevolent activity; constant in the observance of
the outward forms of religion; diligent, it may be, in the
truction of the young and ignorant; — yet from how many
h hearts might we hear confessions like the following, wrung
m the very depths of the soul; more keenly felt because
ered alone in secret, and with the chilling consciousness, that,
xpressed, few would fully comprehend their meaning, or know
w to lead the spirit back to the Fountain of Life? —

"During the past week, I have endeavored in some humble
asure to perform my various duties, — to do good to others as
have had opportunity, and to live a Christian life. But I am
t satisfied or contented with my present state. As I read the
ges of the gospel with a new and earnest desire for light and
idance, I feel that my past faith has been cold and dead.
rist has hitherto been to my mind a beautiful, barren abstrac-
n. I have been taught to think of him as my Teacher and
ide, as the purest and holiest of Beings. He has been *called*,
led, the Saviour of men; but I have never been led to feel my
n sinfulness, to realize the perfect holiness of God, and the
ict requirements of his law, and thence brought to him as my
viour, my Redeemer. And now when I open the pages of his
spel and read that we can come to the Father only through
m, that there is no other name under heaven given among men
ereby we can be saved but that of Jesus only, that by faith
me are we saved, I feel that there has been a most radical
fect in my past spiritual life. I have, indeed, joined in the
uching service of the commemoration of Christ, but with a com-
rative lifeless heart; for I felt not my indebtedness to him, as
e only Way, Truth, and Life. He has seemed to me as a

prophet and teacher, not as the one Mediator, the full manifestation of the Father. Indeed, there have been times when it has seemed as if there were no necessity of a Redeemer; as if the soul could approach the Father, and love him as such, but could not divide that love.

"And now that this view no longer satisfies me, — now that Christ appears to my soul as a Saviour, his mission foretold by prophets, and confirmed by miracles, signs, and wonders, — now that I feel in my soul the need of such a Redeemer and Intercessor, — how shall I *know* that I have accepted him as such? how rest satisfied that the barrenness of a mere legal righteousness has been forgiven? and how gain that life flowing only from a conscious union with the Son of God?"

How many hearts are thus eagerly thirsting for a deeper faith and a more penetrating doctrine of the cross! "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." And to how many in our churches, alas! is Christ only a dim, unreal abstraction of the Bible, with no reality, no vital power, — or else only a fine specimen of humanity, a "religious genius"!

But in what way are such expressions of feeling sometimes met, when uttered, as of necessity, from the very depths of a conscious spiritual need? The individual is told that this want of a realizing faith arises in part from a defective mental organization, from a want of imaginative power in bringing distant objects distinctly before the mental vision; that a life of duty and obedience, of loyalty to God and man, is the only sure proof of love to God; that, as he goes on to do the will, and seeks to be faithful to duty, he will find the light and happiness he needs; that feeling is no criterion of character, and that there may often exist true and warm affection without any apparent emotion. He is urged to study more diligently the incidents in the life of Jesus, and thus gain a more vivid conception of his being and attributes; to come still to the altar of commemoration, knowing that the *act* of obedience alone will bring its own reward.

Such counsels may be, — are, indeed, true and good; but are these words *all* that are to be said to a soul seeking for Christ, for a Saviour? Will the sense of duty alone, however stringent, give peace? Will the longing to twine the affections around a Being of divine power and love be satisfied by a dim abstraction?

Can loyalty take the place of love? In fine, can an intellectual faith, however perfect, in one who exhibits only the perfection of humanity, — can the most holy outward walk and life, ever take the place of a conscious, intimate soul-communication with the Son of God?

Such confessions as these are evident signs that some changes are working in our community; that the faith of the past is not sufficient and satisfying to many minds. Some are seeking in the Orthodox creed and worship a faith which seems more vital and heart-quickening; some, as a natural reaction, have turned to Catholicism; others to a vague mysticism; whilst others still are remaining yet in the fold of Unitarianism, simply because they can find no more satisfying worship, yet who are earnestly longing for a higher and different phase of spiritual life yet to appear. What the result may be we do not endeavor to predict. But, as has been said by another, "it may be that ours is appointed as an *age of faithful waiting;*" that patiently must we rest upon God, and beseech light and new revelations of the truth.

But that a new and more intense spirit of truth, a new preaching of the Divine word, must ere long spring up among us, we believe that few will deny. Look now around our churches, and where, saving here and there a solitary instance, do we find that pure and holy love, the very badge of discipleship? Where is the apostle's zeal and enthusiasm? where the missionary's self-devotion, and the martyr's holy faith? where that living earnestness that will gladly deny self, and count all earthly good as nought so that it may win souls to Christ?

We talk much, do much, perhaps; but how do many of us *live*? We furnish our houses with every comfort; procure the luxuries of life; go to church to listen to some favorite preacher, and too often enjoy the service merely as an intellectual feast; return home to study the pages of some favorite author, or attend to family concerns; give to others, after our own wants are satisfied; treat kindly and affectionately those who love us, — and the *world* calls us Christians.

But where is the word, spoken nearly two thousand years ago, whose solemn utterance has gained only a new and deeper import as it has been echoed by the lapse of centuries: "If any man will come after me, let him *deny* himself, and take up his cross *daily*, and follow me;" "Except a man be *born again*, he cannot enter

into the kingdom of God;" "Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again;" "By grace are ye saved through *faith*"?

Do we not need some new power among us, some voice to awaken the dry bones of a barren and self-sufficient piety, of frigid naturalism, of unbelief and misbelief, — some prophet's touch to rouse the dead body of the church to a new and Christ-like life, — some divine spirit to quicken this soul-destroying apathy? Do we not need some new outpouring of the Holy Spirit, — the *spirit* of prayer in the church and by the home-altar? Have we *faith* in these divine influences, in the promise that "whatsoever we shall ask, believing, we shall receive"? Do we not shrink from the plain, clear expositions of the Divine word, of future woe and retribution, of man's sin and helplessness and *need* of a Saviour, — as if such terms were too harsh and uncongenial for our refined and intellectual tastes?

Give us, we are sometimes tempted to exclaim, — give us the wildest enthusiasm, rather than this deadly calm and indifference. If the words of Christ are true, they are divine in their power; and whence, then, this strange apathy? whence this self-delusion?

We repeat, there are changes going on among us, and individual souls are earnestly looking for a new and better administration. for some new and higher development of faith, that shall blend the zeal and devotion of the Catholic, the fervor of the Methodist, the self-renunciation of the Quietist, with a trust in Christ as emphatically the Son of God and the Saviour of men. In all our churches there are souls earnestly longing to have Christ preached as a *Saviour;* that ask not for forms or systems, or an intellectual belief, but for *Christ*, — for his cross as a seal of their own acceptance, — for his death as a pledge of their pardon. In all our churches there are young hearts questioning the truth of the doctrines inculcated from childhood, and earnestly asking the meaning of the great truths of man's sinfulness and redemption, of the atonement, of salvation, of retribution. But are these wants met among us? are they even fully acknowledged? Read the words and ponder the deep meaning of those expressions applied to Christ, both by himself and his apostles, marking him as divine in his nature, power, and authority, and then say whether it be sufficient to the soul hungering and thirsting after righteous-

ness, — longing for an assurance of faith and life, to be brought to him as a holy Teacher, Guide, or Friend alone. Is there not a deeper craving of the soul, which cannot and will not thus be satisfied?

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. I am the Bread of Life. I and my Father are one. Before Abraham was, I am. Glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. *We* will come and make our abode with him. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but *by me*. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life for the sheep. I *have power* to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God; the fulness of God revealed bodily. Christ the High-priest; the Passover; the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; the only name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved. Christ the one Mediator; the only-sufficient Saviour; the ever-present Redeemer. Christ, who is made unto us both Wisdom and Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption!

Let these divine truths be more deeply felt and acknowledged. Let the cross of Christ be preached as of old, as the only hope of glory. Let the great truth of the gospel, "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God," be again and earnestly inculcated. Let the sinfulness of man and the perfect holiness of God be so set forth as to lead the soul, as through the earnest preaching of the apostles, to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" Let Christians evince by their *lives* that they know from deep and real experience the meaning of a *heart-communion* with Christ, of a life hid with Christ in God; and there may be the fresh upspringing, the renewal, the change, as of a new life, among us. Shall we not earnestly hope and pray for this new baptism of the Holy Spirit?

It matters little to us by what name these views are called, if they be only life-giving and life-producing. We believe there *is* a power in the gospel to meet these earnest struggles and aspirations of the soul; and wherever such wants are most fully met, under whatever form of faith or mode of worship, there would we gladly acknowledge the presence of God's truth, of the truth as it is in Jesus. "For in me," said our Saviour, "ye shall find *peace*."

E. M. N.

## PUBLICATIONS.

*Thorpe: a Quiet English Town, and Human Life therein.* By Rev. William Mountford. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields: Boston, 1852. — A really religious book is not a frequent gift to this age; perhaps because most of the books meant to be religious are written out of a religious understanding, rather than a religious genius. When the two conditions are fulfilled, — a genius to write the book, and that genius essentially and constitutionally devout, — there is no reason why religious reading should not be as interesting to persons of sense and spirit, of all classes, as any other. Mr. Mountford unites the conditions; and, in an unusual degree, achieves the result. No reader suspects the spirituality of his writings to be an artificial product; an effect of calculation, prepared by a rational conclusion that piety is a useful ingredient in civilized life. A large share of the sweet and holy charm that invests his several works is, that he is one of those authors with whom to write at all is to write religiously.

In "Thorpe," as in "Martyria" and "Euthanasy," incident is subordinated to meditation, — the story to the feeling and the thought; but here in a less exclusive measure than there. Humorous combinations of character and sentiment, amusing talk, a delicate, refined side-play of wit, relieve a current of solemn and earnest discourse, so rich and varied, that it hardly needs to be relieved. But then, without the servant girl, the sexton, the farmer, and the constable, we should not have "Human Life," as it is even in "quiet" Thorpe.

The conversations of the two Cokes with one another, and with Mr. Lingard, are such as the Christian world needs to listen to, and, if possible, to multiply. The relations of science to faith, of knowledge to worship, are discussed in a spirit of large philosophy, true charity, and profound belief. And here and there swells a passage of noble Christian eloquence, carrying one back to the days when the simplicity of divine truth was less defiled than now, — and up into calm communion with God and his Son our Lord.

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**The present number of the Magazine contains four pages beyond the usual limits, and yet several notices of publications are crowded out.**

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## A DEFINITE CHRISTIAN FAITH DESIRABLE AND POSSIBLE.

"WHAT advantage, then, hath the Jew?" was a question once asked and answered by St. Paul. In the providence of God, through the unfolding of his purposes, it had become necessary to show, that certain advantages, which had been claimed for the children of Abraham, had been claimed without sufficient reason. The profit of Judaism had been misstated, if not overstated. It was *not* a substitute for righteousness, it was *not* a passport which might never be refused at the door of heaven. It had happened to St. Paul, beyond any man of his time, to bring this truth into the light; and for this reason, and to counteract a misapprehension which might arise, he was the more anxious to display the real benefit of the Jewish religion, the advantage of the Jew over the Gentile, and in more than one place has eloquently done this. A similar process has been going forward with reference to the Gospel during these last years: some misapprehensions of its claims and methods have been met and set right; and so it has become a question for the times, "What advantage, then, hath the Christian?"—"Is Christianity only religion in general, or is it a very specific, definite form of religion? Are there any convictions, privileges, hopes, which are eminently and exclusively Christian?" Perhaps, at some future time, we may offer some answers to these questions. We wish at present to call attention to a prevailing

indefiniteness of religious conception, and to show, if we can, that this indefiniteness is not unavoidable.

Christianity is believed in a *general* way, understood in a *general* way, and made use of in a *general* way. For many persons, the faith to which our altars are consecrated, and in the name of which we assemble from Sunday to Sunday, has no precise meaning; no plain, unmistakable marks by which it can be distinguished from any and every other form of human belief. Vagueness is acquiesced in by a multitude, as the inevitable condition of the mind, directly it approaches the subject of religion. If we were to go about, and propose to one and another the question, "What is Christianity?" the collection of answers would be a very curious one, and not the least noteworthy circumstance would be the entire want, in many cases, of any thing deserving to be called an answer, any thing sufficiently precise and tangible to be styled so much as an opinion. Here is one who would tell us that "Christianity is being good and doing good," — a very general account even of goodness, and no account whatever of Christianity. Here is another who says that "Christianity is loving God and man," — a glorious summary of law, but not specially an account of the gospel. The name Christianity is often applied to any ideas, vague or distinct, upon religious subjects, which one may chance to hold, whether by inheritance or in any other way, so that we virtually take such religion as we have, and, without any enlargement or renovation, call it the gospel.

It is not difficult to see how well-meaning minds have been led into this vagueness. It is easy to find excuses for it. It is but the inevitable re-action of the human mind against an exaggerated precision and an over-minuteness of detail in religious opinion. The points of doctrine were sharpened and sharpened, until only the microscopic vision of the scientific theologian could see them, and they vanished from the sight of ordinary men. For example, the time has been when the precise view to be entertained of the Lord's Supper was literally a matter of life and death, deemed so essential that men perilled their lives voluntarily, altogether gratuitously, for the sake of promulgating certain opinions about it, when only here and there a man singularly in advance of his age deemed it safe that persons who were commonly esteemed errorists upon this point should be permitted to live. On the 6th of July, 1415, John Huss of Prague was burned at the stake,

iefly because he insisted, that, contrary to the practice of the omish Church, the cup of communion as well as the bread ould be given to the laity. Henry VIII. of England, a pre-nded reformer, Romish in almost every point, save in the desire d determination to be his own Pope, persecuted to the death ny who denied Transubstantiation, and in one instance sum-oned an assembly of his magnates to listen to a discussion, as was pleased to style it, between himself and one Lambert, a retic, about this subject of Christian communion; a discussion llowed by a barbarous slaughter of the poor innovator in Smith-ld, that Aceldama of England. Our rulers no longer discuss ce theological points, nor, we may add, burn their unhappy ntagonists at the stake. These instances illustrate the exagge-ted importance that was once attached to what are reckoned, nongst us at least, the minor and unessential points of belief. hey contrast strikingly with words lately spoken by a leading tholic prelate in our land. "It is a land," said he, "of ligious freedom and equality; and I hope that in this respect it all remain just what it is now to the remotest posterity." Now, parting with dogmatism, discipline, and exclusiveness in their tremes and their pettinesses, set free from painfully and need-ssly exacting schoolmasters, it is but natural that in many cases ere should be a loss of a really distinct, tangible, and available nception of Christianity.

There is in many quarters a morbid and excessive craving for oad statements of religion; statements broad enough to include l religions, and to bring within the fold of Christ all who have e least of the natural sentiment of piety, and recognize aught gher and holier than man. But surely the largest and divinest arity cannot ask us to tamper so with the truth, and to make ght of the greatest convictions and experiences of the human ul. If we are endeavoring to tell what Christianity is, we have right indeed to make our account of it less broad than it is ade by Christ and his apostles; neither are we at liberty to pand it into the utterly indefinite and illimitable. If we may permitted considerable freedom in enlarging the circumference, must still bear in mind that a circumference always supposes centre, a fixed point. "Scriptural doctrine" was the old tchword, and it is a good watchword still, the positive unfoldings Scripture, let them contain what they will, or exclude what they

will. Though compelled by no outward pressure, we may yet keep steadily before our minds and hearts the grand principles of the gospel, its foundation-principles, the solid basement upon which its structures have thus far been raised; the truths, the facts, all the elements of power, by means of which it has thus far done, and must ever continue to do, its work in the world. Christianity has again and again been crucified between the two thieves Superstition and Indifference, and is about equally disregarded by the worshipper of saints and by the refined Deist. In Christ Church, Canterbury, there stood, in Catholic days, three altars, one consecrated to our Blessed Lord; another to the Virgin Mary; and the third to St. Thomas à Becket, once Archbishop of Canterbury, and reckoned a holy martyr, having been assassinated at the instigation of Henry II., it was believed, for his uncomfortable zeal in maintaining the prerogatives of the church, or, as the Catholics claim, for his advocacy of popular rights. In one year there was offered at the altar of Christ about £3, at the altar of the Virgin Mary about £63, and at the altar of St. Thomas about £832. The next year there was offered at Christ's altar nothing, at the altar of the Virgin about £4, and at the altar of St. Thomas £954; the sums increasing in inverse proportion to the glory and greatness of the object of worship. How striking a commentary upon the words of Jesus, "The disciple is not above his master"! So men fasten upon some single point, some isolated doctrine of Christianity; and, in their exclusive devotion to it, they lose sight of the great body of Christian wisdom. They say that the gospel is this or it is that, when it is both this and that, and a great deal more. And then, on the other hand, there come those who reject these narrow definitions, and are so offended by what seems to them a contracted bigotry, that they will have no definitions at all, nothing definite; no account of, no answer for, the faith that is in them; nothing beyond what any Jew might have said, ages ago; scarcely any thing which goes beyond a natural reverence and conscientiousness, which, under some better or worse form, are almost as widely spread as the race of men. Between these extremes we may have at once a fulness and a breadth of Christian statement.

But it may seem to some rather a hopeless matter, a very discouraging task, to endeavor to write articles of faith amidst the endless perplexities of a sectarian Christendom; hopeless to aim at

any thing beyond generalities, which, as experience shows, may be interpreted to mean any thing, every thing, nothing. Christianity has been, more or less, in controversy almost from the beginning. It was by no means exempt from this condition even during those days when the unity of the church was comparatively unbroken, but when, after all, men rather agreed in believing the church than in believing distinctly what the church taught. How, then, can we have much that is definite, unless we join ourselves to this or the other leader, and become sectarian? How, at all events, can an unlearned man hope to find his way through the intricacies and contradictions of theology? Some such considerations as these exercise a very powerful influence upon the younger minds of our day; and, unless they can be met and outweighed, all depth and strength of Christian conviction will be at an end. We are, it is to be feared, poor and puny children, in this respect, of most worthy fathers; quite unfit to bear up, as they bore up, the ark of God in the world. Very summarily, and in an indolent or at best an indifferent temper, have multitudes come to the conclusion that there is nothing specific to be known about Christianity; that "to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us," or some such morality, is the beginning, middle, and end of the whole matter.

Now, it is hardly credible that all who have outgrown the authority of Rome and Protestant dogmatism are for ever doomed to such vagueness. Indeed, if it be so, and if Christianity be at all what has commonly been believed, such a condition of things would be a strong argument in favor of Romish authority and Protestant dogmatism. If we need authorized expounders of revelation, it is fair to suppose that we have them. If the gospel becomes in our hands only natural religion, it is most likely that we need guidance in the interpretation thereof. But ought we not rather to say that Protestant Christianity has not yet realized its strength, or gained the use of its weapons? The Reformed Church has not yet passed out of its childhood, and learned that it can go alone. It heeds too much the warnings and discouragements of its old tutors and governors, who have no adequate faith either in the Scriptures or in the Spirit that writes their living truths upon our hearts. Since the Bible was put into the mother-tongues of the various Christian nations, we have but just had time to learn to read and understand it; and when the Protestant

world shall have brought together and compared its various opinions, when merely verbal differences shall have been separated from real differences, and essentials thoroughly distinguished from non-essentials, there will be found, we are more and more persuaded, a substantial agreement, in comparison with which differences that may still be noticed will seem trifling indeed. We must not too easily credit the friends of tradition, when they tell us that the Bible keeps its blessed secrets fast locked, and will not yield them up save to consecrated priests. Perhaps they are not the best judges. Perhaps the Bible will tell us, too, all that it has told them; it may be also something larger and deeper. It may not dogmatize upon minor points; it may not make as much account of the forms of truths as of the truths themselves; but it does teach, very plainly, great lessons of religion, which whoso believeth with all his heart shall not die eternally.

The insufficiency of the Scriptures, and the inadequacy of private judgment to interpret them, are sustained by an appeal to a few cases of wild or reckless interpretation, which common sense at once rejects; or by the gratuitous assumption, that, if we cannot find this or the other matter of inference, we are incompetent readers. Now, there are two prominent reasons why a plain man need not be in the least discouraged from efforts to secure a definite, adequate, and tangible conception of Christianity. The first is, that the difficulty, whatever it may be, is not to be relieved merely by an increase of learning. True scholarship is fitted, no doubt, to enlarge the mind; but mere learning quite as often makes one a more ingenious disputant, and is, for the most part, so foreclosed and committed, that truth gains little. And, again, the unlearned may derive infinite encouragement from the great and crowning consideration, that all the vital distinctive lessons of Scripture are interpreted and commended to us through the *experience of the heart*, which alone believeth unto righteousness. Let it be that the minds of men differ, yet God fashioneth their hearts alike; and the Scriptures yield up one and the same secret of the Lord to every trusting, fearing, loving, growing heart. Let us emphasize this great doctrine. Every essential element in Christianity, fact, truth, promise, will, sooner or later, commend itself to you, as what you imperatively need, — what you can in nowise dispense with. These experienced truths are what the sects are really contending for,

and what the really earnest men who made the old creeds would have us hold fast upon peril of our souls. They did not really mean that the mind must cling to certain opinions, or be punished for its obstinacy. They meant that certain spiritual or moral experiences, which these opinions represent or speak to, are the only healthful and safe experiences for a human being; and, if they had only aimed to help men to find these lessons in the Scriptures, urging the edification which they had ever afforded, they had done well. The grand evidence for the truth of Christianity is found in its successful appeal to the hearts of men; in the wants which it at once discloses and satisfies. Dr. Chalmers used to call it the *portable evidence* for our faith; not the great library, which must be kept in one place, and can only be explored by scholars; but the Word, which is very nigh unto us.

The truths of revelation can be translated into the heart's life; and therefore, with the human aids which are providentially furnished, and under the blessing of the Divine Spirit, they can be gathered from the sacred page. We can gather that which is unspeakably significant. We can live anew in these convictions, and with that spiritual enlargement which made the first days of the gospel so memorable, not for great discoveries in philosophy, or science, or the arts, but for the mighty impetus given then to our moral and religious being, the flood of pure heavenly light poured in upon the world. What was it that so wrought in men, fashioned just as we are, encompassed just as we are, fearful and selfish by nature just as we are? Not something which can be found only by the wise and mighty: few such were called. Not something dependent upon a creed: they had none. Not something dependent upon a minute and critical knowledge of all parts of Scripture, with the just inferences therefrom: many of them had received only oral instruction, and the whole of Scripture was not then written,— yet truth, which they heartily accepted as divine; which made men and saints and martyrs of them; truth, which changed the course of the world, and silently, yet surely, enthroned itself above principalities and powers. What was it? Could the world only know it now! May some gleams of reviving light reward our faithful search, and ensure for us a communion with the Father, by the Son, through the Holy Spirit!

R. E.

# PROVIDENCE.

A SERMON, BY REV. HASBROUCK DAVIS.

Job xiii. 15: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain my own ways before him."

THAT God cares for his universe is a great and a happy truth. The limits of human power are so definitely assigned and fenced in by such impassable boundaries, that every time we are compelled to experience this fact, which is every time we think or act, it is tranquillizing to believe that God provides for that which we cannot reach. *God's Providence* is the *law* of the universe; a truth that is as comprehensively as beautifully expressed in the fifth chapter of Matthew, — a form of expression which already runs far beyond the extremest grasp of actual faith. Everybody delights to read those verses, and nobody sincerely believes them. The arena of power is contested by many forces. On the one side, human freedom claims a certain territory, as inalienably its own; on another side, the established laws, which have been recognized as far back as human experience extends, refuse to resign their course, or to permit an interference; on still another, chance and accident claim a little footing, at least in human faith; and so the Providence of God is crowded off from the arena, or holds its little territory with a various success, being permitted a voice where others cannot or will not exercise their power. It is used to explain events that cannot be otherwise explained, and facts that go begging for a cause. When a pestilence falls upon a land, or famine devours its substance, we ask, as the Jews did, "What have we done, that God should visit us in this way?" A sickness in England was referred by a writer of the Established Church to the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill; and every individual life, tinged with a partial but beautiful faith in Providence, seems to have passed through periods which led nearer to the presence of God, where its sails caught the winds of that heavenly influence. The petty superstitions of men are the evidence how great the power of faith would be in the human soul, if it were sound and healthy, not partial and diseased. The isolated events that are referred to God's

ver, the signs by which he seems to foretoken the purposes of wisdom and his intentions toward us, often produce upon life effect proportionate to the source from which they are believed come; and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that God uld so appeal to man, and influence life.

The readiness everywhere to refer strange events to supernatu- influences is a natural offset to that feeling which excludes the ine from the *commonplace* events of life, and expects that, wher- r it appears, the result will be something startling and unusual. ien we reason in this way, we do not remember that the very ure we are so much accustomed to is the presence of God, as s familiarized to us. Devout faith does not require novelty supernaturalism to excite it. We are so utterly ignorant of at is law and what is not, that it would be a fatal mistake to ter that uncertainty to encroach upon the domain of religion. r faith in order is too strong for the exceptions. The philoso- r who stands away from the world, and looks into the heavens vening; who watches the slow and majestical movements of t mighty mechanism, which obeys its laws undeviatingly, and forms its office with such unerring accuracy, falls into a state rapt admiration and reverence, which makes the world seem ty when he comes back to it again. But it was not necessary go *into space* to find the Deity. *Religion* does not dwell med in the harmony of worlds. A devout heart *carries with* nto the abyss those sentiments that are grander than the uni- se, but which would have been as lovely if no wings of science borne it in its unwearied flight through the works of its Crea-

It does not go to seek them there; for they lie within the l, which is their proper home. The faith that knows so little the modes of divine action, or of what we call science, that it believe that it receives supernatural warnings and suggestions, that events are ordered with an especial reference to its own dition and wants, is not so entirely unjustifiable as the creation eligion out of knowledge alone. Emotion is the warp, without ch there is no substantial fabric, and upon which life and expe- ice will interweave their many colors. It is the organ of the ne communion; the vision with which we look into the spiritual ld. By power of it we are sensible of the omnipresence. It he portal of the soul through which God enters: the charm t opens it, few only possess, or at times only. It is a word that

all nature is uttering, and all life; but it is drowned in the din of care, or unheeded in the love of the world.

Men seek *without* them an experience that the universe cannot supply; and the soul goes forth to find the tokens of God's presence, love, and providence, as if the tokens *within itself* were not the most complete and satisfactory it can possess.

I. Let the soul, then, rather forget all that is not itself; the world, and all that belongs to it; and question itself as to what faith it ought to exercise in regard to God's relation to it. Let man find within himself the principles that are to be woven into law, and the postulates that are to build up the whole system of his creed.

I know that I am scarcely any thing further. If I return a very little way up the past, I arrive at a period when I had no being; and, in a little while in the future, I shall, for this world, be no more. Very limited, indeed, is the field of our powers; and, with every exercise of thought, there seems to be asserted at once man's inability, and the being, presence, and efficiency of the Infinite. The complexity of my own nature is an unutterable mystery; and I need not step beyond my brain and heart for my instruction. The falling water sets in motion a machine, which seems to unite in itself many powers of the muscular system. It plucks the wires with its iron fingers; it breaks, it bends, it points, it places them: but it cannot *think;* it cannot ask itself why and how it is, nor wonder where those powers are vested which it cannot exercise itself. Perfect in itself, it feels no wants or limitations, no purpose in itself unaccomplished, no wish to be fulfilled. The soul would not be a soul, if it were like this; if it did not, with the consciousness of its existence, awake to a consciousness of its imperfection; if it did not find in itself a dim and shadowy likeness of an *ideal* nature, as the waving branches and the floating clouds repeat themselves on the walls of a darkened chamber, and, by an almost magic process, reveal a world we cannot see.

From that consciousness of being we cannot remove the presence and sustaining power of God, more than we can draw the heart's blood from the system, without the destruction of animal life. If we know ourselves, we are for ever leaning upon God; and we cease to be, as far as regards the soul, when we worship a God that was, but is no longer; who has left us to the mercy

of a soulless law, and the slaves of an iron-hearted and unsympathizing necessity. We are free! The consciousness of that is the very kernel of life within us. If there is any thing which is, alone and of itself, the personality, it is the assurance that ours is the right and power to act as we will; but not against Providence! There is the limit. And when the fulness of your life is greatest, and the consciousness of power the most exalted, you must believe that narrow walls are on your right hand and on your left, which point in one direction far into infinity; a way that you may follow freely and swiftly; or, if your inclinations do not lead you there, you may dash your limbs against the stones with no effect, but wounds and torture to yourself. Such is the omnipresence of God, opening toward goodness with light and encouragement, but meeting with adamant all efforts to retard his counsels. The good Providence of God takes care for the moral universe; and that so jealously and watchfully, that neither tyrant nor slave can infringe its order, nor break its peace.

It is out of this inward sense that true Christian faith must for ever flow. Let us not trust to a world which we cannot understand, where so much darkness and mystery disputes our right to cherish our faith and hope; but come to the soul, where all is bright already, or can be made so. If each individual has been formed for a distinctive purpose, we shall find within us the adaptations to the end. The first law of all being is to be what God appointed you to be, and to let your powers themselves define the course of your action. God asks no more of you than this; and you know, that, in the accomplishment of that purpose, you shall receive the support of a Creator who "fainteth not, neither is weary." The world was made for man, not man for the world; and it cannot trammel, for a single moment, the powers of a soul that is at one with God.

I do not over-estimate human freedom: in certain respects it has all the power of omnipotence, because God is on its side; nor do I forget how much there is of darkness and mystery in the world, and how strong are the forces against which goodness must often struggle in vain, and the wrongs which often blot the earth, and seem to cry out against the Providence of God. I do not forget that life is transient, and that it often goes out in pain; and that all the powers of man cannot lift the curtain, nor read a single sentence of its destiny, nor take a single drop from the cup

of human suffering. But are these incompatible with Providence? Does the world teach the reality of heaven, only by the great darkness of its present constitution? Does the earth offer no fit dwelling-place for its Creator? Does its course manifest a lawlessness which *awaits* its adjustment in the future?

Put these questions to the soul, and they will find their solution. The answer will be, that *there is not for the soul an evil which does not lie in its own will.* The darkest side of life comes round to gleam, at last, in the serene light of a perfect religious faith. Slavery and war are curses to the wills from which they sprang; in "the great year of Providence," the world is blessed by them. It is not pain, it is not death, that curses man: they are but as idle winds to the soul that has wrapped itself in the garment of its faith. In some sense they are blessings; and, in a sound, healthy, and hearty sense, no illusive, meaningless paradox. Good and evil are relative terms; characterless in themselves, but one thing or the other according to the nature to which they come. There is nothing that we call a *good* which may not be converted into a curse (that is, nothing that is providential or external, and not of the soul); nor is there an evil of that nature which is not thoroughly a good. Christianity seeks in vain, throughout the whole universe, for an evil which owes its origin to Providence. Plenty of them there are which come from mankind, from its depravity, from its moral obtuseness; and they may entail disease, or carry suffering beyond themselves; but not an influence comes to the soul from its Creator which is not all light and happiness.

In this way the mystery of the universe is explained, and it can be in no other. No one who believes in God has not often wondered and asked himself, how it could be that God should be the author of wrong, and why it is that Omnipotence should not have made of earth a paradise. A thousand keys to this enigma have been offered. It has been supposed that the world was created by a subordinate being, not by the Infinite himself. It has been supposed that two powers are constantly struggling in it for the mastery; but the myth of Hebrew tradition points the way to the true explanation, by referring whatever is out of the way in the universe, not to God, but *to man.* To true faith the earth has lost none of its pristine beauty. The centuries that have swept over it have left it as fair as in the first morning of its

creation. It is man that has changed; and the human soul is not what it once was. The same heavens are above us, and the same stars. The same earth is beautiful beneath, as when the

> "Trees laden with fairest fruit,
> Blossoms and fruits, at once of golden hue,
> Appeared; with gay enamelled colors mixed,
> On which the sun, more glad, impressed his beams,
> Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
> When God hath showered the earth."

But the soul is not so fair as the earth it inhabits. The course of Providence is manifested in a nature that is as lovely as in the first moment of time. Nothing could we change there to advantage; nothing could we ask with modesty. But man's faith is not primeval; his trust is not child-like: envy, ambition, malignity, avarice, have cast upon the soul the shadow which darkens over the universe. These have added anguish to sickness, and made the grave revolting, and shed their venom over social life, and disturbed the peace of states, and robbed the soul of its faith in Providence. But the heavens are not less clear, because the ruffled waters give back a broken reflection; and the agitation of the human soul is no indication that the course of Providence is not as constant, as serene, and as mighty, as ever. Over the whole belt of earth the midnight sky looks down on, it is only here and there its stars find a placid surface where their image is repeated; and, in the pettiness of men, few souls are there into which that sleepless watcher comes, and finds a tranquil nature that is looking for his presence. They are too busy to think of that, too wrapped up in the world; and the charmed hours come and go, and leave them in their darkness.

But the soul is good and loves goodness by nature. It believes in God without will or wish or logic, and trusts so far as it believes. Could it stand apart from all other existence, it would, by a natural process, limit all power to two sources, — itself and God; and then its faith in Providence would come to it as naturally as spring follows winter, and it would be as complete as natural. It can still return into itself, to confirm that faith by earnest meditation. Every effort to be by itself singular and individual brings into sharper opposition the limits of its power, and teaches it where it can walk alone, and where it must lean upon

God: therefore, singularly enough, the greater man's self-reliance, the greater his reliance upon God. The want of self-reliance makes him dependant upon the world; its possession unites him with the world, in a common dependence upon God; and, by a holy ordinance, these great duties of manhood, apparently so contradictory, are blended together, and found to exist in perfection, only in connection with each other.

II. Let us now turn to the other and more common source of trust in divine Providence; the existence of God as it is disclosed in the world, or in that which is not ourselves. The insufficient strength of man compels him to find in the *attributes* of God the assurances of his continued providential care; and, though the ideas of the divine nature, which we gather up, either from our own souls or from the outward world, must always be partial, and perhaps untrue, it is certainly a ground of faith that the order of nature is so constant, its laws unvarying, and that the wants of man are met with unfailing certainty.

The religious element of the soul would remain the same: its testimony of the being and care of God would not come short of its present perfection, if the universe were chaos and confusion, and its forces directed with a cruelty that is hostile to the best interests of man. But it is a confirmation of faith to find the whole universe uniting its testimonials to the evidence within us of a wise and paternal oversight, — to find that the more we know of nature, the more is the foundation of our religious faith strengthened; that the apparent exceptions to the rule of goodness range themselves one by one under the universal principle, and every new acquisition of knowledge justifies the humble faith that dwells in the darkness of the most unenlightened mind; that the world without, as well as the world within, acknowledges a Power wise and careful, and a Providence that fainteth not, neither is weary; and, with a perfection that never comes short of its purpose, startles us wherever we trace the course of its action with the manifestations of that presence in the remotest parts of the universe.

The matter that is of itself inert and helpless assumes forms that are the representations of ideas, and through which it sets forth the beauty and wisdom that dwell in the Creator's mind. What it has is not its own. In unconsciousness it moves, separates into its original elements, and unites in other forms, to serve wise purposes which of itself it never could have devised. Thus

the Providence which formed man to dwell upon the earth laid up for all time, by the processes of nature, his stores of fuel in the caverns of the mountains, and forms every year the harvests of grain and ice and snow, to meet his requisitions; and, even when that flow of life pulses into a higher scale, it still involuntarily contributes to the use of man, and forms a pyramid whose apex is the human reason, and whose builder is God.

We are so closely connected with that outer world, that, with every evidence of its dependence, our own is brought home to us; and the careful provision for its harmonious continuance, and the adequate oversight that keeps it from destruction, throw light upon the character of Him who is the Creator of the soul as well as the world. It is the same God that is over all. In our dependence upon him, we are at one with the universe; and not an atom that is floating in remotest space, with which we are not kindred. Wherever there is being, from the lowest inertness to the highest reason, there is Providence; present alike in small and great; required alike to explain the pettiest change and the most majestic movement. The expansive spirit of piety, as it grows within itself, and feels more and more the greatness of God, is bound by closer affinities with the world, which is, like itself, dependant.

Wherever we turn, we are admonished of Providence. The soul tells us of God; the world would return into chaos without God; thought flies away from God, and bears him within itself. It is a happiness to believe that such an omnipresent and irresistible power is identical with goodness; that the soul knows it by instinct, and the universe sets its seal of assent upon the conviction; that Christ also bade us confide in Him who does not forget, in the cares of the universe, the interest of every soul, but who provides for every creature with unremitting vigilance.

I have said that man's faith in God's Providence ought to spring up *within* his own soul; it is a part of the soul's wholeness, and nature is incomplete without it; it is therefore perfect at once, and is more liable to *suffer* from the increase of knowledge than to be confirmed by it. We do not believe in Providence, except superstitiously; and love to refer to it matters which we cannot explain, rather than the common occurrences which have lost their strangeness from our familiarity. But Providence extends over all moments alike, and connects itself with all events, no matter how insignificant. It is for man to wait constantly for these

manifestations; and, by power of his own reverence, to find them where he would otherwise have sought in vain. Providence, that is distant from coldness and doubt, surrounds a reverent spirit, justifies its faith, and makes its life unclouded by mystery, and its immortal future undisturbed by uncertainty.

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## SABBATH IN THE VALLEY.

THE sabbath dawns; its holy light
  Streams o'er the hills afar;
The sun breaks forth in pristine might,
  And fades the morning star.

Peace breathes around: the calm of Heaven
  Has fallen to earth once more;
Another day God's love has given
  From his exhaustless store,—

Cool, calm, and bright; as pure, as fair,
  As when through Eden's bowers
Strayed the first sinless, happy pair,
  And lived their golden hours.

Each moment comes with some new gift
  From Heaven's all-bounteous ways;
Each moment should my spirit lift
  Some note of grateful praise.

Arouse thee! shake the load of care
  Off from thy burdened soul!
'Tis Christ's own day, his cross is here,
  Here is thy weekly goal.

Thy weekly goal! alas, how few
  Affections cluster there,—
Where themes of love, for ever new,
  Should make each breath a prayer!

Great God! whose spirit once did move
  O'er chaos' formless deep,
And beauty, order, life, and love
  Sprang from its mystic sweep,—

Oh! breathe upon this troubled heart;
Command the light to shine;
Bid doubting shadows all depart;
Subdue my will to thine.

Then shall my waiting spirit find
New fellowships above;
And thou my wandering heart shalt bind
Fast to thy throne of love.

E. N. N.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY LIFE.

### MY HOME.

As I look back from mature life upon my childhood, I perceive that the formation of my character was determined, to a considerable extent, by the influence of the wild and beautiful scenery amid which my early boyhood was passed. Many years have gone by since I last saw the little village in which I was born; but every feature of it is still fresh in my remembrance. It rises before me as I write, and my childish feet are once more tripping along the old paths. We had no public buildings except the meeting-house and the school-house, which, I used to think, were wonderfully imposing. I am sorry to know now that an architect would sneer at them. There are few such meeting-houses now; more elegant edifices have taken their place. The square pews, the lofty gallery, the wine-glass pulpit, and its sounding-board, are gone. How I wondered if the minister was not dizzy; and, if he was, if he would not have to end his sermon immediately! But he always preached out his hour twice every Sunday.

Our village consisted of about a dozen houses, a blacksmith's shop, two stores, a school-house, and a meeting-house. Its single street was not very crowded; for these buildings were scattered for half a mile along a wide and rough road, which passed over one of the high, but gently sloping, hills that abound in the mountainous parts of New England. Our neighbors were mostly farmers; quiet, kind, and stern people, well worthy of

their Puritan ancestors. Some of them I remember now; but they have gone to seek a better country.

My own home was far up on the hill-side, commanding a wide view of the surrounding country. The house was old, and seemed just ready to fall. In the storms of winter, the winds came through the crevices, to moan dismally up and down the entries. But our bright wood-fires enabled our little household to laugh at the freaks of Boreas. I see now no such fires as blazed in the old fire-place, with its huge back-logs, and stiff-backed settles. What sofa ever bore up more merry boys and girls, than those who sat, during the long winter evenings, on that homely settle? We kept the fire till morning, by covering brands with ashes; but sometimes they would wholly burn out, and many a time have I earned my breakfast by a tour among the neighbors to borrow fire. How thankful boys now ought to be for the invention of lucifer matches!

But my pleasantest recollections are not of the interior of my home. There was a shady yard in front of the house, where, during the early summer, I used to lie for hours on the green grass, and look up to the clouds, wondering at the strange forms they took, as I saw them through the branches of the great elm; or, if I looked away in the distance, my eye rested on the snowy top of Mount Washington, which contrasted pleasantly with the hills nearer me, that were dotted with neat farm-houses amid vast fields of growing crops. That picture always comes before me when I think of Scott's definition of a picturesque country; one "where Beauty lies smiling in the lap of Terror."

Behind the house was a large orchard, where I superintended my little plantation of vegetables. At the bottom of the orchard a little brook ran, very madly to be sure in the spring, but gently in the summer. Its banks were covered with gigantic forest-trees, whose intertwining tops made the channel dark and solemn. There, during the hot days of summer, I would lie on the bank, watching lazily the water rippling over the moss-covered stones, which peered above its surface, or listening to the noisy whirlings of the tiny water-wheel my father had made me. My favorite place of resort was the side of a spring, just on the edge of the brook, in which a glittering little trout lived, and always eluded my touch. I remember with what childish glee and wonder I saw the silvery bubbles rise, as I plunged my little tin pail

into the spring. I have played with other bubbles since, but with an anxiety which overshadowed all gladness.

At the foot of the hill, my brook ran into a little river, whose stream was just strong enough to turn the great wheels of a saw-mill and grist-mill. The saw-mill was very attractive to me; and I never grew tired of seeing its steady working, and listening to its hum and clang. A saw-mill is still one of my most prized accompaniments of a home in the country. Besides the natural charms which please the eye, I always find in it a suggestive picture of human life. It tells me that slow and persevering effort will pierce the toughest and knottiest obstacles, and bring the roughest and clumsiest materials into a smooth and plastic form; it tells me also that man's will has the mastery of his circumstances, and can adjust the machinery of action so as to mould his character into any shape. It suggests to me the intimate connection of culture and the useful arts; for the saw-mill is the universal companion and servant of civilization. Certainly, if I were a poet, I would write an "ode to a saw-mill."

But I am lingering too long on these recollections of my early home. Before my life had numbered many years, we moved away from the hills to a large village, in a broad, monotonous plain; and I have seen the old place but once since. Although only a few years had passed since I had last been there, civilized Goths and Vandals had found time to do a most desolating work. The old house had shaken off its antiquity, and looked new and glossy in the sunshine. Ugly stumps were the only remnant of the trees by the brook. An impertinent dam had stopped the rippling of the water, and a pond had filled up my beautiful spring. The din and oil of a factory had destroyed the quietness and fragrance of my old haunts. Nothing is left of my childhood's home but its undying influences. *They* are beyond the reach of capitalists.

## MY FATHER.

If I owe much to the picturesque scenery amid which my boyhood was passed, I owe still more to the graces and excellences of my father's character. Indeed, he taught me to recognize the beauty and sublimity of nature's handiwork, and to trace, in the adaptation of cloud and mountain and river and forest to the gratification of the eye, the goodness and power of the Father

of all. Very many years have gone since his visible presence passed from my sight, and I have lived through hardening experiences; but the glance of his benignant eye, his affectionate smile, his soft voice, the gentle pressure of his hand, are still ever present realities to me. I cannot portray the worth of his character as I would. I dare not trust myself, even after so many years, in attempting to proclaim to others the recollections which are my most sacred inheritance. There are traits of his nobleness which must be for ever shut up within the inmost heart of his son. From my earliest childhood, my intercourse with him partook more of the familiar love of a friend, than of the distant reverence of a son. The chief reason of this was, that he never lost the freshness and simplicity of childhood from his own character; so that he entered with interest into all my boyish sports and toils, and heartily sympathized with my petty joys and sorrows. He found it to be his happiness, as well as believed it to be his duty, to win the love and confidence of his children. Harshness of voice, and coldness of manner, formed no part of his means of discipline. He knew the quickness of a child's sensibility, and the ardor of its affection. He felt that the griefs of children are harder to bear, and need more sympathy and forbearance, than those of men and women. His own affections were strong and quick, and his sensitiveness peculiarly susceptible to pain. He disliked the bustle and publicity of his professional business, and, though eminently successful in it, escaped its calls whenever he could, to enjoy the quiet of his family. Yet, in spite of his self-distrust, and love of domestic happiness, he always sprang readily to engage any antagonist, and to encounter any obloquy, whenever the cause of virtue and religion was assailed. How often have I listened with filial pride to his eloquent denunciations of vice and its supporters, though he knew, that, in the community in which he lived, such words must provoke the bitterest enmity. Calm and gentle in all other discussions, he was severe in his reprobation of all wrongs and oppression. His fiery zeal in the cause of humanity could make no compromises, though every word was tempered with Christian charity. He was a man of very wide information and most liberal culture. His singular modesty and gentleness, combined with rare mental endowments compelled all who knew him well to love and admire him. Many an evening have I sat on his knee, and looked about at the company whom

he was unconsciously charming with his thoughtful and eloquent words. He scrupled not, whenever the avowal was called for, to acknowledge his Christian hopes and trust and obligations; and in his daily life he endeavored to walk worthy of his vocation.

He not only sympathized with his children in their childishness, but he recognized their claims to be considered rational beings. As soon as they grew out of infancy, he made them his companions, and talked to them of his affairs, and received their confidence in return. If he erred in his treatment of them, he did not hesitate to acknowledge his error when he discovered it. He once punished a young child for an offence, in spite of the child's protestations of innocence, because he believed he had indisputable evidence of his guilt. A week afterwards he discovered his error, — and his scalding tears of sorrow are burning that child's brow to-day. He never wounded my pride by public rebuke: he was never heard "preaching down his daughter's heart with a little horde of maxims;" and so his dearest friends were in his own family, where surely God meant man's friends to be.

He was a man of the broadest charity. I remember a signal proof of this. During a political campaign, a large convention of the party to which my father was opposed, met in our village to be addressed by eminent men of that party. Knowing my father's political views, out of deference to him I did not go. At night, in reply to a question of his, I told him why I had not gone. Never shall I forget his reply: "My son, *never*, while you live, hesitate to investigate opinions, either in politics or in religion, at variance with mine; or to adopt them if you believe them true." In after-years, when I was led to adopt opinions opposed to his both in politics and religion, these words were my constant witness that I still had his approval and love.

In the society of such a father, the first fourteen years of my life were passed. His office was my only school-room, and he was my only teacher. I was his companion in all his walks and rides. He was my only friend. Life was made up of his society. Said I not truly that I owe every thing to him?

Then, without warning, in the midst of my happiness, my heart was crushed, and I was left alone, — an orphan. None but those who have felt the bitterness of the same bereavement can comprehend the agony of my desolation. I will not attempt to describe it. Life was for months a blank, and years elapsed before

my sorrow was wholly calmed. Indeed, I had long been a man in age before I could visit the village where we had lived, without a renewed sense of loneliness. In the wildness of my grief, I prayed that I, too, might be taken; but in mercy my petition was not granted, and at length I learned to refer this sorrow to Him "who doeth all things well," and to believe trustingly that my father's presence continually encompassed me, to encourage and restrain me. All through my youth I felt his eye upon me, and saw his smile of approbation, or his frown of displeasure. I have realized the notion of the ancients, — I have had, and still have, a guardian angel. No hours of solitude have been lonely, because of his felt companionship. No friendship has been so absorbing as to dethrone him from the first place in my affection. Father! how can thy son recount the sum of his debt to thee!

### MY SCHOOLMATES.

A few months after my father's death, I began to renew my studies, preparatory for entrance to college. Of school life I had previously known nothing, as I had had no teacher but my father. I had no schoolmates, no young friends; and my social instincts were very imperfectly developed. Therefore, when I went to A—— Academy, I had no anticipation of forming friendships, but only hoped to be such a scholar as my father would have wished me to be; and so, at first, I shrunk from the society of my mates, and walked and studied alone. But I was soon drawn out from my seclusion, by the kind offices of an elder classmate, into a freer intercourse with the other students, till finally my friendships exerted the most indelible influence which I felt at A——. Next to my father, I owe much of my happiness and character to my school friends. Many of them went with me to college, and so were endeared to me by a double tie. Our class was large, and of course with many I had no sympathy. Their faces and names have passed from my memory. But a few made too deep an impression upon me ever to be forgotten. Those of them who are living are old men now; but I see distinctly the smooth and merry countenances that bent over the classics with mine so long ago. I am a boy once more when I think of them.

The most remarkable of my classmates was Charles Lothrop. The structure of his mind was delicate, almost to effeminacy; yet

I have never seen his equal in sternness and firmness in matters of duty. His scholarship was elegant and versatile, rather than accurate and precise. He grasped the beauty of a classical sentiment, rather than the peculiarities of the language which embodied it. His whole soul was quick to catch impressions of beauty from every source. He had culled English literature of its choicest specimens, and a cultivated taste enabled him to find joys in the works of nature and of art. His bearing to all was courteous and frank, and to his intimate friends affectionate and confiding. He had the rare faculty of knowing when and how to advise and rebuke, and he never faltered in the discharge of that most disagreeable part of a friend's duty. His voice and example were ever on the side of virtue and religion; but he was not obtrusive or wrangling in the expression of his sentiments. The purity and sincerity of his religious life was never questioned by the most reckless among us. Ribaldry and undue levity were always hushed at his approaches, as at the entrance of an angel. All loved him; and even the worst of our schoolmates in his presence paid his virtue the tribute of a seeming morality. Many a man owes his first Christian impressions to the silent pleading of his uprightness and gentleness. Conscientious, ardent, affectionate, sensitive, he was doomed to suffer a great deal in his walks among men. In his early manhood, two heavy afflictions befell him, and made his heart desolate; while they, at the same time, deprived him of the profession he loved intensely. His suffering was fearful, but at last he recovered from the load that had bent him, and no murmur ever came from his lips through the whole; but the body showed the wrestling of the mind it encased. He died in middle life, seemingly an unsuccessful, disappointed man; but in reality nobly successful. He had finished the work given him to do, by showing to those about him a Christian triumphant over suffering. He has drawn many after him.

Henry Thompson was a chum of Lothrop, but in almost every respect his opposite. Thompson's mind was logical rather than rhetorical, strong rather than elegant. Taste for the fine arts he had none. His social instincts were very weak, and his books were his only intimate companions. His power of continuous application was wonderful: he allowed no enticements to allure him from his studies. Whatever he attempted to investigate, he made himself thoroughly master of. Fourteen hours of each day,

during his academical and collegiate course, he devoted to hard study. No other boy could have endured such labor for a month. He was the first scholar everywhere, and in all companies evinced his commanding intellect. His character was pure and amiable; but he was a *book-worm*, and his earnest life was cut off in its prime. At the early age of thirty, he held the first position at the bar in his native state, admired by all for his massive learning, and subtle logic, and persuasive eloquence. But then nature vindicated the majesty of her violated laws, and he atoned for his disregard to her physical requirements by an untimely death.

Another of my most intimate friends was Melville Prescott, a mild, gentle being, full of affection, and too sincere and simple to suspect any one of sinister motives. How we laughed at him for his blunders! He was sadly lacking in practical talent; but he possessed a fine poetic genius, and a deep religious sensibility. He became a minister, and walked through the world unknown but by few, and knowing but few. His sermons were characterized by chasteness and beauty of style, and by depth of religious faith. But his large soul was not appreciated by his parish; and he lived to middle age, and then died with the reputation of being a kind, simple man, but not an interesting preacher. But I knew his sterling worth, and the world shall some day know it; for his papers are in my hands. Men shall see the surpassing brilliancy of the gem they have almost despised.

Ogden Howard, when I first knew him, was a graceful, handsome boy of fourteen. His mind was elastic and quick; his recitations were perfect; his deportment was correct; and he won all hearts by the generosity, frankness, and manliness of his character. An illustrious life was predicted of him; for he had, apparently, all needed qualifications for success. Our first summer together was one of uninterrupted happiness. But he was easily influenced: his social relations could mould his character; and in an evil hour he became attached to a brilliant but fiendish student, who led him into haunts of dissipation, till his purity was lost for ever. He became aware of his danger when too late, and strove in vain to escape the toils of the tempter. "It is easy to see the right," he said to me once; "but I *cannot* do right." He was expelled from college. For years I lost sight of him. Several years ago, a dying prisoner at the jail sent for me: it was my old friend Howard. His beauty was exchanged for the bloated

ugliness of the drunkard; his fine mind was choked by the miasma of vice, in which he had lived. With his old frankness he told me the story of his life, — a story that would frighten every erring young man back to virtue; but I cannot tell it now. At the end of six weeks he died, a repentant, and, I trust, a forgiven prodigal. Would that his agonized voice could reach the ear of every young man, who means to go but a few steps in the path of sin, as he bewailed his lost years, which had carried into eternity only a record of condemnation!

But I am extending these reminiscences too far. Yet it is pleasant to turn to the happiness of early youth, when weary of the hot strife of manhood. Who cannot say, with the poet,

> "Oh, what a world of beauty fades away
> With the winged hours of youth!"

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## JESUS DEFENDING HIMSELF BEFORE THE SANHEDRIM.

JOHN v. 16—47.

THERE are few passages in the Gospel more worthy of study than our Saviour's vindication of his claim to the Messiah's office, when accused of breaking the sabbath. He had cured an impotent man; and, in obedience to Christ's direction, the cured bore home his pallet or mat on the sabbath. Although there was a difference of opinion among the Rabbins concerning what might and what might not be done according to the fourth commandment, yet there was no difference of opinion on this point, namely, that a prophet had a right to direct what should and what should not be done on the sabbath. The restored one's reply, therefore, was thought by himself to be a sufficient excuse for his apparently unlawful act. Not so, however, thought the leading Jews. For when, some days after, the man upon whom the signal miracle had been wrought went, in the gratitude of his heart, to the Sanhedrim, and declared that it was Jesus who had cured him, they immediately took measures to arraign before them the sabbath-breaker.

Our Lord's first answer was that he had only imitated God's beneficence. "Notwithstanding what Moses says of God's resting

from creation on the sabbath, you Jews know well that the ever-gracious One is unceasing in his *acts of goodness*. Like him, I have sought to do good." But in this plea Jesus had reverently called God his Father. Hence a new accusation. "We do not admit that you are the Messiah; and, if we did, we cannot think that the Messiah would arrogate to himself the power of God, and of his own authority work on the sabbath." Our Saviour at once replies to this misconception: "The Son has no power of himself: he only imitates his Father, doing what he sees the Father do in obedience to his will. For the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all that he himself is doing on the sabbath and on other days, and will show him yet more to excite your admiration. There is an intimate fellowship between the two congenial minds. The Father has no concealment, and the Son seeks only to copy the Father, who not only encourages this, but is preparing his Son to do more wonderful deeds than he has thus far been permitted to achieve. Among them are the following:

"As you believe that the Messiah will restore life and judge the world, so the Father hath empowered the Son to give life to whomsoever he would.

"Again, the Father judgeth no one: he hath delegated judgment to the Son. So that all should honor the Son as the representative of his Father. He who honoreth not the Son, honoreth not him who commissioned him, the Father. In truth, I say to you, he who gives heed to my teaching, and believes Him who sent me, obtains eternal happiness, and, without condemnation, passes from death to life. Indeed, I declare to you that the time is coming, and is now, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they who give heed shall live. For as the Father hath the life-giving power in himself, so hath he conferred his power upon the Son; and hath given him authority to act as judge, because he is the Messiah.

"Be not astonished at this declaration. The time is coming, in which all who are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; — they who have done good unto the resurrection of life; they who have done evil unto the resurrection of condemnation.

"I can do nothing of myself. As I am taught, I decide; and my decision is just, because I seek not my own will, but the will of Him who sent me.

"If I am giving testimony respecting myself, is not my testimony true? There is another who testifieth for me, and I know that the testimony he giveth of me is true. You sent to John, and he testified the truth. Not that I expect human commendation, but that you may apply it to yourselves do I refer to John's testimony. He was a burning and a shining light; and for a while you were willing to partake and enjoy his light. I have a stronger evidence than John: the works which the Father gave me that I should perform them, these very works which I am doing, are a sufficient proof that the Father hath sent me. The Father, too, who sent me, has testified for me. Ye have never heard his voice nor seen his form; yet the testimony was sufficiently direct. But ye have not retained his instructions; for ye have no faith in his Messenger. You read the Scriptures, because you hope by them to obtain eternal life; and these very books testify of me. Yet you are not willing to come to me for this life. I complain not of your neglect; for I aspire not after honor, but your happiness. But I know you, that love to God is not in you. I have come with authority from my Father, and you receive me not; if another should come with no authority but his own, you would receive him. How can ye have faith in me, when you are seeking for distinction among yourselves, and strive not for that which is from God alone?

"Think not that I shall accuse you before the Father. There is another to accuse you, — Moses, in whom you trust. For, if you have faith in Moses, you have faith in me; for he wrote concerning me. If ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?"

This defence of our Lord is remarkable on many accounts. The chief men of his nation had an opportunity, presented by the miracle and by their own evil charges, of knowing the character of Jesus, of becoming acquainted with his intentions and claims. They heard, in the early part of his ministry, this excellent plea of his, which teaches the leading doctrines of his religion: Christ the sent; God the sender; Christ the power of God, the Son coming from the Father of lights; and, in addition, the great doctrine of rewards and punishments in a life to come.

How mildly, yet how unequivocally, does he rebut the charge of making himself equal with God! How decidedly does he answer the accusation against him, and show why he worked

beneficently on the sabbath; why, too, he claimed the title of Son! How plainly does he intimate the mighty sway which Christianity was to exert over the world! It was to be the life of men, to reanimate their moral powers, and excite them to works of improvement which should never end.

Our Saviour shows how intimate a knowledge of God can be acquired by obedience to him. How well Jesus knew his Father's will! how well he understood his purposes! As a beloved son studies his father's wishes, and receives continued increase of knowledge and respect by a free, unrestrained intercourse, so as to be able to determine what his father desires; so did Jesus study the will of God.

He, the undefiled, who on another occasion could say, "Who convicteth me of sin?" could have fearlessly proclaimed himself his own witness. His blameless life ought to have been testimony sufficient to have repelled the charge. But our Lord had other evidence. His Father, the true witness; or, what might have more weight with the sensual, John's testimony, to whom this very Sanhedrim had sent; the Old Testament, which the Jews prized, but did not obey; and, in addition, miracles, which no unprejudiced person could see and study without being convinced.

Why did not the Jews believe? Because they had not done the will of God, nor studied the Scriptures practically. They could tell when the sabbath was broken, when a leprous man appeared; but they knew not a good man nor a penitent. God was not received in them; the true spirit had fled, and they had fled from the true. How important, then, to use aright the spiritual advantages we have! The physical, the material, may exclude the divine. How dangerous to neglect God's choicest gifts! We know not how dangerous. It has caused weak men to sit in judgment upon the Christ. It may compel us to leave this world without our Saviour's spirit; to go into a state where his laws prevail, and be utterly ignorant of them and unable by our education to adopt them; to go away from earth, stripped of every object of affection, and be a stranger, a stranger to Christ and to God; to go and find no Bible there, go poor and blind and naked, when we might have come clothed in righteousness, and received life and light and hope and peace and joy.

Christ desires no followers for his own sake. He never did.

He was pure, his heart knew no guile, and he could speak out the truth. He had an answer for every man, because he knew the truth. He feared no man, because he loved all, and never deceived or wronged by word or thought.

To read this divine plea, which our Lord makes, aright, and to see all its beauties, one should bring before him a Galilean peasant, on a visit to the capital; a man who, it is said, had turned water into wine at Cana, cured some sick in that region, and had, on a former visit to Jerusalem, driven out the brokers from the temple, and now had sent home, immediately restored, a man who had been thirty-eight years infirm. The cure is bruited; the people wonder; the chief men complain, and say this ought not to have been done on the sabbath. After some days, they accuse him who healed without money and without price, of violating the law. He stands before the Seventy in all the majesty of innocence. First he declares his dependence on God, his love for him, a love which begets an intimate acquaintance with God, a love which forbids the thought of doing any thing displeasing. "This love wrought the miracle, and it will enable me," says the speaker, "to show yet more wonderful works. For I declare that men will henceforth be judged by my teachings. They will be pronounced good or bad, happy or miserable, as they have hearkened to me. The Father has commissioned me, and I proclaim that life and death are in my hands. True, this power is given; but it is with me. In proof, I might appeal to my life, to God who is with me. For your conviction I cite John, whom you were at first willing to receive; my miracles, which cannot be disproved; and your sacred books, the spirit of which would guide you to understand *my* spirit. These you have not read properly; for you have not love to God, and therefore understand not me. How can you believe me, if you seek only estimation among one another, and fear men's displeasure more than divine vengeance? I wish not to accuse you. I need not. Your lawgiver, your boast, he is your accuser. Had you followed him, you would have followed me."

What lessons does this address teach! May not the New Testament be our accuser? Let us so live that neither Moses nor Paul may rise up to condemn us! May our Saviour not say, "Ye called me Master and Lord; verily I know you not!"

W. A. W.

## CASE OF REV. DR. KING.

THIS devoted missionary in Greece, whose imprisonment at Athens is looked upon by our people generally with such amazing indifference, demands sympathy, if not "intervention." Having been at his house repeatedly in Athens, and knowing something from observation of the difficulties he had to encounter, I feel constrained to say something in explanation. I am sure he does not need a word of defence. If our Government have any regard to its name abroad, if it desire to be respected in Europe, if it pretend in future to watch over the well-being of its citizens on foreign shores, it must not permit the sentence against Dr. King to be executed; it must insist upon his release and restoration; it must require that our flag, which once rendered generous service to this fickle people, shall now shelter our own citizens in the quiet discharge of their proper vocations.

Dr. King, a self-educated and thoroughly taught scholar, has been for a long time holding the only Protestant service in the Greek language at the growing and beautiful capital of Greece. It is the only religious exercise on the Lord's day, in their native tongue, among that greatly tempted population, calculated to hold any sway over their passions, elevate their minds, or renew their lives. Dr. Hill's Church is attended by but few, has no Greek exercises at all, and seemed to us doing as little good as possible, where the opportunity was so abundant, and the need so pressing. During all the week, but one discourse is commonly given, and that precisely the same as is heard ordinarily in Episcopal Churches through our own land, and not at all addressed to the "peculiar people" among whom its lulling sounds fall unobserved. Dr. King's appeared to us the only Sunday service which stood as a mediator between the dying and the dead, — between the professedly skeptical youth of Athens and the hopelessly effete Greek-Catholic Church. Other than this, there are abundance of churches in Athens, where a monotonous mummery is performed by the priest and choristers, almost without the presence of any congregation: the numbers, which I counted as worshippers on a very bright day, did not in any case exceed twenty persons, and those chiefly children. Out of doors,

the Athenian sabbath seemed to be divided between the auctions in the morning, and a general promenade and parade in the afternoon. I never visited a community nominally Christian whose Christianity seemed so thoroughly exploded: the clothes were indeed left, and one might sorrow that those were not gone too; but they only stood up, like some country scarecrow, for the amusement of idle children.

And here Dr. King has been laboring nearly all his life, perhaps not in any great charity to this mortified corpse of a Christian church, with no mincing sounds such as tickle effeminate ears, but with the intrepidity of Christian truth and the energy of true American heart. He has, no doubt, faults of character; he is not very gentle to heretics; the old Puritan spirit beats high in his brave breast; the threats of a mummified clergy, the displeasure of the most contemptible of living kings, weigh not a feather with him; he has dared to speak the truth right out of a church not only allied to the Government, but dictating its measures, itself the secret whisper of despotic Russia. This has brought upon him public outrage during his Lord's day service, then imprisonment among the common criminals of a country swarming with thieves and murderers, and finally the severest sentence which the Areopagus dared to inflict.

And this sentence, according to all the accounts we can obtain, shamefully rendered, under the dictation of a mob inflamed by the vindictive priesthood, who would have demanded the missionary's blood had he not claimed that he was an American citizen; and in notorious violation of the safeguard promised by our national flag, which was floating over Dr. King's house while his worship in his own parlor was broken up, and which is now the only defence of his interesting family.

No doubt a time-serving, conservative temper can discover errors in Dr. King's course: perhaps he ought to have fled from the deck of this crippled ship, and left Greece to sink without even a cry for her to God; but we do not think his supporters at home, we do not believe that our people at large, would approve such un-apostolic, un-American cowardice. It remains to be seen whether our Government will sanction his unjust sentence of banishment by its silence; whether it will not even pretend to shield its only Representative and Consular Agent at Athens; whether its strong fleet shall quietly float at its not-distant

anchorage, and this timid king and his farcical administration of justice, and this worse than useless church, exult in the merciless doom of a not unworthy successor to the primitive apostles. We are sure, that, if the press will bring the matter fully before the people, there will be only one decision, — that, cost what it may, the feeblest power on the Mediterranean shall not insult us in this way. Our well-disposed citizens must be shielded in preaching just as much as in any other talking within their own private walls. The name of American will guarantee a fair trial and honest justice wherever it is assailed, by whatever parties, for whatever secret end. P. W. H.

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## HOLY TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

A SABBATH in the country, a summer sabbath, — to one who has enjoyed its holy pleasures, there is music in the very words. The repose which, through the busy days of the week, when men are expected to be active, may perhaps be thought too nearly to approach stagnation, is so beautifully in unison with the spirit of this day, that it is as if the place were made expressly for the sabbath, and those who dwell in it were more inexcusable than others, if they do not keep the day holy "in spirit and in truth." With the gathering shades of Saturday evening a more than usual calm settles on the streets and the homes of men. A few years since, in at least some parts of the Connecticut River valley, this evening was kept as religiously as the sabbath itself, and, indeed, was regarded as the commencement of holy time. This primitive custom has been in some measure lost; but it still retains its place in many homes, and is a beautiful preparation for the sacred duties of the following day. The sabbath — what a blessed rest! In its serene air we seem to stand on some eminence, raised in a measure above the cares and tumults of the week; for even a quiet country life has its cares and its strife, with circumstances without and temptations within. On this dividing line between the week which has joined the eternal past on the one hand, and on the other that which comes to meet us in the future, dim and shadowy and in fact unseen, we are permitted to stand

for a time, and learn a solemn lesson from the successes and failures of the past, and gather up new strength to meet the unknown events of the future.

With what a quiet influence comes the sabbath, when, scarcely yet awakened to conscious life, in the hush of the morning, we know that it is the Lord's day! Its few active duties despatched, how sweet to join the family circle in reading some religious book; or, stealing away to the stillest nook of the quiet house, to find our devotions quickened by the holy thoughts of others, to hold communion with our own souls, or to converse with that sweet mother Nature, who "never did betray the heart that loved her"! Eloquently does she speak to us of Him who made her so fair, winning us, by all her varied forms of beauty, grace, and majesty, to give him our hearts.

How surpassingly lovely is she in a day like this, when summer, after apparently having resigned her throne to autumn, has returned again with her balmy southern breezes, and promises to bless us with yet a few more smiles before she leaves us for the season! The foliage is still green and heavy on the graceful branches of the elm, and the compact and dense form of the maple. It is perhaps rather in imagination than in actual perception that the trees wear the "matron grace" of autumn. The beauty of the landscape is hardly dimmed; but the heart clings to these embowering shades with a deeper tenderness, from the certainty that they must soon be exchanged for leafless boughs. Yet a little while, and this sweet south wind, which comes like a benediction to us now, will give place to the keen, frosty air of autumn; and the leaves, after a brief but glorious hectic, will return to their mother-earth, and be covered with the snowy pall of winter. Already the crickets send forth a premonitory note. The golden rod has for weeks waved its yellow plumage in the breeze; and the song of the robin, so rapturous in the spring and early summer, has sunk into a low, short trill, in unison with the chastened character of the season.

The day has been unusually varied with the simple rites of our religion; the communion, baptism, and the burial of the dead. While I write, the solemn tolling of the bell announces that another form is to be laid to rest in the burial-field, so rich in these garnered treasures. Only a short time since, its portals opened to receive the form of one who was called away in the midst

of youth and loveliness. Fair was she to look upon; her sweet face was the light of many eyes, and her pure and lovely character was the joy of many hearts. Life was bright before her; but how much brighter must be that higher life to which she has risen through death! Now a young mother has been called to resign her first-born, the little child whose brief existence has awakened a love deathless as the soul.

The village-church, the oldest in the village, is not venerable in years; but it is rich in holy memories. There have stood and ministered for a brief period, some who are no longer visibly with us. Being on earth children of heaven, they were soon translated, and it is only with the eye of faith that we still behold them at our communion. The sacred vessels, too, with which the board is spread, speak loudly to the heart of many a "saint in glory now," once "fed and feasted here." One bears date 1723; and it is solemn and inspiring to think of the long line of worthies whose hands have received this "cup of blessing," and whose lips have drawn from it the waters of life. Then the soul asks itself solemnly, Shall we all, who are assembled now, ever meet again around this earthly table of our Lord? — and breathes a fervent prayer that we may at length gather in that upper temple where the benignant face of the Saviour shall beam on us for ever.

In beautiful harmony with this hour of our communion to-day, was the touching rite of baptism. Little children were brought, as of old, to Jesus; and no one forbade them. Who could look on the sweet infant, without feeling that "of such is the kingdom of heaven"? Or who could fail of joining in the petition, that those on whom these precious immortal beings have been bestowed might "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"?

So passes the summer sabbath, and its closing hours are among its loveliest. Evening is drawing near. The holy moon will look down on a scene fair enough to be an Eden of the imagination. If the day has been spent aright, a deep peace has settled on the soul, a peace in which are the elements of strength. The busy week will put it to the proof, whether, from the mountain solitude of the sabbath, we have returned to the haunts of men, as Jesus did, strengthened by true communion with the Father.

M. W.

## PHYSICAL ENDURANCE.

It is a great lesson to learn to endure physical suffering heroically. I verily believe many of our bodily ills are materially aggravated by the effort we make to groan under them. The truth is, we train ourselves to be subjugated by disease. The pity of our friends, the plaintive tones of affectionate interest, all help us on in this matter of thinking exclusively of *ourselves;* whereas, he is our truest friend who abstracts our attention, makes us think lightly of our pain, or bear it with that manly fortitude which convinces us, that, by an effort of our will, we may often deaden our sense of it.

"But," says the sufferer, "how can I become, for a moment, insensible to this bodily suffering? Racked with pain in every joint, famished for a cooling draught, the prey of long debility, shut out from the sunshine of the world, and passing long days and dreary nights in my solitary chamber, how *can I* but brood over my unfortunate discipline?"

Let us examine your position, my friend. Are your pains never alleviated? The severest to endure, remember, are the soonest to quit their hold. One thing is certain: they either leave us, or we leave them; so, then, we suppose there are mitigating circumstances which may essentially aid you. That fever, too, has its "turns" of fiercely raging: in many cases, we can so control the current of our *thoughts*, that the strength of the disease is materially arrested. As to conscious debility, it has a great deal to do with the force of the will. I know it is not all the effect of imagination; terrible inroads are made by sickness upon our vital powers, awful havoc in our nervous system, over which scarcely the profoundest medical skill can effect little; but these are rare exceptions, that need not be prolonged after we gain access to the refreshing breezes and the cheerful light of friendly intercourse.

I think our medical advisers sometimes err in this matter of entire seclusion in a sick chamber, especially if the disease be only of a morbid character. Nature is assisted by a smile, and we fancy ourselves all the better for the hearing of a piece of pleasant infor-

mation. We all know that the daily items of the morning journal will sometimes so possess our minds, that the effect is much more apparent than any tonic we have had prescribed.

But to my subjcet, — heroic endurance. It *can* be done; it *has* been done with the weakest nerves, under the most trying circumstances. At this very moment, I have the case of a friend in my mind's eye, who for years has been subjected to the most acute pain; yet I never saw her when her cheerfulness had left her. Nights of extreme suffering she has been often unexpectedly called to endure; but the hope that morning would bring relief, or that some new experiment would be tried should the old one fail, made her serene; so that to her waiting attendants she would suggest topics of conversation, entirely irrelevant to her sufferings. Being interrogated how this was brought about, — this entire captivity of the thoughts, she replied, "Only by a severe mental training." "First," said she, "I looked upon my distress as inevitable; then, my own selfishness would prompt me to serenity in bearing it, both for myself and my friends about me. Again, I thought of privations and sorrows which far exceeded my own; and, when my spirits began to droop, I meditated upon the great change to which death would introduce me, — my freedom from present infirmity, my unbounded activity, over which no weariness would ever come; and so, if my anguish continued, the prospect of such a termination filled me with unspeakable joy."

Now, here we have the great secret of cheerful endurance, in that *trusting faith* "that all will issue well." In most minds, the obstacle to this serenity is a dim, dreaded apprehension, that death *will* come, or *may* come; and herein lies our sorrow and anxiety. Only to a *Christian* heart can the bearing of physical pain be met as above described. Even then, I know, we have much to ascribe to different temperaments, and diseases too, which sometimes prey upon us *within* more than *without*. But the sick chamber is so often filled with groans and disquietude; there is so much shrinking from anticipated suffering; we are so prone to impatience, that we help on the worst features of the case, and shut out all the avenues by which the sunshine of the soul might still have quiet aspirations, and a cheerful hope of immortality.

Can there be any doubt but such fretfulness is a sin? It is not sent upon us: we make it ourselves; and I see no reason

why, in the eye of Omniscience, it is not just as much evidence of a rebellious spirit, as anger, or any other indulged passion. But we smooth it over. Our friends gently plaster up our infirmity, and ascribe it to the ravages of disease; we indulge more freely our wayward feelings, until our nervous system becomes like an unstrung instrument, which emits no harmonious sound. Really, this behavior in our sick-chambers is a serious matter. We can in health so form our conceptions, so train our wills, so subjugate our thoughts, that this previous schooling will not be lost upon us when called to suffering. As Christians, we are called upon to make this preparation. H. S. E.

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## THE CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.

The action and the spirit of the convention of Western Unitarians, lately held at Cincinnati, deserve and demand especial notice. We do not propose to present the details of its proceedings in the present article. It is sufficient to say, that its deliberations resulted in the formation of a Western Unitarian Conference, which will immediately commence missionary operations, and engage in various forms of Christian effort, in the great field of the West; and which will hold annual meetings in different cities, for the discussion and promotion of noble plans of Christian action. The formation of this Conference is, of itself, an era in the history of our Western Churches. It organizes, concentrates, and must increase their spiritual energy and life. It pledges them to high Christian enterprises; it baptizes them with the missionary spirit. How much the Conference may be able to do, time alone can determine; but we have great confidence in its future action. Its management is entrusted to wise and faithful hands, which will not suffer it to become a merely outward organization. In the discussions of the Convention, the present President of the Conference pledged himself that sufficient funds to employ at least one missionary should be raised. We do not doubt that the spirit which made that pledge will animate all the members of the Conference, and be responded to by all the Western Churches, according to their ability. We confess that we cherish very sanguine

expectations. Men who understand the circumstances of particular positions, who feel the wants which they undertake to meet, and who have already gained the public confidence by their devoted labors in that section of the country, will know how to devise and direct Western missionary operations. We should like to bespeak for them the co-operation and contributions of their brethren in other places. They will do what they can for themselves. And the fact of their present organization confirms their claim to sympathy and aid. Eastern Churches can now feel entire confidence that their gifts will be faithfully and wisely used. Our Western brethren have a magnificent, and almost boundless, field of labor spread out before them. Let them be cheered and sustained in their efforts; and, if they do not accomplish great visible results in the speedy multiplication of new churches, they will surely infuse a Christian influence into the growing life of that vast region, which must help to mould it into nobler forms, and must diffuse its blessing through many generations.

We pass from the action of the Convention to its spirit. Two things were especially interesting and especially manifest in its discussions. First, the spirit of positive faith. We heard no word of mere negations; we heard no expression of a merely intellectual faith. The temptation to dwell upon errors of opinion, rather than the grand truths of faith, which Protestantism itself has done something to strengthen, and which is especially powerful with men who are surrounded by an atmosphere of prejudice, seemed to have been nobly resisted. There was a prevailing desire to know what Christianity *is*, rather than what it is not; to fathom its positive doctrines, to receive its glorious life. There was a prevailing desire to look up to Jesus himself, rather than to speculate concerning his nature and office; and thus receive the divine idea, and the divine life of the Lord, in the meekness of Christian discipleship. That desire appeared in discussion, and sermon, and prayer. It appeared in the proposition to make the means of increasing spiritual life in the individual churches one of the first objects of inquiry and attention in the action of the Conference. Indeed, the Convention itself seemed to have been the child of this spirit of positive faith; and it was faithful to its parentage.

Next, as a result of this spirit, the Convention was eminently unsectarian. The insertion of the word Unitarian, in the desig-

nation of the Conference, may possibly give a wrong impression of the spirit of our Western brethren. They avow their faith without reserve. There may be an honest difference of opinion respecting the wisdom of distinctly adopting the name of Unitarian, especially when it is remembered that the word does something, perhaps, to misrepresent, and so little to describe, the precise views of those who bear it. Still, the distinct adoption of that name was the only sectarianism of the meeting. The purpose was broad, though the name may seem to some to be narrow. There was a prevailing desire to press the points of common faith, rather than the points of difference; to diffuse the universal truths of Jesus, in joyful co-operation with all believers who are ready to extend Christian fellowship to truly Christian labors. There was a desire, not to build up the power of a sect, but rather to break down sectarianism itself, and extend the reign of a true Christian unity.

There is cause for joy when men meet together to devise plans of Christian action, in a spirit which is thus true and broad. There is also cause for hope. Such gatherings are among the signs of the times. They indicate the presence and the guidance of a spirit, which, far beneath the direct movements of men, is bearing human thought to a higher faith. Two tendencies may be detected in the signs of the present hour. First, there is an intense longing to know the spiritual power of religious theories. This feeling may be seen in various bodies of Christians. It withdraws men's hearts from their former interest in religious controversy; it makes them feel that the soul cannot be fed upon denials; it causes the cry for positive life to rise from the bosom of all sects, with steadily increasing earnestness and power, — a cry that will be heard and answered; for God will not fail to give "his Holy Spirit to them that ask him." It is the work of Providence. Constantly, in human history, we may see how Providence brings new feelings and new tendencies into human thought. There are days which mainly seem to be days of denial of false theories. Even then, beneath the apparent strife, the sweet springs of Christian life are pouring their refreshments into the hearts of meek disciples, with an unobstructed flow. The tumult of days of controversy is like the tumult of the waves beneath the transient storm. Amid their utmost roar, the depths of ocean are calm and still. Always, after a little time, the

spiritual wants of the soul will make themselves distinctly heard. And, while men lament the want of religious life, the Spirit, whose comings and goings man cannot trace, bears the mind of society itself towards that higher life. The Spirit answers man's scarcely uttered prayers, in its overruling and boundless grace. Not unto man, but unto God, be all the glory! Thanks for all such leadings of the Divine Spirit, which seem to cheer us now! Let them be followed by believing men, like a visible pillar of cloud and flame.

The second tendency which may be seen is a tendency towards a broader Christian union. Men will find themselves coming together by a spiritual necessity, if they are earnestly seeking a religious life as a single and controlling aim. "Deep answers to deep" in human nature; and, when men go into the deep things of divine truth and life, they must discover that there can only be "one faith and one baptism." We begin to see the results of that process, as well as to acknowledge the theory. The partition-walls are not yet broken down. They may appear to stand as firmly and as frowningly as ever: some of them may remain for ages. But an increasing number of minds, in the enclosures of differing sects, find themselves approximating each other in feeling and in speculation. It is a tendency which will not speedily cease, when it is once distinctly manifest in action. God does not create it in the human soul, except for the accomplishment of great ends. The individual manifestations of such a tendency may seem insignificant. It may be said, that, in deducing such conclusions from these manifestations, we are building a magnificent temple of hope upon narrow foundations. We do not believe it. There are few trivial facts in this vast universe. Nothing is insignificant in the movements of this great Providence. There is infinite meaning in the sparrow's fall. The mere bubble on the stream indicates the direction in which the current flows. These little signs of union, which seem like isolated facts, reveal the presence and the course of that breathing of the Spirit, which shall come at length like a rushing wind, to bring a Pentecost in which men shall be "of one heart and one soul."

Some men shrink from these tendencies. They do not know into what associations, or towards what form of faith, they may thus be borne. It is no matter where we may be borne, when we seek, first, a deeper spiritual life, and a more extended Chris-

tian union. We can only be carried nearer to the heart of Jesus, and to the heart of our brothers; and, if we shall then find ourselves harmonizing with those from whom we have long been separated, that result will be a new occasion of thanksgiving. When Providence modifies the faith of men, and draws them together, there is no opportunity for personal triumphs. Then all hearts alike are led to a higher truth than they have recognized before, and they are filled with humility, instead of selfish claims to victory. It is God that builds the purer temple in which men are called to worship, in the progress of thought. Man may bring the materials together, by noisy action, by warfares and strifes; but the Spirit raises the new temple, without the sound of axe or hammer, as it purifies human minds and hearts, and guides them by its serene and invisible agencies.

It is man's only wisdom to observe and obey these leadings of Providence, in the tendencies which it impresses upon human thought. If the call comes to a more positive faith and a deeper spiritual life; if the former divisions of opinion seem to diminish, and partially to vanish, as men turn with a single heart towards Jesus himself, — let men render thanks for such signs of hope. We may trust such omens, and follow wherever they seem to lead the way. They are the promise of a brighter faith and a better day.

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God is bringing good results out of what we sometimes regard wholly evil. The great foreign immigration to this country is leading to our schools and our homes, established by the patient faith of our fathers, the poor and debased of foreign lands, that they may be led in his own good time, through the blessings we have enjoyed, to a purer light and a higher life. — *Ritchie.*

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In one of the cities of New England, a noble woman has for five years labored to teach economy and useful branches of industry to forty families, selected from applicants for charity. Her exertions have been blessed with entire success. Those families no longer have occasion to ask for help. Indeed, they feel far above this. Be assured, the greatest want among our poor is knowledge and ambition. Ignorance and carelessness are the foster-mothers of intemperance and pauperism. — *Selected.*

## THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. X. 25.—XI. 28. — TRUE HONOR, JUDGMENT, AND SUCCESS.

25 To a wise servant freemen must do service,
And a reasonable man will not murmur thereat.

26 Be not too wise to attend to thy business,
Nor too proud to help thyself when thou art straitened.
27 Better to labor at all times
Than walk about proudly, yet lacking bread.

28 My child, by meekness make thy soul glorious,
And give it honor that becomes its worth.
29 Who will justify him that sins against his own soul;
Or honor him that does himself dishonor?

30 The poor gains honor by his understanding;
The rich gains honor by his riches.
31 But he who in poverty has gained his honors,
If he gain wealth, how multiplied his praises!
While he that, being rich, was still dishonored,
If he grow poor, how multiplied his scorners!

XI. 1 The wisdom of the humble raiseth up his head,
And gives him a seat among the great.

2 Praise not a man for his beauty,
Neither loathe a man for his appearance.
3 Small among flying things is the bee,
Yet her fruit is sweetest of sweets.

4 Boast not of the robe which thou wearest,
Nor exult in the day thou art honored;
For wonderful are the works of the Lord,
And what he will do is hidden from men.
5 Many a tyrant has he set on the ground,
While one never thought of has taken the crown.
6 Many of the mighty hath he brought to deep shame,
And delivered men in honor into the hands of others.

ר Blame not, before thou hast examined;
Understand first, and then rebuke.
ש Answer no man before thou hast heard him;
And break not in, in the midst of his words.
ת Strive not about that which doth not concern thee,
Nor act as judge in the strife of sinners.

א My child, meddle not with too many things;
If thou multiply cares, thou wilt not be guiltless:
For if thou pursue, thou shalt not overtake;
Nor shalt thou escape, if thou fly.

ב There are some who make haste with labor and pains,
And are only the more behind.

ג There are some that are slow through need of help,
Who are weak in strength, and rich in poverty;
Yet the eyes of the Lord look with favor on them,
And he raiseth them from their low estate;
ד Yea, he exalteth their heads,
While many behold and wonder.

ה Good things, and things evil,
Life and also death,
Poverty as well as riches,
All are from the Lord.
ו The gift of the Lord remaineth with the godly,
And his kindness to eternity leadeth aright.

ז A man may grow rich by hoarding and pinching;
But this is his appointed reward.
ח He can say, Now have I found rest,
And now may I eat my good things;
Yet knoweth not what time may come
When he leaves them to others, and dies.

ט Stand to thy covenant, and keep to it;
And spend thy life at thy work.
י Envy not the state of sinners,
But trust the Lord, and keep at thy labor;
For it is easy, in the sight of the Lord,
Quickly, suddenly, to enrich the poor.

22 The blessing of the Lord is the reward of the godly,
And he can speedily make his blessing bloom.
23 Say not, What profit to me?
What present good have I therefrom?
24 Nor say, I have enough,
And how am I to be harmed?
25 In the day of prosperity, men forget sorrows,
And, in the day of sorrows, forget their prosperity.
26 How easy for the Lord, in day of one's end,
To reward him according to his ways!
27 One hour of sorrow drives out the memory of pleasure,
And at the departure of man is the unveiling of his deeds.
28 Call no man happy before his departure,
For by his children we must know the man.

CHAP. XI. 29.—XII. 18.—WARNING AGAINST THE CRAFTINESS, INGRATITUDE, & MALICE OF MEN.

29 Bring not every man into thy house,
For many are the plots of the crafty.
30 As a decoy-partridge in a snare is the heart of the proud,
Or like the spy lurking for the flock to alight;
31 For he watches how to turn good into evil,
And put stains on the very elect.
32 From a spark of fire, live coals are multiplied;
And a wicked man's craft leads to bloodshed.
33 Take heed of an evil worker, planning wickedness,
Lest he give thee a stain to eternity.
34 House a strange man, and he will make all unquiet,
And estrange from thee all that is thine.

XII. 1 If thou wouldst do good, choose to whom thou wilt do i
And thou mayst have thanks for thy kindness.
2 Do good to the godly, and thou wilt have a return;
Even if not from him, yet from the Most High.
3 No good should come to him who keeps on sinning;
Unto him that gives no thanks for kindness.
4 Give to the godly, and help not a sinner;
5 Do good to the humble, but give not to the godless.
Hinder his bread rather than give to him;
Lest by thine aid he get the mastery over thee,
And thou shalt find a double evil
For every good that thou hast done him.

For even the Most High hateth sinners,
And to the ungodly awardeth vengeance.
Give to the good man, and help not a sinner.

In prosperity, a friend cannot be proved,
Nor in adversity will a foe remain hidden.
In his prosperity a man's foes will grieve,
And in his adversity even his friend will turn from him.
Trust not thine enemy, even for ever;
For as rust unto brass, so wickedness cleaveth to him.
Even if he be humble, and come bowing before thee,
Take heed to thyself, and guard well against him:
Treat him as thou wouldst a polished brass mirror;
Once rusted, the polish is lost on it for ever.
Place him not near thee,
Lest, overturning thee, he stand in thy place;
Set him not at thy right hand,
Lest he strive to take thy seat.
And at the last thou shalt acknowledge my wisdom,
And repent of neglecting my words.
Who will pity the charmer, if a snake bite him?
Or any that draw near to wild beasts?
Nor will one be pitied who deals with a sinner,
And takes a part in his sins.
One hour he will stay with thee;
Yet, if thou fallest, he will not hold to thee.

With his lips an enemy will be sweet,
While in his heart he plans how to throw thee in a pit.
From his eyes an enemy will shed tears,
Yet, if he find opportunity, not be satisfied, even with blood.
If evil befall thee, thou shalt find him first at thy side;
Yet, pretending to help, he will trip up thy heels:
He shakes his head, he claps his hands,
And tattles much, and seems another man.

CHAP. XIII. 1—24.—BE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER.

He that toucheth pitch is defiled therewith,
And he that is companion with a proud man becomes like him.
Take up no burden beyond thy strength;
Nor keep company with one stronger and richer than thou.

What company is a crock for a brazen kettle?
It shall strike against it, and be crushed.

3 A rich man doeth wrong, and threateneth to do more;
A poor man is wronged, and must entreat to escape more.
4 If thou art of use to him, he useth thee;
But, if thou answer not his need, he forsaketh thee.
5 If thou hast aught, he will live with thee,
Yea, make thee bare; but he will take no trouble.
6 He hath made use of thee, and will make thee err;
Though he laugh at thee, yet he will give thee hope;
He will say fine things to thee, and ask, What dost thou need
7 And he will make thee ashamed by his feasts,
Until he shall empty thy stores twice or thrice,
And at last make sport of thee.
After this he shall see thee, and pass by thee,
And shake his head at thee.

8 Take heed lest thou be led astray,
And be humbled through thy love of good cheer.
9 If a great man invite thee, draw back modestly,
And so much the more will he invite thee.
10 Press not forward, lest thou be pushed back;
Yet stand not so far back as to be forgotten.
11 Try not in thy words to make thyself his equal,
Nor trust to his many speeches;
For, by freely talking, he will tempt thee,
And with smiles draw out thy words.
12 Merciless to himself is he that guards not his words,
And would not avoid affliction and bonds.
13 Guard them, and take great care;
For thou walkest by the side of thy ruin.

15 Every creature loveth its like,
And every man his neighbor.
16 All living things keep with their kind,
And a man should hold to those like him.
17 What company is a wolf for a lamb?
Such is a sinner with the godly.
18 What concord between a hyæna and a dog?
What concord between a rich man and a poor man?

19 The prey of lions is wild asses in the desert;
Thus the food of the rich is the poor.
20 The loathing of the proud is humiliation;
So the poor man is loathed by the rich.
21 If the rich man totters, his friends hold him up;
But a poor man falling is pushed down by his friends.
22 If a rich man hath slipped, many will defend him;
If he say what is not fit to be said, yet they justify him:
But when the poor man slips, they give him sharp rebukes;
He utters wisdom, yet no opportunity is given him.
23 The rich man speaks, all else are silent,
And his speech they extol to the clouds.
The poor man speaks, and they say, Who is that?
And, if he should stumble, they bring him down to the ground.

24 Riches are good, if they are without sin;
But poverty is evil only in the judgment of the godless.

Correction. — In chap. vi. 30, for "hyacinthine bonds" read "hyacinthine bands."

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Christian Age. — One in advanced life must feel the more keenly the uncertainties of his stay; must feel how slight is the tenure that binds him to those material interests with which he is surrounded. Standing, as he does, so near the border-line of his mortality, listening ever to the approaching surf, and feeling the air and the spray, as they come in from this vast infinitude beyond, his mind must be quickened to more heavenly musings, and his heart attuned to the divinest praise; and, while the things of mortal sense are sliding from his grasp, he must feel the pressure of an Infinite arm drawing nearer and nearer to his spirit. As this veil of flesh grows thin, through it more brightly the Eternal shines. Our past experiences will not be darkened by shadows stealing in through the opening of this mystic future; for there will come a flood of supernatural light that will disperse all shadows, uncover every experience, and thus rally the innumerable witnesses of by-gone years. This is the great judgment-season in life; and before the tribunal of serious reflection, are arrayed those faithful witnesses who will unfold anew those experiences which belong even to the earliest period of the heart's history. — *Rev. J. F. Brown.*

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Chambers's Pocket Miscellany.* — We have received three volumes of this series, republished by Gould & Lincoln. Each one is full of entertaining and instructive matter, compressed into a small compass. The contents are various, and are among the best specimens of the "literature of the Rail."

*Facts of Intemperance, and their Claims on the Public Action of the People.* — Rev. William R. Alger has consented to the publication of a lecture on this subject, which had been previously delivered in many places with most excellent effect. It is a thorough handling of the mischief; and a vivid arrangement of words and reasons puts a fresh aspect of horror and disgust on an old sin. A cordial tribute of gratitude is due to every good man who will strike so vigorous a blow at this rooted abomination, — the constant gangrene of society, and the fatal intermeddler with all our plans of social amelioration.

*The Minister and Parish.* — Rev. Alonzo Hill, under this title, has published a sermon, relating his parochial experience in Worcester, through twenty-five years of prosperous and useful labor; and offering many reflections of general interest. An involuntary feeling of respect goes out to such a workman, standing faithfully a quarter of a century at his post. And by its historical and moral value, this discourse adds new strength to Dr. Hill's claims for honor in the churches.

*The Camphene Lamp; or, Touch not, Taste not, Handle not.* By Mary Hinckley. Sold by Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — A pleasant Temperance Story, wherein the burning-fluid and rum help each other out of the house, to the manifest gain of all parties.

*The American Journal of Insanity.* Published by the New York State Lunatic Asylum, Utica. Also, *The Opal;* a Miscellaneous Journal, edited by the patients in said Asylum. In different ways, these two publications exhibit the enlightened and merciful care exercised in behalf of that disease which so many tendencies of the age go to produce, and which the age ought to take in charge as a special department of its Christian philanthropy. It is a relief to feel assured that lunacy can never hereafter be regarded otherwise than with considerate compassion. And there is a melancholy sort of interest in turning over the literary diversions of the inmates of a well-conducted Retreat like this at Utica.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## THE GOSPEL DIVINE.

"The gospel was not given only for learned men. There are at least nineteen in twenty, if not ninety-nine in a hundred, of those for whom the Scriptures were written, that are not capable of any certain or effectual conviction of their divine authority by such arguments as learned men make use of." — "We cannot rationally doubt but that things that are divine have a godlike, high, and glorious excellency in them, that does so distinguish them from the things that are of men, that the difference is ineffable, and therefore such things, if seen, will have a most convincing, satisfying influence upon one, that they are what they are, namely, divine." — *Jonathan Edwards: Treatise on the Religious Affections.*

In the pages of our last number, attention was directed to the needlessly vague conceptions of Christianity which prevail in many quarters. It may be thought that we have pledged ourselves to attempt a little more definiteness in this way, and are bound to give *our* answer to the question, "What is Christianity?" Let the present paper be accepted as a partial and poor fulfilment of any such pledge.

The question, "What is Christianity?" must be answered many times before it will have been completely answered. We can hardly hope to describe, in a single sentence, the Faith which claims all things past, present, and to come, — a Faith so filled with the spirit, the fulness of the Infinite One, that, almost like him, it reaches beyond our measures. All the various replies which various readers of the Bible have given to our question, are nearer right than any one of them; they all help to express the world-wide doctrine and work of Christ, the way of our deliverance through him. Our answer for the present is singly and simply

this: "Christianity is strictly, literally, a revelation from God."

This is an answer which all Christians alike return; the unvarying reply from the beginning of the Christian era to this day; a reply so general and so obvious that it may seem idle to insist upon it, and yet one of those familiar matters which, as we are in the habit of saying, may be passed over in a careless way, and of which the younger portion of the generation upon the stage certainly need to be reminded. When Christianity came into the world, when it burst into life in the Holy Land and in the cities of the Roman empire, it came and was received as a communication from Heaven, as an inspiration from the Almighty Father; not as a new way of human thinking or of human feeling, — not as a discovery or device of human intelligence, a step forward in human progress, but as a fresh gift from the Source of all wisdom and all love. The message which the apostles carried about with them was not a message from one man to another, but from God to all of us. It was an unfolding of the Divine Mind. It was a lifting of the veil which hides from us the deep things of eternity. It was a gift of the Divine Glory to man. Its essence, its heart, that which made it a gospel, was a word from the mouth of God. This view of Christianity is absolutely fundamental. Should it ever be generally slighted, the peculiar value of the gospel would be so far lost.

With the mission of Jesus, there began a great movement in the mind, the heart, the life of the world, — a movement still vigorously advancing, and whose triumphs in store are greater even than its triumphs already secured. The kingdom of God came then, and it is to be established. There are Christian views of religion and of morality, of life in all its aspects, of suffering, of death, and of a future state: it infinitely concerns the health and the peace of the individual soul and the welfare of our race, that they be true, answering to realities, of God and not of man, coming from a source above any earthly fountain.

Clearly trace any lesson back to Christ; show that it is a Christian lesson, and it should be enough. This should stamp it as divine. "Believest thou this?" said the Saviour to Martha; and her reply was, "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and, so believing, your words must be truth to me. We want to have this faith in Christianity

now. The unlearned as well as the learned, the great mass of men want it. They want to feel, when they are reading the words of Jesus, that they are addressed by a messenger from God, who can tell them more than is contained in their own minds and hearts, who shall speak to them with authority, who shall be a true Mediator between heaven and earth, who shall help their unbelief. Authority is as essential to religion as freedom. Indeed, how can any of us be free from debasing errors, without the guidance of a soul providentially illumined beyond our measure! It is a strange and sad mistake to treat the joyful, confiding loyalty of the human heart to the world's prophets and the Son of God, as if it were a servitude, as if there were any real conflict between reason and faith. Is it any thing but a privilege to hear truth, and to be quickened by a spirit beyond our capacity and attainment? Is it any thing but a privilege to have that brought to us which we cannot help reverencing, to know that heaven is brought near to earth? It is essential to the success of the gospel in the world, that it be regarded as divine in its origin; a religion, a morality, a law, principle, and spirit of social order, not devised by men, however pure or wise, but revealed by God.

Now, by the consent of Christendom, nominally at least, this character attaches to Christianity; and yet it is very clear that much may be done to increase a Christian reverence and trust, to deepen and enlarge the faith of Christians in the gospel as a revelation from God, to make men really believe and feel and know that Jesus of Nazareth was declared to be the Son of God with power, and that he is entrusted with a message to every generation, and that the utmost confidence in him is our only wisdom and our only safety. There are always influences which tend to diminish this faith. Perhaps they do not abound now, any more than they have abounded in ages past. It is common, indeed, to say that our times are unfavorable to belief; but we find precisely the same complaint urged and sustained in the writings of every period not utterly sunk in darkness. The way of faith must ever be pointed out anew. Jesus, the Son of God, must be preached to each new generation. It is greatly to be desired that, by some plain lessons, the gospel should be presented afresh, not specially to the world of students, but to the intelligent and reflecting minds that are found outside of the schools. We may safely say of many

such minds, that, through inadvertence or prejudice or pre-occupation, they do no sort of justice to Christianity as a divine revelation, and consequently derive no special benefit from it. They are involuntarily and almost unconsciously gainers, so far as the gospel raises the general tone of society, and multiplies its resources of good: the bright sun and the fresh air will force their way a little into their houses, and so they are profited a little, though they never go abroad. But the secret of Christian loyalty, and the blessing that is in it, are not theirs. They have a religion yet to find, though Jesus hath been a long time in the world. We will endeavor to point out some of the causes of the want of a true faith in Christ.

I. A vast deal of faithlessness is nothing more or less than indifference, sheer neglect: it is simply to be ascribed to wilful ignorance, to a pre-occupied mind, which has passed by on the other side. Ordinarily, religion is not forced upon the attention of the world. It is quite likely, that, even during the acceptable year of the Saviour's ministry, there was many a Jew who regarded the Christian movement merely as a nine days' wonder, not worth dwelling upon. Between the earnest believer and the earnest unbeliever, there are those, not a few, who neither believe nor disbelieve, followers of the Gallio who cared for none of these things. They may catch a little of the prevailing speech of the times, whether it be religious or the contrary; but it is simply cant, a mere imitation, — the public opinion, not theirs: they are telling what others believe or disbelieve; they are bearing no testimony, on their own part, to any thing save their own shallowness and worldliness. We must pass them by.

II. And sometimes the want of a general appreciation of Christianity is to be attributed to a vague suspicion of every current religious belief, an extreme and dogmatic scepticism, a habit of doubting, an impatience of any authority, which is the natural opposite of extreme credulity. Religion has been so much discussed, so often made a matter of controversy, and its claims have been so much abated, that an indistinct impression has been created in some minds that there is nothing in it. It ought to be considered that unbelief is more unphilosophical than superstition; that, of the two, he who believes too much is nearer right than he who believes nothing. If Christianity is not all that dogmatists and priests claim, it does not follow that it is nothing. On the

contrary, the fictions of the church suppose the solid foundation of gospel fact and truth. The Catholic insists, not only that Christianity is divine, but that the Church also is inspired, and every priest, by virtue of his office, a channel of divine grace; and even the authorized translations of the Scriptures holy, and the age of miracles not yet past: he multiplies legend upon legend, until, at length, faith breaks down under the enormous pressure; and the Catholic becomes a Protestant, and perhaps comes at last to look with a vague suspicion upon every thing save the veriest generalities of natural piety and morality. Through some such process a vague habit of doubt has been created, and has lowered the spiritual tone of many, who can give no account of their opinions, and yet are more or less influenced by the current of thought about them.

III. But, more than all, the divine character of the gospel, the seal of Heaven upon it, is hidden from many eyes through an entire misapprehension of the kind of evidence by which alone it can be made real beyond any question. The world is full of those who seek a sign from heaven, and who are ever complaining that the evidences for the divine origin of religion are inadequate. They say that a matter of such paramount importance ought to be put beyond peradventure; that there ought not to be left so much as an inch of ground upon which a doubt can stand; that the words of truth should be written upon the brow of heaven, or whispered in our ears by the voice of the wind; that, if the evidence is imperfect, faith must needs halt; and that it is the part of the highest wisdom and the most honest judgment to maintain one's self uncommitted. They urge, that, except perhaps during the night of superstition, there have always been two opinions amongst the learned as to the divine origin of Christianity; and, whilst the great majority have ever been on the side of faith, absolute certainty is out of the question, and the utmost that will be claimed is a very high degree of probability. "We cannot feel entirely sure of any thing which involves the genuineness and authenticity of human records. The very fact that a question has been raised by honest and learned men is fatal to that entire confidence which alone can satisfy and give rest to the soul. Real faith was at an end just so soon as doubts were earnestly raised. Implicit reliance, a complete surrender of the convictions and emotions, was no longer possible. Besides, we have neither time

nor talent to look up and weigh what you call evidence; we are neither antiquarians nor historians, and at best we can only have an opinion that the gospel is divine. Indeed, if the heavenly Father purposes to save us in this way, why does he not give a new religion to each new generation, — a religion specially adapted to its stage of progress, to its peculiar temptations, weaknesses, and sins, — a message to-day, for example, touching the points that are up to-day for discussion, — a fresh word, which nobody can misapprehend, touching our religious and moral controversies, our controversies about Trinity and Unity, about Atonement, Baptism, and the Supper, about Human Slavery, War, and the like? Why ask us to live so long upon an old revelation, the key to which seems to have been lost, the most ancient and revered form of which we all agree in reckoning superannuated and effete? Why leave us to the jargon of popes and bishops, or the puerile and safe generalities of ecclesiastical councils, that discuss to this very day the questions of the fourth and fifth centuries, without much promise of any more satisfactory results? Let it be, if you please, that Christianity was a revelation once: we want another now. Eighteen centuries have elapsed since Jesus preached to the Jews, and the world has changed a vast deal in that time." Difficulties which express themselves somewhat in this way trouble many minds, and have found a voice even in the popular literature; and the misapprehension upon which they rest has a place in the thoughts of not a few who never have followed it to its conclusions. It deserves to be honestly and plainly dealt with.

The confusion proceeds from a failure to apprehend the nature of the evidence which alone can entirely, finally, and for ever satisfy us that Christ is the Son of God, and his religion the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The error lies in supposing that those who do not feel the power of religion can be entirely satisfied of its truth, of the reality of its divine claim. That such may see many and strong reasons for believing, is most certain; but we do not understand how they can ever, under any circumstances with which thus far it has pleased God to favor us, get beyond a high probability, or escape the possibility of misgivings. It would be just so, we may judge, if we were to have a new religion to-morrow: we may judge so because such was the case in the very first years of the gospel. We do not find that the evidence for it was irresistible, except upon those who felt its power, those who had

ears to hear, eyes to see, hearts to understand. The Saviour was hopeless of all others. They could explain away miracles. They said he wrought them by the power of the prince of demons. That was no sufficient evidence for them. They considered the whole matter a delusion, a piece of fanaticism, incredible. If we had lived in those days, we could not have avoided believing, it is said; but a vast multitude, the majority for centuries, did avoid it, and were only swept in at last by the increasing wave of public belief, not much more truly persuaded then than before. We should believe, it is still urged, if miracles were wrought in our streets. Perhaps so; and yet it would be easy to name more than one writer who would maintain that a miracle is essentially incredible; that no amount of evidence can establish it; that, if we cannot explain it away, we must distrust our senses, or suspend our judgment.

The outward evidence for Christianity is a preparation for faith, and it helps often to confirm faith; and it has triumphantly sustained the assaults of ancient and modern scepticism; but it does not dispense with the inward testimony of a simple and honest and God-loving heart. To such hearts the gospel is offered. To such hearts Christ comes in his Father's name to give them rest. They can see that he is declared the Son of God with power, by his word and by his works, and by the fulfilment of his promises in their renewed and spiritual life. There must be a preparation of the heart, or revealed religion is ever incredible. Were it to be granted anew to-day, we may be sure that to many it would be as much as ever a stumbling-block. It would spring up in some quarter entirely strange and unlooked-for; it would be accounted a delusion, a fanaticism, an ultraism. The sceptics would be as sceptical as now, unless, indeed, they should betake themselves to the old religion, as the less of two evils, and as a kind of defence against the intruder, just as Jews and Pagans made a desperate effort to believe in their old faith, by way of opposing the new. There is a limit beyond which it has never pleased God to go in urging upon the soul conviction from external evidence. His messages do no violence to human intelligence in any of its forms. They are attended with outward signs, that fitly commend them to the unprejudiced; but of themselves, and through their own spiritual essence and life, they persuade the heart to a conviction which has ever been expressed by comparison with the

evidence of the senses, as sight. Says Jonathan Edwards, in his great treatise upon the Religious Affections, — a work, we need not add, replete with spiritual wisdom, — "The gospel of the blessed God don't go abroad begging for its evidence, so much as some think: it has its highest and most proper evidence in itself."

When we look at the evidence for the divinity of the gospel in this light, its antiquity can be no stumbling-block. Age cannot impair this highest testimony. The human heart and the voice of God to it are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Nay, more, the longer the gospel does its true work in the world, the longer it accomplishes its blessed mission of purifying and enriching the heart, the more does it prepare its own evidence, and make ready for its reception in its true divine character. "That they all may be one," united, peaceful, was the prayer of Jesus for his disciples, adding, "That the world may believe that thou didst send me." You must not look so eagerly for the divine sanctions of Christianity any longer in the records of history, though they are there: rather should they be firmly established in your hearts and in your renovated world; a world so truly a kingdom of God through the blessed might of Jesus, that his divine mission may be unspeakably clear to you. "In those days, saith the Lord, I will write my law upon their hearts." What matters it whether the Son of God came in the first century or in the eighteenth, if he tells me of a Father ever near and ever helpful, and if my experience to-day assures me that it is even so? He hath shown me the Father, and it sufficeth me, even as it sufficed the disciples. And when the divine character of the gospel is recognized and joyfully believed with the whole energy of the spiritual and moral nature, the gospel does become a lesson for the day and hour; it swiftly applies itself; it is a great light poured into dark places. How the matters which mere theologians magnify are dwarfed in the presence of the divine majesty of Christ! How insignificant do they become in proportion as the heart more and more earnestly and reverently believes in the Lord Jesus! And, as to a more explicit revelation of the will of God concerning the great moral subjects of the times, does any one need it whose heart is in fellowship with the heart of Christ, who has not rested in Christian ceremonies or dogmas, instead of advancing to a living Christian faith; who believes in that love which is the fulfilling of the law? We have already, unless we are

lind and dead, the great principles of all holiness and righteousness: it is a small thing that we are asked to apply them. Until e are vehemently urged to do so, we can hardly be said to have ny very earnest conviction that the Saviour came upon a divine rrand to the world.

We said that the gospel is a revelation from God, in the most teral sense; and that, if we would gain the highest good from it, e must so receive it. And now we are entitled to add, that in aying this we have not laid upon any a burden of nice speculation eyond their strength. So far as knowledge may be made to serve eligion, it is well; but all have not this knowledge. And yet here is a place for them. Let them read their New Testaments ith open, willing, teachable hearts. Let them not shun, but seek r, the light. Let them strive to live as they believe, and to beeve as they live. Faith will come by the word of God. John unyan, the poor tinker, author of the Pilgrim's Progress, or eorge Fox, the poor shoemaker, founder of the sect of Quakers, ad as firm faith in Christianity as the learned Lardner with his onderous volumes of Jewish and Heathen Testimony. "Whom, aving not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, et believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 'Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonas; for flesh and blood hath ot revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." 'Hereby we know that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he ath given us of his spirit." Every humblest heart may draw rom the gospel its divine assurance, putting it to the proof. Every umblest heart may gain, in the way of religious and moral expeience, a reverent trust in Christ, which shall open the treasures of piritual and moral wisdom, and impart inexhaustible strength. s this, or is it not, one of the many lessons which men are learng, with what is called the progress of intelligence, that Christ ame into the world in the fulness of the Divine Spirit, the Son f man, who was in heaven whilst he was on the earth? In nswer to the question, "What is Christianity?" can they say hus much distinctly and in all good conscience, "It is a word rom the mouth of God"?

R. R.

## LETTER TO A STUDENT IN RELIGION.

My Dear Friend, — . . . . This irregular beginning makes me think of the "two unfinished letters" you confess in your apology for delay. As if they did not aggravate the offence! I never began a sheet to you in my life without scribbling all four sides over: why should you treat me better, or rather worse? If you'd only write, whenever you felt like it, one page or six, as the case might be, and seal and send it, as I do mine to you, — willing to be ashamed of matter and manner both; believing with that most "orthodox" divine, Dr. Payson, that the worse-looking the letter, the more love it showed, (shade of Payson, forgive the exaggeration!) — I should be so glad! Workers and sufferers in life and for it, let us lend each other a helping hand, without waiting for gloves. —— I think I never received a letter from you that touched me more nearly, or pleased me more, than what you call your "incoherent" one. And as you gave me that dearest proof of friendship from a sensitive mind, a glimpse at least into that "inner chamber of the heart," so sacred that God himself seems to close the doors on all human eyes, you will forgive my errors of judgment if I speak freely in return. What you said about my having helped you, surprised me; but I was not pained by it, as I should have been once. I have learned from your friendship, and another of God's own giving, how much he does for us, by even the slightest proof of that human love which shadows forth his own.

In my thoughts and feelings concerning you, there is one predominant; one in which even my imperfect knowledge and sympathy may help you, possibly. You and I, my dear friend, have been led differently in some respects; by education and natural bias, very differently, I know. But still, do we not stand, in a sense, together? Both tired of self-culture and self-help; convinced that Combe's Constitution of Man is not the Bible, nor next to it; sick of the coldness and barrenness of Naturalism; our hearts crying out for a better and dearer faith, — that faith that inspired Paul's Letters and the world's Martyria; that burns now, as through all the ages, in every true Christian soul. From

moral philosophy; from sermons that breathe neither the name nor the spirit of Christ; from books that level him who lived before Abraham was, in the bosom of the Father, with men born thousands of years after Abraham, who scarcely heard of Christ, we turn gladly to the Word from Heaven.

Let us, then, learn together, once and for ever, one gracious lesson. Let us hear and believe, as millions have done before us, those blessed words that fell from the human lips of Jesus into human ears; that now, in his more spiritual life with men, his vital union with the body of his church, flow as really from his great heart into our weak and erring ones. Mary of Bethany sat at his feet in her own house: you and I may do so at this moment. When his very soul was melted by the tenderness of the words that blessed a bitter parting, John, the loved disciple, laid his head on the breast of Jesus. As dear an intimacy with the Lord of our life is not forbidden us in any trial. Our personal share in the great sacrifice is proved to our understandings, when Christ says: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends: ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Would that our lives might take up the assurance, if not by a perfect obedience, but by a prayerful submission!

Put out of sight, the many, many thousands that have thus come to their Saviour, lived with him daily, walked through all the blessing and terrors of their experience, with their hands in his, with their soul's very life-blood drawn from him. Forget all this "cloud of witnesses" for a little while, and imagine that you and I, alone on the earth, receive the message of our Redeemer. He comes to us, with our sins and our sorrows; with our strivings after the Infinite, with all those phases of spiritual life, and dim yearnings of an immortal soul, which language is utterly powerless to express. He comes to us; and when we do believe in him, and cannot help it, we hear him saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. No man cometh unto the Father but through me. I am the Vine; and he that abideth not in me is cast forth as the severed branch, and withered. I am the Bread of Life, and he that eateth me shall live by me. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

When we hear such words as these, such astounding claims

upon our confidence, our love, our obedience, what are we to do to be saved, but what Peter told the centurion, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ"? What shall answer the inevitable "cry for guidance and help" that rises from every living soul, save that invitation, with its unfathomable depth of love, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Not — read the words of a Hebrew Prophet, crucified and embalmed eighteen hundred years ago; but "Come unto me," unto "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" unto the same Jesus who fed the multitudes, wondering as they ate, and still feeds the world. For he, ever since Mary became "blessed among women," has been the personal friend of every disciple, as well as the Light of the world.

Infidels may admire the divine beauty of his character; humanitarians eulogize the Ideal Man; lovers of nature more than lovers of God may steal his lesson from the lilies that surpassed Solomon's glory, and the grass that God so wonderfully clothes, without faith or gratitude. But for us there wait better things. An hour with the Incarnate Truth convinces these shallow estimates of folly, if not of sin. We cannot weigh the ocean by measuring its surface. There is a depth beyond.

Philip asked for the showing of the Father: he was for ever answered. So are we when our souls cry out for God. If we say, "How is it, Lord, that thou wilt manifest thyself to us?" we have, like the apostle, not an explanation, but the repeated promise from lips that cannot lie. Do we ask, "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" we are told, "The work of God is to believe on him whom he hath sent."

And now, when God hath given us a Way, how foolish the attempt to climb to him by some Babel of our own and others' building! When the infinite chasm between the Father, in his Omnipotent Holiness, and his children, weak and simple as they are, is bridged over by that great mystery, "God manifest in the flesh," why wait longer for the At-one-ment?

The solemn question rises, and must be answered: Can our free-will choose here, except as it can choose sin anywhere? When Christ says, "All authority is given me in heaven and in earth," are your soul and mine left to themselves? Those tones of thunder (which no weight of ages can silence) from the very mouth of God, "This is my beloved Son; *hear ye him*," — are

they shut out from our ears, and ours only? "Can we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

We will not stop to weigh the awful alternatives that hang on such a question. Our daily prayer shall be, "Let us also, O Father! know, with all saints, the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; let us have the joy and peace of a life hid with Christ in thee!"

And if the miracles trouble you, and if I fear to trust myself to the Son, lest I should dishonor the Father, and neither doubt is reasonable nor right, let us still "follow on to know the Lord." The blessing will surely rest on us, as on the Thomas whose unbelief was killed at last.

I am sorry if I have wearied you, or seemed to preach a sermon. I meant only to do as I have, — let my pen run on, and my heart with it. The new light that is slowly rising on my soul, I am more anxious you should have it than for any other person. Do write to me as freely as I have to you, if you feel willing to do so. God love and keep you!

Yours, very truly,

H. S. T.

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A service of a more private nature, which adds most assuredly to the beauty and dignity of the religious character, must not be forgotten. It is that of family worship. It is a grave charge, but it is true, and the utterance of the truth may do us good: as a denomination, we are sadly deficient in this devotional element, — that which must form the basis and enter into the life of the highest morality, and fuse itself into the heart of the divinest character. Every domestic circle should have its altar, and every family hearth should have its offering. This form of worship cannot be neglected with impunity; it cannot be nurtured without success. If the child is conscious of no prayers coming from the father's lips, if he hears no solemn invocations to the Most High, why should he feel that his home is a Christian home, and rests beneath the overshadowing presence of God? There must be some service that shall fitly express this devotional element, that shall feed this interior flame in the heart of our domestic life. — *J. F. Brown.*

## WOMAN'S MISSION.

At morn, I marked a maiden, with a grandsire old and gray;
And her beauty was so winsome, that I loitered on my way:
I saw her hands were laden with a tiny freight of flowers,
Culled from the field and garden, where she passed the morning hours.

As I journeyed on alone, and roved through field and plain,
I marked a gentle lassie as she held the golden grain;
And a youth was by her side: in pure womanhood she seemed
Like a living "thing of beauty," which in sleep hath on me beamed.

I lingered by a stream; and there I met with one
Whom riper age had graced, and a matron's love had won;
And the guardian at her side, as she leaned upon his arm,
Seemed to feel his soul protected, while protecting her from harm.

And farther on, at eventide, I met an aged pair,
And woman's love in age, indeed, was still more strong and fair;
For on and on they wandered, and together went their way,
And tranquil was their eve of life, as bright had been their day.

This, *this* is "woman's mission," in her services below:
To cheer the heart of age with hope, and bless the home of woe,—
To guide the young,—maturer life from mammon to beguile,—
And, from her birthday till her last, on every scene to smile.

ARRITA.

# FAITH.

FAITH, — an unwavering, all-sustaining faith in God, — a faith that will alike stand the shock of those overpowering afflictions which come immediately from the hand of God, and the wear of those nameless, petty trials which he allows to come from the perverseness of man, or through some other medium, — such a faith is the desire of every Christian. Such a faith is in some measure attained by every Christian. In some it seems to have reached perfection; so that, though there may be a momentary struggle and a natural shrinking, as the hour of trial approaches, when it is seen to be inevitable, there is nothing in the heart but submission and childlike trust.

Perfect faith in the overruling providence of God, and in the wisdom and love of all his dispensations, is the only firm ground of trust amid the vicissitudes and trials of this earthly state. But in different individuals this faith seems to take different forms; and it may be an interesting question, What is the legitimate province of faith, and what its highest manifestation? Perhaps its mode of operation may depend somewhat on temperament. The person of cheerful, sanguine temperament counts on nothing but the success of his plans; and, when this natural disposition is sanctified by Christian faith, there is still the same looking-for of what we call good, and good only; while others, whose theoretical belief in the beneficent providence of God is equally strong, are all their lifetime subject to apprehensions of coming trial.

There have been those who were looked upon as shining examples of this Christian grace; in whose lives it seemed to be manifested rather by the expectation of some particular things, which they esteemed good, than by a general and submissive trust in the wisdom and love of all the divine appointments. At least, this is made the prominent point by their biographers. Their trust in Providence appears, from what is related of them, to have been rather dictatorial in its form; as it were, obliging Providence to operate in the way which they themselves should point out. Such, for instance, was the case with Stilling, and still more remarkably with a certain clergyman of former times. There are, indeed, situations in which we can do nothing else but trust

in God for those earthly blessings which are usually the product of human exertion; but, as a general thing, it seems almost a compelling of Providence to our own ends, when we sit down quietly, in circumstances that appear to require exertion on our part, trusting that our wants will be supplied in some unforeseen way. Such was the case with the last-mentioned personage, when he turned a deaf ear to the representation of his wife, one Saturday morning, that they had no wood. We can hardly find fault with the faith that led him to go to his study, rather than to provide for the wants of his family, since it seems to have been accepted of Heaven; for the wood came in an unexpected way that same morning. So in the case when the same person gave away his wife's only pair of shoes, before she rose, on a cold morning, to a beggar-woman, in the assurance that their place would be supplied before night. It was done unto him according to his faith, as it was in other instances. But, however sustaining such a faith might have been to him, one cannot but feel that it did not render him always the most comfortable companion to her who depended on him for support. We will not blame the man, who undoubtedly acted conscientiously, though often to the discomfort of those with whom he was closely connected; but we would say with the Scotchman, "I dinna arguy that it is wrang to trust in Providence: only Providence is no obliged to help us, if we winna help ourselves."

Amid all the faithlessness of the world, it is hard to chide any manifestation of trust in God. There is much beauty in this implicit reliance on a higher Power; and yet it would seem to have its dangers. Were the expectation of this preternatural aid, as it may be called, always answered, there would be no stimulus to exertion, and all activity and force of character would be lost. On the other hand, when the expectation was disappointed, there would be a shock to the faith which had been accustomed to rely on such an answer to its prayers.

A far higher form of faith than this, — higher even from its humility, — is that which follows rather than leads; accepting, in meekness of trust, every appointment of the Father; leaving all with him, in the full assurance that all will be well, though perhaps far different from what the heart would naturally choose. He who has this perfect reliance on the unerring wisdom and love that govern all things will not seek to direct the course of Pro-

vidence. He knows his own short-sightedness and blindness, and that even those things which seem most necessary to his happiness might prove a snare. He is permitted to hope and believe that particular events will be ordered in a manner accordant with his natural desires; but his heart is prepared for the disappointment of those hopes, and his faith suffers no shock, even where human reason is lost in darkness. He knows that, in this world of mingled joy and sorrow, he must often be called to walk through paths which he would not choose; to meet trials from which nature shrinks appalled. He will sometimes cry in anguish of soul, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" yet, when it is presented to his lips, he will receive it, acknowledging the hand of the Father. He may fear, as he enters into the cloud; but, when its dark folds settle about him, he will find there the glorified form of the Son of God. Such a faith can stand unshaken amid the contending elements of the world, and the surging billows of affliction, firm as the Rock of Ages in which it trusts. It is not, with stoical philosophy, insensible to human affections or griefs; but it sanctifies and perfects the former, and from the latter makes itself wings on which to soar to heaven. It can see its dearest earthly hopes depart; and, looking upward through the tears of bereaved affection, say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home."

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THE voluntary principle, in which we glory, has, indeed, no value to an indolent, selfish, and worldly church. It will even prove an immeasurable evil to our land, if the sense of personal responsibility is not found in some of our citizens, to such an extent as to secure a comprehensive survey and observation of the entire field; watching, with a patriotic and Christian solicitude, the progress and the perils of particular sections, and of the whole country; and if there be not a hand outstretched to help the weak, and to work for the indolent, so far as to give the whole country all the institutions necessary to form a Christian civilization. — *Selected.*

## MANAGING CHILDREN.

THERE are a few subjects for conversation and controversy, which never fail to excite our feelings. Such are the best mode of bringing up children, and the best methods of housekeeping.

I lately had a short debate upon the question, whether *immediate* obedience of children should in all cases be expected and required. On the one side, it was urged that a command implies *immediate* obedience, and that any delay of obedience destroys its very nature, and makes the authority of the parent null and void. On the other side, it was submitted that it takes some little time for the will of a child to be changed; and that compelling immediate obedience, either by the tone of voice, or the expression of the face, or by using corporal punishment, inflicts an injury upon the child's character which may, and should, be avoided. No one will contend that children should have their own way in every thing; no one likes to see a parent overruled by his children; no one approves of changing *no* into *yes*, and *yes* into *no*, for no other reason than the teasing or crying of children. On the contrary, no one likes to see a parent exacting some petty submission to his will, or frightening a child into a compliance with his requirements, or buying his acquiescence with sweetmeats and toys.

The organ-grinder in our streets can make his monkey bow, and take off his cap, and roll over, and climb into parlor windows, and perform several other pleasing antics, by dint of hard usage; and so, any parent can, if he is determined, make his little child go through with ever so many pretty sayings and doings, to amuse the company, after being drilled for it.

There is, I admit, something very fascinating about the appearance of a battalion of soldiers, or a large school of children, where one will pervades the whole. All eyes are looking at the leader for direction; and every movement and every sound have their origin in some signal given by the one in authority. It is gratifying to the love of dominion thus to rule a multitude. It is gratifying to some parents thus to rule their children from the earliest infancy; to cow them down into submission; to make them understand that their commands are instantly to be obeyed.

And who are these parents that are praised for bringing up their children in this magisterial manner? Many of them are profane in their language, and outrageous in their anger. Many of them do not profess to rule their own spirits, or to be in subjection to the Father of their spirits. Frequently they have open and violent quarrels among themselves; and seldom do they care to worship God in the sanctuary, or to sit in meekness at the feet of Jesus to learn the worth of a holy character. Many are the dark and dismal hours they pass, harboring evil spirits in their hearts; and many are the sorrows of *their* parents, caused by their careless or wicked conduct; and yet these are the model parents that are held up to shame those who never speak harshly to their children, and who have their honest doubts about their right to require unqualified and implicit obedience from any one.

And who are those who make some of their friends angry with them, for letting their children grow up under a mild and conciliatory form of government? Some of them have, from their childhood, been studying the ways of the divine government, — been diligently inquiring of the Lord, how they should deal with their fellow-men in the several relations of life. Many of them have arrived at a clear insight of truth and love, sufficient at least to keep their own souls free from profaneness and wrath and irreverence; and is it possible, in the nature of things, that such persons would adopt a less perfect, a more odious mode of educating and disciplining their children than the former class of parents? The higher a man's appreciation of the worth of human nature, the more careful he is not to interfere with its free and healthy development.

These parents, that get so many impatient rebukes from others because they do not rule with the rod of iron, are conscientiously striving to influence the hearts and minds of their children, in the well-founded hope that they will see and feel for themselves what is right and obligatory for them to do. A patient, self-controlled parent will be willing to endure many hardships, before he will teach his children to fear the person of man. He will keep pouring and pouring copious streams of precept and example into the heart of his child; not doubting that, as the will is moved by the affections and by the convictions, so, out of their abundance, his child will act and speak and live. The Christian parent tells his children that they have no master nor father on the earth,

seeing that God alone is supreme in authority, and that all we are fellow-mortals, alike limited and frail, and liable to err and sin. Such a parent feels the difficulty of managing his children. He does not pretend to bring up his children as he wishes they might be brought up. He considers the whole subject open to careful consideration. He has his doubts whether he ought ever to strike a blow upon his children, lest they too would use the same expressions and violence upon their playmates, and quote their parents for authority. He asks to be enlightened; and he asks for leniency from others in their judgment. But one thing seems very certain, — that people who do not control their own tempers, or exercise a benevolent spirit toward all men, would do well to look at home, and mend their own dispositions and characters, and make themselves happier in their every-day experience, instead of priding themselves upon making their little children mind just what they say. We will see, when our children have all grown up, which set turn out with the best characters, and with the best qualifications for usefulness and happiness.

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HYMN-BOOK. — In any system of public worship, the *constant* element — that is to say, the *liturgical* — will always exercise a great influence over the variable part, — the extemporaneous, — in giving it tone and direction, and in preserving a doctrinal consistency in the pulpit teaching. It will be so at least wherever this liturgical ingredient warmly engages the feelings of the people, and where it is performed with untiring animation. In communities that have laid aside liturgies in every other sense, the Hymn-book which they use, especially if psalmody be a favored part of public worship, rules, as well the preacher as the people, to a greater extent than is often thought of, or than would perhaps be acknowledged. The Hymn-book to such bodies comes in the stead of creed, articles, canons, and presiding power. Isaac Watts is still held in grateful remembrance by those who use his devotional compositions; but there may be room to think, that, in the course of these hundred and fifty years past, he has rendered services to them in behalf of which they have not yet blessed his memory, and perhaps may never do so. — *Isaac Taylor.*

# REPENTANCE.

A SERMON BY REV. W. P. TILDEN.

Acts xvii. 30: "But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

THE Bible is so full of earnest calls to repentance, that one scarcely need point to any particular passage as proof of its necessity. Wherever sin is found, there is, and ever must be, the necessity of repentance, in order to secure a rescue and deliverance from that sin. Hence we find it so frequently enforced, the Bible through. Repent! It was the authoritative and startling call of the ancient prophets. It was the cry of the Saviour's forerunner, when from the wilderness he came forth to announce the coming of the Son of man in his kingdom. And when, in fulness of time, the Saviour himself entered upon his holy ministry of reconciliation, the first word of public exhortation that he gave to the souls he came to save, was "Repent." So, too, when the disciples, at the bidding of the Master, went forth to prepare the way for the new kingdom, and hasten its coming, they opened their new message with the same heart-searching exhortation, — *Repent!*

The world has not yet outgrown the need of repentance, for the simple reason that it has not outgrown sin.

But what is implied by repentance? We want definite and clear conceptions of the doctrine, that we may better understand the duty. Repentance, in general terms, is often defined as sincere sorrow for sin, compunction of conscience for wrong-doing. But this definition is not broad enough to cover the Bible idea of repentance. Simple sorrow for sin, even when sincere, may, and often does, end in sorrow, without effecting any radical change in the life. This, of course, is not to be reckoned as true repentance. A person may be visited with most unfeigned sorrow and shame for his misdeeds or general misliving, from quite low and unworthy motives; motives purely selfish. Or, even where the motives are of a higher character, the sorrow and contrition may, for the time, be most sincere, and yet not effectual to repentance; for how many have felt this sorrow, and given to it free and

heartfelt utterance, who have soon relapsed again into the very condition over which they mourned!

Neither is sorrow, however sincere, accompanied with the resolution of amendment, however solemn, repentance in its full and perfect sense. They are the two first steps in the redeeming work; but they may both be taken, and the soul not be saved from its sins. Such, too often, is the repentance of the poor inebriate, who, in his hours of sober thought, will pour out the bitterest tears of sorrow and shame in view of his debasement, and vow before God, with the sincerest purpose, to dash for ever from his lips the accursed cup that has made his wife a more than widow, and his children worse than fatherless; but if this purpose, however sincere, be not carried into action, if the cup be not for ever dashed away, his bitter tears and firm resolves are vain. He has been penitent; but he has not repented, and he may go on thus weeping, and resolving, and *sinning* for ever. And for ever, as he lifts his eyes to the celestial city, he will see written over its gates, in characters that no mortal power can erase, "The drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Tears and resolves, then, are not the whole of repentance. They are but the beginning of that great work in which the angels of God rejoice. Repentance, in its full and complete sense, is the *real turning of the soul to God.* It implies an entire, thorough, radical change in those affections that have been alienated. The Bible-call to repentance is expressed in language most significant: "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?" It is not enough to be sorry simply, or to mourn and resolve. The soul must be *turned*, — turned from the love and practice of evil to the love and practice of good. For never, till the moral and spiritual laws of God's universe are obliterated or annulled, can there be any escape from the consequence of a sinful condition, but in the true *turning* of the soul to God.

But to see clearly the nature of repentance, and acknowledge in general terms its importance, is one thing: to make a faithful application of it to one's individual soul, is quite another. Which is the most important need not be told. It is marvellous how men content themselves, and quiet their consciences, with certain confessions of general sinfulness, — sinfulness that is shared in common with the race, with no thought, apparently, of any faithful application of repentance as a personal duty. But

of what avail is the confession of sin without the forsaking of it? True, it is written for our encouragement, that, "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity." But surely it is not mere lip-confession that the apostle links with this precious promise, — a confession in words only, leaving heart and life just where they were before. When the confession is a true expression of a real change in the inward feelings and affections, then, indeed, the promise may be appropriated, with the assurance that God's good spirit will work together with the repentant soul in "cleansing from all iniquity." But confessions that have not life or soul enough to convert themselves into practice, cannot be genuine. Words that come from the heart are always translating themselves into deeds, and thus revealing their paternity. They are known by their fruits. Sin is not put away by mere acknowledgments of sinfulness in general. One might as well think to cleanse his body by only confessing his need of being washed, without ever applying the purifying water.

And it is not to the grossly wicked alone that the call to repentance is made. The solemn injunction comes to "all men, everywhere, to repent." So, when the apostles were sent out by the Saviour on their holy mission, we are told, "They went out and preached that *men* should repent." Not this class of men, or that; not the Scribes alone, or the Pharisees or Sadducees or Publicans alone, but all men. So the Saviour said to the self-righteous Jews, "Think you that they on whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all others? I tell you nay; but unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

It must be acknowledged that in all, to a greater or less extent, back of all specific and particular sins, there is *sin*, sinfulness, a state of the affections not in harmony with God, that needs repentance and change, — a perverse will, selfish and unsanctified, that must be humbled and brought into subjection to God; false aims and objects in life that must be corrected, before the soul is prepared to enter the upward path.

We err, therefore, we greatly err, if we fancy that only they who are guilty of great sins are called to repentance. I do not mean to intimate that all are alike guilty; this would be to abolish all moral distinctions; but only to say what the Bible so clearly teaches, that we all do need repentance towards God,

and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and that, back of all single acts of transgression, there is a spirit of the mind that needs to be humbled, quickened, converted, by repentance and the renewing spirit of God. The soul, when it is truly awake to spiritual realities, looks through the surface, and is often more thoroughly humbled by a sense of this *inward* unworthiness than by any outward sins. And, under that conviction, it will often give expression to feelings that seem extravagant and unintelligible to those who think only of external conformity to the common standards of right and duty. How forcibly the following lines, written by one whose memory we love to cherish, illustrates this! —

"It is not what my hands have done
That weighs my spirit down, —
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
And over earth a frown.
It is not any heinous guilt,
Or vice by men abhorred.
For fair the fame that I have built,
A fair life's just reward;
And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas! they only see a part,
When thus they judge the whole;
They cannot penetrate the heart,
They cannot read the soul.
But I survey myself within,
And mournfully I feel
How deep the principle of sin
Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame,
*Without a deed that men can blame.*

They judge by actions which they see
Brought out before the sun;
But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I've left undone, —
For opportunities of good
In folly thrown away,
For hours misspent in solitude,
Forgetfulness to pray;
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed
With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can it hope for perfect rest,
Till I escape this doom.
Help me, Thou merciful and just,
This fearful doom to fly!
Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust:
Oh, help me, lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love."

This effusion of penitent thought is well called by the writer of it, "Self-knowledge."

It is when, with searching self-scrutiny, we look within, letting the pure light of Christ shine full upon us, that we are made to feel our need of "a clean heart and a right spirit." And if the sincere Christian often feels that, how much more reason for the feeling have those who as yet have given little or no thought to the great work of life; or who, whatever may have been their thought upon religious matters, have never been humbled before God in the spirit of unfeigned repentance!

True repentance, I think, does not often, if ever, come from a cold and critical examination of those moral laws which indicate the certainty of retribution. There is but little power in moral philosophy to bring about any pungent sense of sin. Such philosophy is useful in its place. It comes in to confirm and strengthen convictions which the heart has been made to feel under other influences. But of itself it has little power to lead the soul to God. One may have a very clear conviction of the certainty of retribution, without being moved to repentance. What is most needed to be seen and felt is not merely our relation to the law, but to the *law-maker*. While only the relation to an abstract law is recognized, little more than an abstract repentance will be likely to be produced. Even if reform in some respects should follow, it would probably be *outward*, rather than inward; for it would lack that living, quickening impulse, that flows only from the soul's *conscious* relation to God.

What is it that awakens penitence and contrition in the heart of a child who has disobeyed parental counsel? It is not the thought of any outward correction to which he has exposed himself. *That* he would willingly bear; for conscience tells him it is deserved. But it is the thought of the wrong done to the parent,

— of the wound inflicted on a heart that loves him. It is this that troubles him when he lies down at night, and when he rises up in the morning, — that follows him as his shadow, and gives him no peace or rest, till, with gushing tears and trembling lips, he humbly asks forgiveness. Had there been no consciousness of the *sacred* relation subsisting between the parent and the child, there had been no repentance. There might have been some outward reform, but none of that heartfelt contrition that is the essence of a godly sorrow. So with us. It is the clear recognition of our relation to God, not merely to his law, but to God the ever-living Father, that is needed to humble and subdue our hearts. The law, indeed, with all its penalties, must be proclaimed; but if separated from God, and studied only as we study the laws of chemistry, it is shorn of its mightiest power. It leaves the affections untouched. The truly repentant one thinks more of its sins against God than of retribution, or of any moral injury it has suffered by disobedience. That could be borne; but when the thought comes home upon the heart that sin has been committed, not only against one's own soul, but against the great Father of all souls, — against Divine Love itself, — then the fountains of the great deep are broken up. Then the tears flow, and the knees bend. Then bursts forth the language of true conviction, "Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned, and done done this evil in thy sight."

It is the dawning of this consciousness of the intimate *personal relation* the soul sustains to its God and Father, more perhaps than any thing else, that marks the beginning of the Christian life. This it is that turns the eye inward, humbles the soul, awakens prayer, repentance, and puts one in a proper attitude to receive forgiveness and the divine aid. Who is there that can look back upon his life, under a full sense of his relation to the "All-Pure," and think for a moment that, in thought and deed and word, he stands before the Lord blameless? There are seasons of anointed vision, when the spirit looks deeper than the outward life, and finds small comfort in the thought that great crimes have been avoided. Well do I remember the expression of a friend, who, in telling me of new religious convictions he had recently felt, said, in reference to his previous life: "I have not *thought right* — I have not *thought right.*" His outward character was free from reproach. I do not remember that

even rumor, with her thousand tongues, ever accused him of immoralities. But, in a favorable hour, some of God's good angels led him to serious reflection. He looked deeper than the world could see; and there he saw what startled him, and made him feel the need of God's forgiving love, — made him feel, that, however fair his outward life had been when tried by worldly standards, his *thoughts*, his aims, his purposes, had not been right in the sight of God; and that *internally*, if not externally, he needed repentance, forgiveness, regeneration.

Truly God does call upon "all men everywhere to repent." I do fear that this important truth is too little considered. I fear that *sin* is getting to be looked upon with a most fatal complacency. It would seem as if the very word "*repentance*" was becoming obsolete in some quarters, superseded by the more popular and pleasant phrases, "Self-culture" and "Progress." Self-culture and progress are noble words; and, when based on Christian truth, suggestive of noble deeds. I have rejoiced to see them finding their way into the pulpit, and the best literature of our day. But it must never be forgotten that the highest form of self-culture is based upon "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ;" that the progress that is to bless the world is the progress of that Divine Spirit that draws men through REPENTANCE and FAITH into more perfect harmony with God, and inspires them with a truer love for one another. Self-culture, therefore, and progress, are no substitutes for repentance. It is, rather, only through repentance that they become possible in a world like ours. For, without this basis, self-culture might minister only to a Pharisaic or æsthetic pride; and progress, unless the soul is first set in the right way, might only lead into darker and more tangled paths.

Let us, therefore, as we value the highest form of self-culture and the truest progress, seek first to bring our souls into a right condition before God, that we may know our weaknesses and wants, and listen reverently to the voice that "calls upon all men everywhere to repent."

# EGYPT.

THERE is a period between the accounts of Joseph and Moses, consisting of 430 years, on which sacred and profane history are both silent. Much light has been thrown upon it by the recent discoveries of M. Champollion, who has, with great labor and ingenuity, invented a key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, which has unlocked the stores of learning of the Egyptian priesthood, and has placed before us, as clearly as a written language could have done, the astonishing civilization of that remote period.

These discoveries not only make us acquainted with the princes, their mode of government, the customs and manners of the people, but the state of the arts, their wars, the customs of surrounding nations: even the portraits of their kings and queens are identified with perfect accuracy. We here give an extract from Rossellini's illustrations, who has been more successful than Champollion in deciphering these characters: —

"All the gorgeous details of the haughty courts of the Pharaohs, of which we merely obtain glimpses in the Bible, are brought before us with the vivid efficacy of some phantasmagoric exhibition of departed things and persons. We see the portraits of the Pharaohs, who received and elevated Joseph as his prime minister, given with the accuracy of a portrait of William the Fourth."

We see the superb chairs, couches, sofas, footstools, tables, and beaufets, exhibited by Rossellini. Gold and silver tureens, urns, banqueting cups, &c. of the most exquisite workmanship, and tasteful as well as magnificent forms.

The period of history to which we now allude was that of the eighteenth dynasty, containing the arrival of Joseph in Egypt, and his viceroyship under Amenoph, during whose reign the Hebrew colony was established in Egypt; and it was under this brilliant dynasty that the departure of the children of Israel, under Moses, occurred. Manetho, the most ancient historian of Egypt, calls Moses, Osarsiph, a priest of Heliopolis.

He likewise states two remarkable points respecting the history, which he says he copied from the Hermaic tablets and the obelisks written by Thoth, the same with Enoch, the son of Cain,

and placed in subterranean apartments and winding passages near the sounding statue of Memnon at Thebes. This historian likewise introduces us to a race of Hebrews, consisting of eight hundred thousand, who were compelled to labor in the stone-quarries on the eastern bank of the Nile. Among these pictorial representations, the Jews are easily identified, not only from their physiognomy, but from their being always the same. These Jews are employed, under the dynasty of the kings contemporary with Moses, in the specific art of slavery, which he and Manetho both describe, making bricks and working in the quarries. An Egyptian task-master superintends their work; and the bricks are precisely those which are found in walls, the dates of which belong to the period in question.

The sublime and magnificent monuments erected by this ancient race of monarchs on the plain embraced by "hundred-gated Thebes" attest, to this day, their taste, their ambition, their wealth, and their power.

It was on that myriad-columned plain, beneath its gorgeous archways and gigantic colonnades, that Champollion exclaimed, "These porticoes must have been the work of men a hundred feet high!" Imagination sinks abashed at the foot of the hypostle hall of Karnac. It is said there are two portraits remaining of the Egyptian wife of Solomon, both very beautiful; one at Karnac, and one in the valley of the Queens' Tombs. She is thought to have been part contributor to that production called Solomon's Songs, which consists of about forty lyrical pieces, in every variety of mood and measure; and she must have been as eminent for talent as for beauty. L.

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PANTHEISM AND ROMANISM. — The Christianity of the apostolic writings is throwing off, and is getting itself clear of, every thing which hitherto, through the medium of a diffused profession and of a conventional religiousness, it has come to be entangled with, but which is not its own, and with which it has no true alliance. Christianity is, as we believe, shaking off from its surface the encrustations of recent times; it is parting company with the multitude that of late has pressed about it, and thronged it, and is drawing itself off to the desert for converse with those who are not offended with it as it is. — *Isaac Taylor.*

# THE THREE BAPTISMS.

LEAVES FROM THE PARSONAGE.

It had been a lovely spring morning; but the serene clear sky had become overcast with fleecy white clouds, and the soft south breeze had been chased away by a cold north-easter, which was sighing and whistling through the budding trees. We were at dinner, when a quick, impatient peal of the bell startled us from our quiet chat.

"Please, sir, Harry Raymond is very sick, and Mr. Raymond wishes you to go in there as soon as convenient."

Not a moment was wasted; the half-finished plate was pushed aside; and, with the speed of one ever ready to do his Master's bidding, the pastor set off for Mr. Raymond's. He had not far to go, but soon reached the house; and, with noiseless steps, entered the half-opened door. The sound of smothered sobs and hushed voices guided him on; and, in a moment, he stood by the bedside of the little sufferer. A sweet, lovely boy he was; he had numbered seven summers; but one glance at him was sufficient to show that the next would be passed in the garden of heaven, with angel-children for his playfellows, and angel-guides to teach and unfold his mind. Tossing and restless, he was ever in motion, — the small hands clutched the bed-clothes convulsively, — his cheeks were burning with fever, his eyes sunken, and the heavy lids were half closed over them. The mother had sunk down by him, her face buried in the pillow, while her whole form heaved with her suppressed sobs. The father stood erect and calm, gazing upon his child. The expression of anguish and deep suffering was on his brow. As the minister entered, Mr. Raymond turned eagerly to him; and the flush of hope for one moment kindled in his face, as if he thought the disciple of the Lord at this day could work the same miracle which restored the daughter of Jairus to her father's arms, and blessed, with the life of her only one, the poor widow of Nain; but, alas! it is not for the most earnest disciple to restore health to the diseased frame, or kindle again the light of life in the dying eye. The most he can do is to brighten that eye with the hope of heaven,

and strengthen that frame by imparting to it the knowledge of the strength of the Lord.

"Ah! I am glad to see you," said Mr. Raymond, as he grasped eagerly at the proffered hand; "our darling boy is very ill; we fear he will die; how can we part with him?"

"God will give you strength, if you ask for it; and, if he recalls the spirit he loaned to you to train, you must feel it is done in love."

"Look at him, sir, and see if you can give me hope he will recover."

That word of hope could not be spoken. The work of death, that inscrutable seal which is the passport from this world to the other, was already stamped upon the sweet child-like face; the fever-flush was gradually passing away, and the frame becoming more quiet; but it was the torpor of death stealing over him. The pastor could not speak of hope for this life; and the simple, trite words of consolation seemed too meagre for such a time and scene; but he knelt down, and, with earnest words, strove to lift the thoughts of the suffering ones to the heaven of light and love into which their darling had so soon to be admitted. As he proceeded, the sobs of the mother became hushed; the father's face assumed a more resigned expression, and his whole manner indicated "Thy will be done." Ere the prayer was ended, the spirit of peace seemed to brood over the apartment.

"He has never been consecrated in baptism," said Mr. Raymond. "I trust it is not too late."

"Gladly will I commit the young spirit to the Saviour's charge in the rite which he commanded to be observed," said the pastor. "If you will give me water, I will make this dear child a member of Christ's fold on earth; then, when he reaches heaven, he will be welcomed as one of the lambs of his flock."

Water was brought; and, as the cool drops touched his brow, and the solemn words were spoken, — "Henry, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," the boy opened his deep-blue eyes, and a gleam of intelligence and joy lighted them up with supernatural brilliancy. Heaven seemed already dawning upon him; but the body was too weak to indicate the emotions thus excited, and he sank back into a lethargic state.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Come unto me, all ye

that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." With such words did the pastor strive to strengthen the sorrowing hearts, and impart to them the comfort he foresaw they would soon need, when the spirit of their beloved one would indeed pass home.

When he left them, they were calm; but he promised to return before many hours. Towards night, he again entered the room. It was the same as when he left it, only now the physician stood by the bed, and his young brothers and sisters were clustered around their mother; the elder boy's face was buried in her lap; while the younger ones, sweet twins, scarcely passed infancy, gazed with wondering eyes upon their unconscious brother. The pastor approached the bed, knelt by it, and, as soon as he could command himself, the words of fervent petition arose to the heavenly throne. He prayed not that the precious life might be spared; it was too late for that; but he implored the Father to receive the pure spirit which was so soon to leave its earthly home; and as he prayed, as if in sign that the prayer was answered, the spirit, without one struggle or one heavily drawn breath, flitted away from its earthly tenement; and when the bowed heads were raised, and anxious looks were cast upon the precious one, the sweet smile that rested on his face told of the ineffable joy that greeted him. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." "And he asked, Is it well with the child? and she answered, It is well," said the pastor, as he grasped the father's hand.

"It is too much; I cannot part with him; he is all the world to me; I cannot live without him," sobbed the heart-broken mother.

"O Emily! say not so," said the husband, striving to keep down his own heart-bursting sorrow in the desire to soothe her more acute feeling. "We have our other children left; we must love them more tenderly, care for them more fondly, and strive to fit them to meet our angel Harry, when they too shall be called to the spirit-world. We loved him too selfishly; and perhaps that is why the good 'All-Father' has removed him; it gives us now a strong tie to the heavenly world, and may draw our thoughts, which cling so closely to earth, upward. God grant it may!"

"He has never known sin or sorrow here; his brief day has

been a cloudless one," said the minister; "and you must take comfort from the thought that now he will be ever pure and holy. Temptation cannot come to him; but he will grow and develop under the very eye of Christ."

"Ah! that is but poor comfort when we feel he is lost to us," said the mother.

"Not *lost*, but gone before: he is your own child still, your angel-child; and, if you but let these thoughts draw your heart to heaven, you will find him ready to welcome you, when you, too, sooner or later, shall be summoned to the heavenly home."

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How different was the next baptism! A beautiful day in summer, when all nature was jubilant. The birds sang a consecration-hymn as the parents wended their way through the shaded streets of our beautiful village. The sky was cloudless as the brow of a trusting Christian; the deep-blue mountains, piercing the cerulean ether, lifted the thoughts above; while the smooth, pellucid lake, mirroring the grand and lovely scenery around, seemed a fit emblem of sunny infancy, so calm withal, but in whose depths were hidden, to be hereafter developed, a wondrous power for good or ill. Sérene and peaceful was the influence shed upon the anxious hearts of the parents, who were that day to carry their first-born to the sanctuary of the Lord! It was the half-hour before the afternoon-service. There was a lovely group collected around the altar, — sweet faces just budding into girlhood; manly, intelligent-looking boys, old enough to understand the holy rite; and the rosy, soft-dimpled faces of infancy, nestling close in their mothers' arms, with confiding trust, whilst they looked about with eager eyes; now fixing a glance of wonder on the minister, then turning to meet some familiar gaze or loving smile from the friends around.

Who can look upon that scene, and see those lovely ones, as yet unstained by crime, unsullied by falsehood, and not feel how beautiful, how pure, is the image of the Creator inwrought into those fragile forms! "Unless ye become like unto these little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," seems to echo through the lofty church. Unless ye become like unto them in trusting faith, confiding love, in purity of thought, ye cannot be fit to see God. "Their angels ever behold the face of the Father."

How each parent's heart beats with holy emotion, as the child of its love receives the water of consecration! How truly and earnestly did the inward prayer arise from the depths of their souls, that they might be strengthened to keep the promises this day made; that they might guide aright those little feet in the way of truth; that they should teach them to rest on God, and to be Christ-like in their lives! Fathers forgot for a time the pressure of business, worldly cares and anxieties, and looked with softened eyes on the little ones to whom they were to be an example and guide; and mothers thought every pleasure would hereafter centre in the one absorbing duty of rearing their children to usefulness and virtue.

Oh how joyfully did the recording angel bear up to heaven that night the record of the prayers and tears and holy consecration of that day! Its record was traced in letters of light, and heavenly strength seemed to flow from the very words penned thereon. After the solemn service was over, the organ struck up its deep, lofty, and thrilling tones; the bell commenced its stirring appeal, summoning all from far and near to the church of God; and the aged ones, as they entered the gates, blessed the infants who were passing out; for they recalled to them the time when they too were young, — when their withered and wrinkled brows were smooth and fair, — when their hair, now stiff and gray, waved in light curls, their rosy faces nestled on a mother's bosom, and a father's hand presented them for baptism.

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A greater contrast could not be found than was offered by the third baptism. We entered a pleasant bedroom, evidently, however, the room of an invalid. Upon the bed was lying an aged person; her hair, white as the driven snow, was smoothly parted on her brow, and concealed under a close-fitting muslin cap; her cheeks were marked with the furrows of years; but the eye was calm and placid, and told of that reposeful period when the soul is waiting its summons to join its loved ones, who have gone before. Around the bed were clustered the children of her youth, tall, stalwart men, and kind, loving women, who delighted to do honor to the good mother who had trained them to truth and virtue. The love and care of years rushed to their minds, as they stood gazing upon her; and she waited so peacefully for the touching ceremony which, from early scruples and later ill health, had

been deferred. And yet another reason had delayed it. The servant of God who was this day to obey the command of his Master, "Go ye and baptize," had been nursed in her arms, and drawn from her the nourishment of his infancy. Almost her youngest born, she had watched over him with the deepest affection and interest; and, since he had consecrated himself to the ministry, it had been her desire that he alone should perform for her the holy rite.

All knelt around the bed, as, with a heart full to overflowing, the young minister poured out his petition before the heavenly throne. The holy duty before him inspired him with an eloquence unknown before. He wrestled, like the patriarch of old, with the spirit of the Lord, and seemed indeed to bring down a blessing upon the aged head. She, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, listened, as if longing to have the spirit upborne on the wings of that prayer; but the fond affection of that loving circle strove still to keep the soul from its upward flight. They plead for the beloved life to be spared yet a little longer; they could not give up the kind mother, the tried friend; the centre round which each little family circle revolved, binding closer the ties of fraternal affection, and shutting out the coldness and indifference which might, but for this uniting bond, creep in. The prayer was finished; the sparkling drops rested on the brow of the newly baptized. Nearly fourscore years had passed over her since she first entered this world; and now she stood upon the threshold of eternity, looking with an unshrinking eye for the raising of that veil which should open to her the life, light, and beauty of that wondrous world which should make visible to her couched eyes the glories of the Eternal Father and the risen Jesus, and reunite her to the beloved companion of her pilgrimage here, and free her mind and heart from those bonds which this earth must ever impose.

"Aged pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded heart shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains.
Fear the hope of heaven shall free,
Shame from glory's view retire,
Doubt in full belief shall die,
Pain in endless bliss expire."

T. D. F. B.

## THE METRE OF THE TREES.

Be still, my heart! and list awhile that dreamy, low, sweet psalm,
And own that nature has the power thine inmost soul to calm;
For, by the bend of that fair stream, a deep religious awe
Has stolen into my soul with power to hush it evermore,
Where nature's coronals have wreathed the river's shaded edge,
And half a wreath a circle makes in shadow 'neath the sedge, —
Where oft we rowed our tiny skiff, and culled the lilies fair,
And decked it round, till it seemed proud its fragrant load to bear.

They say the woodland fays do wait, till mortals have passed by,
To breathe into each other's ear their wild, unearthly cry;
But still I fancy that the sounds those branches bear along
Are broken fragments of some gentle angel's song;
As for each earthly grief and joy they weave their leafy chant,
And *to* the winds and *with* the winds all mortal things descant.
I deem I hear the fluttering of pinions from on high,
As if their wings were lingering yet, though tenants of the sky.
Anon I hear a triumph-shout for souls released from sin,
Who've veiled their eyes from earthly bliss to "let heaven's glory in."
Methinks I hear a spirit sigh and wail for the bereft, —
A sigh that they in ignorance and heedless sin are left;
And now the woods are ringing with a low and sad farewell,
More sad than tongue of lover to his treasured love may tell;
And now a merry pealing for all mortal sounds of joy,
As if they claimed a sympathy with bliss they'd not destroy.

In vain, in vain, all hidden tones upon thine ear will burst;
But *earthly tones* and *earthly loves* must be supplanted first;
And with the spirit's eye and ear we then shall hear and see,
And till that time how many things are veiled in mystery!

ARRITA.

# MORAL DECISION;

OR, THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING ABLE TO SAY "NO."

A MIGHTY potency hath this little word NO, when uttered in a resolute spirit, and steadfastly adhered to, — uttered as a stern negative to all sinful enticements, — a mighty potency to silence the voice of temptation, and break and dissolve its charm. It will prove to us, when used for this purpose, a blessed talisman, guarding the weak and assailable points in our character, and enabling us to pass unscathed through every scene of moral danger and exposure which may meet us in the path of duty. It will give us power over all the wiles of the adversary, and nothing shall by any means harm us.

In the common business and intercourse of life, we are often obliged to witness scenes, to mix with company, to listen to conversation, to expose ourselves to many influences of a bad and corrupting tendency; and, unless we are armed with virtuous sentiments and principles, with a resolute spirit of *moral resistance*, we shall be sure to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. It is of the utmost consequence to us, therefore, if we would keep ourselves uncontaminated by the corruptions that are in the world, — if we would hold fast our innocence and integrity, — if we would maintain ourselves, at all times, on the high table-ground of thorough, consistent, uniform virtue, — it is of the *utmost* consequence to us to endeavor to cultivate and acquire that decision of character, that energy of purpose and principle, that moral independence and courage, that will enable us to say to the tempter, under whatever guise he may approach us, — "*No:* I will listen to none of your base suggestions. The gains you offer, the pleasures you spread out so alluringly before me, the distinctions you promise, are such as can be purchased only at the expense of honor and integrity. They are sinful. *No:* I will not touch, or taste, or handle them. Get thee behind me, Satan."

It is my purpose in the following article, as I have already indicated by its heading, to speak of moral decision; to show its importance and necessity as a safeguard against temptations; as the only means by which we can maintain an upright and vir-

tuous character, or accomplish any of the true and great objects of life.

By moral decision I mean a prompt and unwavering preference of right, and a resolute and undeviating pursuit of it, — a quick discernment and unhesitating choice of what is true and just. It is energy of purpose and principle, — an uncompromising determination to follow the dictates of conscience, be the consequences what they may. Moral decision, I would here remark, is by no means to be confounded with decision of character. The latter is a doubtful attribute; being little more than a prompt and powerful will, acting under the impulse of strong passions. It may exist, and often does exist, in connection with great depravity and villainy. The former, moral decision, is made up of the same strong elements; but they are guided and controlled by a quick sense of rectitude, and are directed to good and worthy objects. It is a noble and generous characteristic, and is *always* allied with virtue. It is energy of conscience, a strong determination of will to obey the law of right. It asks not, where justice and humanity are concerned, what is expedient, what does public opinion prescribe, or private interest demand, but simply what is right, what is the line of duty; and, this being clearly ascertained, it stops not to parley with difficulty or danger, but goes right ahead. In all cases where moral distinctions are involved, it says, — This is right, and I must do it; this is wrong, and I must avoid it; and it acts accordingly. It is strength of resolution for good, against which all outward resistance proves unavailing. It is a holy energy of soul, by which adverse events, unfavorable influences from without, temptations and trials of every sort, are not only overcome and neutralized, but converted into means of wholesome discipline, and made subservient, in the end, to virtue and happiness. The man who possesses this noble attribute does not passively yield to the pressure of outward things, nor suffer them to mould and shape his character, or determine his destiny. No: he is not mastered by circumstances, but masters them. He controls them, and compels them to minister to his improvement and usefulness. When Paul could say, in view of the bonds and imprisonments that awaited him, "None of these things move me," he was superior to circumstances, — he was master of himself and of his destiny, — he was mightier than all the world; for he had vanquished

it, put it under his feet, by the force of a mighty will, — by an energy of faith which brought him into an alliance with Omnipotence, and before which principalities and powers, thrones and dominions, and all the gauds and glories of earth, vanished into nothingness.

Moral courage, I need hardly say, is an essential element in a strong and decisive character. He to whom this character belongs is as fearless as he is prompt and energetic. He can defy scorn and ridicule; he has no dread of difficulties and dangers, — of opposition from high or low, when they must be encountered in obedience to duty. He will neither waver nor flinch, when called to decide between right and wrong, — between freedom and slavery, — between the claims of humanity and the demands of the oppressor, but will stand up manfully for truth and justice, though power may threaten, and the world frown, and friends desert him. He will make no compromise with iniquity, regarding all such compromises as treason against conscience, — as a deliberate and cowardly desertion of the right, — as a bargaining with the devil, — as a Judas-like selling of his Lord for money. True to his convictions, he will not wink at popular errors or fashionable vices, nor "affect to countenance bad men and measures, because a strong public sentiment sustains them." He is one, in short, whom neither difficulty nor peril can frighten from the straight and narrow way of right, — who will cling to duty calm and self-possessed, though opposition in every shape may rise up around him, "and all be adverse, save conscience and God."

The basis of this principle is faith, — faith in truth and right, — faith in their infinite worth and paramount obligation, and faith in that Power who is their supreme and perfect embodiment; an assured confidence that he will protect and bless those who are loyal to duty and conscience, — bless them in conflict, in suffering, in death, and even through their instrumentality. It was in the true elevation of this character that a great and good man once replied to his friends, who would have dissuaded him from a perilous enterprise, to which duty called him: "It is necessary for me to go, but it is not necessary for me to live." But the sublimest exemplification of this spirit, perhaps, ever given by a human being, was exhibited by Luther at the Diet of Worms, to which he had been summoned to answer for his

heresies. There he sat, calm and self-sustained, in the midst of a host of haughty and implacable enemies, who were longing to heap up the fagots around him. There was nothing that savored of defiance in his manner or bearing, and yet the settled purpose of his soul might be discerned in his countenance. He acknowledged, on being questioned to that effect, that he was the author of those writings which were the grounds of his arraignment; and when it was demanded of him to say, unequivocally, whether he would retract them or not, he replied, with a gentleness and intrepidity that astonished his enemies, "No; I neither can nor will retract any thing. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. May God help me!"

Such is moral decision. It is the result of a clear perception and earnest preference of the right, and a concentrated energy of will to do it. Without a principle of this kind, we can attain to no consistency or firmness of character. We shall be unstable in our principles, unsettled in our views and judgments, the sport of diverse and casual impulses. The mind that is wholly devoid of this spirit is feeble and vacillating, — a pitiable atom floating at random on the ocean of uncertainty. It has no opinions but such as chance bestows, — no standard of right and wrong but the uncertain and variable one derived from the world around it. Such a mind can hardly be called a *mind*, a self-conscious, self-determining principle within. It is the mere creature of outward circumstances and influences. Having no principle of resistance, no self-guiding, self-governing power in its own inward life, it becomes just what accident happens to make it. Nothing truly great can ever be accomplished by those who are deficient in this element of character. Unsettled in their plans, fickle in their purposes, unstable in all things, they can never excel. It is astonishing what a difference the presence or absence of this quality will create in the character and condition of different persons. Many years ago, I knew two young men who entered an academy together, and became class-mates. They were nearly of the same age, and not very different perhaps in mental endowments. One of them started with the fixed determination of getting an education, and preparing himself for the legal profession. Steady to his purpose, he studied hard, surmounted every obstacle, cleared his way before him with the resistless energy of one who had a strong ruling passion and a single aim,

wrestling himself into strength by grappling with difficulties. Without halting or wavering, he pressed on to the goal, straining all his energies to reach it. That goal has long since been reached. He has already achieved an enviable reputation, and risen to influence, wealth, and distinguished usefulness. The other, though irregular and intermittent in his application to study, was not destitute of ambition. He would be and do something in the world; but he hardly knew what. At one time he talked of going to college; at another time he thought he should learn some mechanical trade. Now he would be a merchant, now a physician; and then a lawyer, an editor, a politician, — framing a thousand schemes, but never applying himself, with energy and perseverance, to the means by which any one of them could be realized. On leaving school, this indecision of character followed him; and so he went on without any definite plans or fixed aims, till the best portion of his life was frittered away, and now he has sunk down into a state of mental and physical imbecility as pitiful as it is contemptible.

But it was my design, in the selection of this subject, to consider moral decision chiefly as a safeguard against the temptations of life, and especially those which throng and press around the path of youthful inexperience. I owe, said a gentleman to me not long ago, — a merchant of high respectability, intelligence, and moral worth, — I owe all my success in life, my character, my social standing, whatever I may have attained or become, to the power that by the grace of God was given me to say NO, just when and where it ought to be said, and to stick to it. He went to Boston, he told me, when about eighteen years old, a raw, inexperienced country lad, and entered a situation which had been seen obtained for him, as clerk in a store. Thus, far from home and home influences, was he thrown at once into all the novelties and excitements and manifold temptations of a great city. He was not, however, without a talisman to guard him from danger. He had been religiously nurtured, — taught the great lessons of self-denial, self-restraint, and self-dependence; and, on leaving home, a father's counsels and prayers, and a mother's tender warnings, had served greatly to deepen and fortify his good resolutions. Soon his principles were put to the test. One evening, just as he had shut up the store, several young men came up to him, and asked him to go with them to a certain place, which

they described, — one of those scenes where vice holds out its most luring baits to ensnare the sinful. He answered civilly, but promptly, firmly, and most emphatically, NO! This NO he was accustomed to say, though it exposed him to some ridicule at the time, was the turning-point in his destiny. Had he yielded to the solicitation of those young men, and gone with them, in all probability he would have been drawn on, step by step, into a career of dissipation and profligacy, that would have proved his ruin. This NO, too, so prompt and decisive, saved him from all further solicitations of the kind. His evenings he spent at his lodgings, amusing and improving himself by the perusal of useful books. His sobriety, attention to business, and trustworthiness, won for him, at length, respect and confidence; and he has, long since, become a partner in the firm which he once served as a shop-boy. Oh, how mournfully does this case contrast with that of another young man with whom I was once acquainted! He was a beautiful, frank-hearted, noble-spirited youth, of generous sentiments and manly bearing, but, withal, rash, impulsive, fond of gaiety and amusement, and sadly wanting in moral stability. He went to New York, and entered a store. Here the tempter was not long in finding him out. Loose companions gathered around him, and soon led him into those ways which go down to death, and take hold on hell. He became intemperate and dissolute. The usual consequences followed. He lost his reputation, the confidence of his employer, and his own self-respect. And, more deplorable still, he lost the power, the will, and almost the desire, to emerge from his degradation. Vice had thrown her polluting and paralyzing folds around him, and written out her unmistakable signatures upon his once handsome and ingenuous countenance. His career was a short one. He descended rapidly from one grade of dissipation to another, till he became a confirmed and hopeless inebriate, and went down to a dishonored grave. And all this shame and woe came upon him because he had not the resolution to say to the enticer to evil, whether from within or without, NO! "If sinners entice thee," says the wise man, "consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked; go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, — pass not by it, — turn from it, and pass away." Yes, my youthful reader, you must hold no parley with sin, if you would not become its victim and slave. You must not even listen to the siren voice of temptation,

nor suffer your imagination to gaze upon the pleasures she depicts. All that temptation asks of you is to look upon her, — to look upon the wine when it moveth itself aright in the cup, — to think with desire of what you cannot touch without pollution and death, — to suffer your thoughts to rove and riot unrestrained amid scenes of revelry and voluptuousness. This is all she asks of you; and, if you cannot meet there her earliest advances with a resolute NO, you are lost. She will first gain over your passions, then deceive your reason, then blind and pervert your conscience, then throw the chains of habit around you, then lead you utterly astray from God.

Temptations are of two classes: those which spring from our own propensities and passions, and those which grow out of the evil influences which surround us. "A man is tempted," says St. James, "when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed." In whatsoever shape the temptation may assail us, — whether in that of avarice, bidding us clutch the gains of dishonesty, — or of ambition, urging us to barter honor and conscience for office, — or of pleasure, inviting us to yield to those indulgencies which are criminal and ruinous, — it must be resisted firmly and resolutely, if we would walk in the path of the just, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world. This faculty of resistance, so important an element in the virtue we are now considering, let us give all diligence to cultivate and acquire. Yes, let us put forward an uncompromising and everlasting NO against all that is sinful, and it will disarm and break the force of every temptation. Resist the devil, and he will flee from thee.

But the temptations by which we are most frequently and often unconsciously drawn aside from the path of rectitude are those which arise from the influence of bad example, — of the evil customs and fashions which prevail in society around us. Few have the hardihood to resist this influence. Fashion is a potent word. It can so pervert the judgment and blind the conscience as to lead us to call evil good, and good evil. It furnishes a pretext for much of the wrong-doing in the world, and for most of its follies. We are not aware how much we are governed and deluded by this spirit, so mysterious in its origin, yet so mighty in its sway. Many are unconsciously so ruled by it, that they seem to have no mind or principles of their own. Their opinions are cast in the great mould of public opinion, and receive its

shape. Their morals, their politics, their religion, they take, as they do the cut of their garments, from the patterns and types which chance to be most in vogue; nay, their very tastes and sentiments come to them ready-made, and marked and labelled as fashionable. It is this social servility carried into every thing, "from the tie of a neckcloth to the points of a creed," which, more than any thing else, helps to keep alive so many errors and follies, and to transmit them from one generation to another; and it exerts a worse influence still, — an influence positively demoralizing, — when it keeps in countenance, as it often does, customs and practices which are confessedly sinful. How few of us have courage and firmness enough to withstand this influence, — to stand forth as non-conformists in regard to every custom and usage which we feel to be wrong! On the contrary, we *must* do, we say, as other people do. We should not like to be called singular. And so we go on doing as other people do, crying out against the sins of the times, and still practising them, — condemning and denouncing certain fashionable vices which might be named; and yet, when we find ourselves in the circles where they prevail, readily yielding to them, thus contributing to swell and deepen the current of sin, which we should have resisted. But how unworthy, how inconsistent, nay, how wicked, is all this! how far from the spirit of that precept which says, "Thou shalt *not* follow a multitude to do evil"! It will not justify you or me in any sin because others practise it. We have a standard and a law given us by which we ought to judge ourselves, and by which we shall assuredly be judged. Whatever, then, we know and feel to be right, let us do, though we stand alone in doing it; and whatever we know and feel to be wrong, let us avoid, though all the world practise it. Let us, in fine, dare to be consistent Christians, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. And in proportion as the community in which we live is lax in morals, or negligent in regard to the duties and claims of religion, let us feel an added obligation to show our respect and reverence for them in all our conduct and conversation.

In conclusion, let us remember that the decision of which we have been speaking, to be a *perfect* moral safeguard, must be imbued with, guided and hallowed by, a spirit of faith, piety, and prayer. Prayer is an unfailing source of spiritual strength. It brings down help from above, — it generates a state of mind which

renders us superior to all the seductions of the world. Let us, then, gird on this sword of the spirit, by which we shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the adversary. Let us take to ourselves the whole armor of God, that so we may be able to stand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand.

C. R.

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## A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO A SABBATH SCHOLAR, DURING THE SUMMER RECESS.

MY DEAR L. — You have not been to see me this week, as you promised; and now our weekly meetings are over for the season. Amid the dissipations to which you are so eagerly looking forward, there will be no voice to remind you of the true objects of life; and so I am moved to lift mine to you once more, though its utterances may be listened to but to be forgotten. The visits you have paid me, the conversations we have had, have left none other than a mournful impression. I cannot see that they have amounted to any thing. I do not know exactly why you came. Sometimes, it seems to me, it is because the spirit of God is striving with you, and will not let your conscience rest; and so you come to the one who tells you the truth always, secretly hoping perhaps that you can be shown some way of salvation that shall not involve so much self-sacrifice, that shall assure you of final safety, and yet let you do just as you please while you live.

I could have reason to despond, as a Sunday-school teacher, when I think of you, and ask, What more can I do? It is a long while now since I began to warn and to entreat you to listen to the voice of the Son of God. It may be that these warnings and entreaties, unheeded, may be treasured up against you. "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin; but now ye say, we see; therefore your sin remaineth."

I know where the trouble lies; but I do not know how to make you see it with my vision. I shall not cease to pray that *God* will change your heart, while there is yet time. One trouble is that you are *thoughtless;* but there is no excuse in that for one so nearly numbering twenty summers, even if there ever is an

excuse for it. Your thoughtlessness is sin, — thoughtless of things pertaining to your soul's welfare. You think enough, and more than enough, about your pleasures and your annoyances, about your dress, and the flattery and adulation you receive; but you do not find leisure or inclination to think about your soul, and your accountability for its salvation. All your pleasures and annoyances will have an end, — all the conquests of your vanity will cease; but your soul, with its accusing memories, will never leave you. Be warned in season, lest you shall have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, *and we are not saved.*" Do you think I mean to frighten you into being thoughtful? I am willing to do so, if I cannot *persuade* you. We are told, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." It is certainly a fearful thing to see a human soul "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." We have too vivid a sense of the certainty of retribution not to long to save any from its penalties. If "the goodness of God" will not "lead to repentance," then would we call upon the "terrors of the Lord" to persuade men.

Another trouble is, you do not realize the *sin* of your life. You have no conviction of the wickedness of the way you are living. You make no account of the waste of time and faculty and strength. You think all this wickedness, frivolity, and vanity very harmless, and imagine you can, when you choose, turn and serve the Lord, as if you had never wandered from him. You forget that "he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." You are living upon excitement, and yet are weary of pleasures that fall upon the satiated appetite. You are becoming mistrustful and censorious. You complain of the selfishness and insincerity of the world. It is your own self you should accuse. It is your own heart that is getting further and further away from truth and singleness and simplicity. It is possible to get so far away that you "can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully, and with tears." You *can* harden your heart to all good influences; you can grieve God's Holy Spirit, until it will strive with you no more; but I will not, dear L., think of that as being your state. It is too mournful for me. Oh! let me persuade you to think, to read your Bible, to pray for a new heart, until the conviction of all your sin breaks upon you, and you put off for ever that robe of conceit

and self-righteousness you have hitherto kept folded so closely around you, and take in its stead garments made white in the blood of the Lamb. It will be a happy day for your teacher when she shall know your prayer is, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" for then she will know something "of the joy of the angels in heaven." That that day may come, she will not cease to implore God in your behalf.

Affectionately and faithfully yours,

A.

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## TWO KINDS OF PREACHING.

We can many of us recall the recollection of those over-crowding times when a preacher of unmatched power and grace, a perfect orator, used to fix every eye upon himself, through his hour of fluent and affluent sublimities. How did all faces gleam with an intensity of intellectual enjoyment, longing to vent itself in loud acclamations at every pause! And when that hour of fascination was over, what looks of gratulation were exchanged among friends from pew to pew! What shaking of hands, and how many smiles and nods passed to and fro among the delighted people!

But now all these pleasurable indications must be dismissed; for it is a Methodist of Wesley's or of Whitefield's order that is in this same pulpit. As a preacher, he is not more sincere and right-minded than the last; and, as an orator, he is far less highly gifted: he is not so accomplished a theologian; nor in any sense is he rather to be chosen than the other, as to his dispositions or endowments, or as to his creed; but he is a Methodist, and his words sink into the hearts of those that hear. While he speaks, a suppressed anxiety rules the spirits of the crowd, and this feeling breaks forth into sighs on every side; the preacher's style is not, in itself, oratorically affecting, and yet many weep; and an expression, not to be simulated, of anguish and of dread, marks many faces. What is it, then, that has taken place? It is this, that a sense, deep seated in the structure of human nature, but which has hitherto slumbered, has suddenly woke up. There is a tumult in the soul, while a power irresistible is claiming its rights over both body and soul. Instead of that interchange of smiles which lately had pervaded the congregation, while the orator was doing his

part, now every man feels himself, for the hour, alone in that crowd. Even the preacher is almost forgotten; for an immortal and guilty spirit has come into the presence of Eternal Justice. Within the dismayed heart, it is as if the moral condition, hitherto unheeded, were spread abroad for strictest scrutiny. Quite gone from the thoughts are all those accessories of religious feeling, which so often, in times past, had been the source of agreeable devout excitement. It is a dread of the supreme rectitude that now holds the mind and heart.

There is a fine line of demarkation which it would be no easy task to trace across the broad field of evangelic pulpit-exercises; but on the one side of which the *message* is listened to and thought of; and, on the other, the messenger, and his mode and his merits in delivering it. On the one side of this invisible line is the Methodism of the last century; on the other, what we may hear anywhere, and every Sunday; and let it be acknowledged that what we may thus hear is, for the most part, sound and commendable, sometimes admirable, and far from being wholly ineffective; but on the Methodistic side, if in these times it were to be heard, there are words of power, in the hearing of which the human spirit, vanquished and trembling, yet full of hope, bows in presence of the Infinite Majesty, who, having taken upon himself the sins of the world, and abolished death, is able, as willing, to deliver from sin and wrath all that come to him, willing thus to be rescued. — *Isaac Taylor.*

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Baptism. — Wesley at length permitted his preachers to administer the sacraments, and therefore to baptize infants. But where there is no church, where children are not thought of as "members of Christ," and where they come under no discipline as such, the rite of baptism, administered in infancy, is a five minutes' operation; profitless, perplexing, unintelligible, and out of harmony, as well with the Christian scheme, as with the system under which it takes place. An incongruity, not perceived by the parties, but yet serious, was it when these preachers, whose function was only convert-making, welcomed infants into a society from which they were instantly afterward thrust out, or thenceforth forgotten by it, until they were of an age to listen to sermons. — *Isaac Taylor.*

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## SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MOSES.

No part of the world has a history so singular and so mysterious as Egypt. None is known to have been the source of so much that distinguishes man as an intellectual being. Although the literature which exemplified the accomplishments of her early ages has been lost, or only detached fragments of it remain, yet the genius of modern enterprise has made discoveries among her buried ruins, and in the sculptures on her monumental piles, which clearly place her in the front rank of all the nations of antiquity by whom science and the arts were cultivated and advanced. Still, so long a time has elapsed since her glory departed and she became a land of darkness, that it is scarcely possible now to draw a picture of her as she was when Homer went thither to catch the inspiration of song, and Pythagoras and Plato to learn the secrets of philosophy; much less at that far earlier day when the children of Israel were oppressed by her kings, and Moses went from Midian to deliver them from their bondage. Nearly all our knowledge of the earlier of these periods is gleaned from the scanty records of the Bible. Our work, however, in the inquiries now before us, does not relate to Egypt in *general*, but *particularly* to the descendants of Jacob in Egypt.

Joseph, the favorite son of Jacob, whose remarkable career has passed under review in a previous number, died at the age of one

hundred and ten years. His remains were embalmed and placed in a coffin, — an honor accorded in that early age only to persons of distinction. Before his death, relying religiously on the promise that had been made to Abraham that the land of Canaan should be the possession and dwelling-place of the posterity of that patriarch, he solemnly assured his brethren that God would visit them to bring them back into the country of their fathers, and bound them by an oath to carry up his bones with them when they should go.

Time passes. All the brethren of Joseph die; but their descendants increase rapidly. The little one becomes a thousand. The land is filled with them, insomuch that the king is alarmed lest they may come to excel in number and strength his own people, and, in case of a war, turn against him and redeem themselves. When they came into Egypt, they numbered but seventy souls. At the end of a little more than two hundred years, they had increased to two hundred thousand *men*, besides women and children, — their total census probably amounting to not far from *three million* souls! This may strike the reader as almost incredible; but, if he will compare the ratio of this increase with that of the descendants of the Pilgrims in our own country, all surprise will cease. So large a population, of a foreign race, and in a servile condition, not friendly, of course, to the power that oppressed them, capable, by insurrection or by joining themselves to hostile invaders, of greatly disturbing, if not of overthrowing the government, would naturally excite the suspicions and fears of the king, and put him upon the adoption of measures either for spreading them over a wider extent of country, and so weakening their power, as is the policy in the United States, or else for preventing their future increase. The latter course was that adopted by him. After having subjected them to a more rigorous treatment, under task-masters, than they had ever experienced before, — to take the heart out of them, so that they could not rebel, — he gave orders to have every male child that should be born destroyed at its birth; and though the cruel decree failed to be enforced because those who were expected to execute it recognized a *higher law* than the will of the king, or, as the Scripture expresses it, "because they *feared* God," yet there is no doubt that it created great alarm in the breasts of all Hebrew parents. Another decree followed, that every male infant be cast into the

river and drowned. When, therefore, a son was born, parents wishing to preserve his life were obliged to conceal the fact of his birth by every artifice they could devise. Of the many expedients resorted to, an account of one is handed down to us which is very original and interesting. It is probable that others equally remarkable were adopted, and that this alone was recorded because the life saved by it was one to which not the Hebrews only, but the world, are indebted. We refer, of course, to that of the mother of *Moses*. And, as Moses fills so large a space in the book of God's revelations; as he acted so conspicuous a part in forming the character and deciding the destiny of the Jewish people; as indeed, next to the Messiah, he is now venerated by Christians as the first of lawgivers and the greatest of prophets, — it is proper that we should trace, even with some minuteness of detail, the story of his life, from its singular infancy to its sublime termination.

Among the sons of Jacob was one who bore the name of LEVI, a name renowned afterwards as the head of a tribe, and that tribe set apart from all others as the one from which alone the priestly office should for ever be filled. Of the children of LEVI, one was named KOHATH; and to him were born four sons, one of whom was called AMRAM. This AMRAM, then, was the grandson of LEVI. He united himself in marriage with a sister of his father (who was born after the family came into Egypt); and three children, who acquired a world-wide and everlasting fame, were the fruit of that marriage, namely, AARON, MOSES, and MIRIAM. Thus MOSES, the immediate subject of this notice, was the third in descent from LEVI, or his *great-grandson*. The Scriptures do not enable us to fix with precision the date of his birth. It is commonly placed at about fifteen hundred and seventy years before Christ. At this period, there commenced a new dynasty in Egypt, led by Amosis, or Ames, from Thebes. Belonging to that distant province, he probably knew but little of the Hebrews, and, from habit, regarded them with that distrust and contempt in which the Egyptians usually held foreigners. Under the former dynasty, the privileges which had been secured to them through the influence of Joseph were respected, and they were allowed, on certain conditions, to occupy and improve the whole of the fertile district of Goshen; but, on the accession of the Theban prince, — "the king who knew not Joseph," who

recognized no obligations resulting from the former position and influence of Joseph in the court of Pharaoh, — these privileges were taken away; the most rigorous exactions were imposed upon them, and they were reduced to a state of complete servitude. In addition to these oppressions, the bloody decree, before alluded to, concerning the male children that should be born in their families, was issued, that the cup of their sorrow might be filled to the brim. Under these circumstances of oppression and terror in his family, and amongst all the people allied to him by blood, MOSES was born. He was a "goodly child," we are told in the Scripture, and the Talmuds exceed all bounds of reason in their descriptions of his beauty. But now that he is in the world, and "the powers that be" are seeking the young child's life, what is to be done? Shall that fond *mother* give him up to the prowling emissaries of the inhuman king? Shall that doating *father* observe such respect for the government under which he lives as to resign his infant son, without an effort to save him, to the fate which it has ordained? No! Parental instincts are too strong for *that*. The love of offspring is stronger than the love of government, and humanity is a deeper and holier sentiment than loyalty! That child must, somehow, be saved. *How* shall it be done? Three months the parents managed to conceal him from the spies; but, after that, it becomes necessary for them to adopt some new plan for preserving his life, and the well-known expedient, which proved successful, was resolved on. A daughter of the king — married, but childless, it is supposed — is accustomed to resort to the river near by for bathing. Has not the mother of Moses often seen her, with her attendants, repairing to that spot? And has she not observed a gentle and loving expression on her face? And can she not trust that woman's heart? Will not the beautiful boy, whom she now clasps to her bosom (if the princess shall once look upon him), excite her compassion, and move her affections? She will try, at any rate. A basket is prepared, water-proof; the babe is laid in it, and just there where the princess is sure to pass, — in the edge of the river among the rushes, — it is placed. Little Miriam, the sister of the babe, is left not far off to watch the progress of things, while the mother withdraws out of sight. As was expected, the cradle among the flags is discovered by the princess; and, as was hoped, she directs that it should be brought to her. On opening it, the child awakes

and cries, and so moves her compassion. Little Miriam — well instructed beforehand, no doubt — is instantly on the spot, and offers to run and procure a nurse for the child, if the princess wishes. She is directed to go; and immediately, behold! the mother of Moses is under pay from the daughter of Pharaoh for nursing her own son! The device has succeeded admirably. It was skilful; it was innocent; in its results it was immensely important: for Moses was thereby adopted into the royal family, and, in consequence of *that*, was educated "in all the learning of the Egyptians," and fitted to be the leader of his people.

By such singular and unexpected *turns of fortune* is Almighty God often pleased to make evident his supremacy over human affairs, and to achieve his most comprehensive and beneficent purposes.

*Such* was the reception which the world gave to the founder of the Jewish State and the Mediator of the Old Covenant, — not much more kind and hospitable than that of the Mediator of the New Covenant, whose birthplace was a stable, and whose parents were compelled to flee from their country in his infancy, that they might preserve his life from the bloody hand of the reigning power that sought to take it.

Of the childhood and youth of Moses, history is even more silent than concerning those portions of the life of Jesus. The Muse leaps over them, as if impatient to busy herself in the strange, solemn, and supremely momentous events of his subsequent years. That he was brought up, however, in the house of Pharaoh, and enjoyed every advantage which a condition so elevated is able to confer, — taught in the best schools, admitted to the higher mysteries, and accustomed to the society of the wealthiest and noblest in the land, — is universally conceded. But, amid all these splendid opportunities, he forgets not the comparative humbleness of his origin, but feels himself drawn by powerful affinities towards his abused family and kindred; as the escaped slave of America, educated and eloquent, admitted to the sumptuous hospitalities of the French and English capitals, forgets not his "brethren in bonds," but yearns towards them with perpetual sighings for their redemption. At length, when he had reached the full strength of all his faculties, — when the ungoverned enthusiasm of youth, according to the common course of nature, had subsided, at the age of forty years, having gone out into the

neighborhood where his brethren dwelt, — his strong sympathy for them broke forth in an act which separated him for ever from the house of Pharaoh, and, in its effect, bound his destiny indissolubly to theirs. His heart had been moved deeply by observing the grievous burdens that were imposed upon his race; and, in this state of feeling, it chanced to him to espy an Egyptian beating a Hebrew, one of his brethren! His noble nature could not brook such an outrage. Though calm and meek in temperament, this sight kindled the fire of indignation in his breast; and, under the influence of that passion, though not without deliberation, he approached and killed the Egyptian, and buried his body in the sand! Now, the morality of Christ, nay, the morality of his own code, would not justify that act. In the view of both, it was a technical crime, at least. Yet who does not recognize in it that spirit of abhorrence of injustice and inhumanity which the law and the gospel conspire to form? Who does not see underneath it the workings of a noble and disinterested nature? Who has not a deeper respect for Moses, in consequence of it, than would be felt if he had stood patiently by, and witnessed the cruelty inflicted on his brother, without an attempt to redress it? So that there are cases in which crime assumes almost the dignity of virtue, and disobedience to the *letter* of a law becomes the truest homage to its *spirit!* Soon the criminal act of Moses, though, as he thought, seen by no mortal eye, is bruited, and the knowledge of it reaches the ear of the king, — not the same king, however, whose daughter brought him up, but his successor. It is a crime to be punished with death; and, in order to avoid the penalty, Moses flees from Egypt into Midian, and there, by a slight adventure, in which the same trait which appeared in the slaying of the Egyptian is again manifested, he is immediately established in the family of one who united in himself the offices of priest and prince of that country. The adventure was this: — As he was taking rest near a well, the daughters of the prince came, according to the custom of those primitive times, to draw water for their father's flocks. While thus engaged, they were rudely assailed by certain shepherds, who would have driven them away. Moses, with a strong sense of justice and a becoming gallantry, springs forth for their protection, and helps them water their flock. This act of courage and kindness is reported by the damsels to their father, who immediately sends for the stranger, and receives him

into his house. There Moses finds a pleasant home, and there he is content to dwell. There are seven daughters in the family, one of whom, named Zipporah, in due time Moses makes his wife. Thus he is apparently established for the rest of his life. From being the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, he has become the son-in-law of the pastoral prince of Midian; and there, amid rural scenes and occupations, in comparative solitude and obscurity, the years of his life glide away so evenly, so void of incidents, as to leave nothing of them to be recorded. Near forty years pass thus quietly with him; but, with his poor brethren in Egypt, these are years of stern *hardship* and *oppression.*

And now a change awaits this Hebrew exile, — a change greater than any that has ever taken place in his experience, — a change which presents him to the world in a new character and office, and connects his name, as that of no other before him is connected, with the everlasting God. We are approaching now, as we follow his footsteps, the epoch of a divine revelation. We are on the borders of that "holy ground," in the awful shadow of that mountain, where it pleased God to commence those communications to Moses which were continued from time to time till the whole law was promulgated. The series of facts now lying immediately before us are, many of them, miraculous in their nature, as all facts designed to foreshadow or to betoken a direct communication from God must be.

And here it is the fit place to observe, that it is not the great facts themselves against which doubts and objections commonly arise, but only some of their incidents. Around a central and undisputed fact there gather many details; and if, in some instances, these task our faith too far, that should not, and does not, shake the credibility of the fact itself. We can believe the fact, though we may not be always able to admit the incidents; and the fact is the *only thing essential to be believed.* Take as an example the resurrection of Jesus. From being dead in the sepulchre, he became living: "he came forth *alive.*" That is the great fact believed in by the disciples. But whether the stone was rolled away from the door by a visible hand, — whether one or two angels appeared to Mary, or none at all, — whether Jesus went to Emmaus, and returned that same evening, are questions relating to incidents in reference to which doubt may be harmless. Let us bear this canon in mind, as we go on to notice the events

of glory and grandeur in which Moses is now called to bear so conspicuous a part.

When nigh eighty years of age, as he leads the flock of Jethro into the green pastures around the base of Horeb, he is surprised by seeing on the mountain a *flame of fire* issuing from the midst of a bush, the bush remaining wholly unconsumed. How came the fire there? And of what sort is it that it does not burn? His wonder is fully awakened. He will not pass on till he has examined this strange phenomenon. As he approaches it with curious dread, he hears a voice twice calling his own name, "Moses, Moses!" apparently issuing from the midst of the flame; to which he makes instant response, "Here am I." The Voice continues, — and never on earth was any thing more divinely solemn heard, — "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Silent, reverent, awe-struck, he stands listening; and the Voice proceeds: "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Moses is filled with consternation, and hides his face, not daring to look upon God. But God has in very deed appeared unto him, spoken to him. This he knows full well; and the awful fact makes the deepest impression on his mind, and gives a coloring to his whole life. Yes, *God* has spoken to him! He has heard the divine *Voice!* and he shall hear it again in Sinai and Horeb before he rests from his labors. But wherefore this manifestation? The Lord does not leave him in doubt. A great work is to be done, and Moses is to do it. "I have surely seen," saith the Voice, "the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task-masters, and I know their sorrows.... Now, therefore, behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me.... Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayst bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt." This, then, is the object of the divine communication, — the appointment of Moses to lead the children of Israel out of their bondage in Egypt. No wonder he is oppressed with amazement, and knows not what to think or how to answer. No wonder he almost distrusts his own convictions, and seeks to pry deeper into the nature of the divine personage before him. "Art thou the very GOD? What is thy *name*, O thou mysterious Voice? Who shall I tell my brethren

thou art, who commandest me to go and redeem them?" Then the name which is the Lord's memorial unto all generations, "I AM THAT I AM," — the name which denotes Being, Sovereign, Absolute, Unchangeable, Self-sustained, — is pronounced, and the direction given: "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you!"

But Moses has no confidence in himself. He feels that he possesses no qualifications for an enterprise so gigantic and so difficult. But God knows him better than he knows himself; and therefore, while giving him special instructions as to the manner in which he should proceed, he assures his faith by showing him that he has clothed him with supernatural powers, and that these cannot fail him, though his own strength might. This he does by the simple means of the rod which Moses carried in his hand. He tells him to cast it on the ground: he does so, and it becomes a serpent. He bids him take it up: he does so, and it is a rod again in his hand. The rod is thenceforth the symbol of divine power in his hand; and, when he lifts it up in the sight of the Hebrews, they shall believe that God has appeared unto him. By this, and by other miraculous signs, the heart of Moses is made willing to accept the great trust to which God had called him; and not the least of the comforts he received, in the midst of his doubts and solicitudes, was the assurance that his brother Aaron should be his partner in the toil and the triumph of Israel's redemption. It is unnecessary to relate the various incidents, comparatively unimportant, which diversified the period between his acceptance of the trust and the commencement of the duty which it required of him. These are told so briefly by the sacred writer that it is hardly possible for us to form a just appreciation of them, and we rise from their perusal well satisfied that they are not at all necessary to our edification.

We have seen Moses on the mount receiving his charge from the voice of God. We have seen his hesitations, his misgivings, his fears, all at length overcome. We are now to behold him, with Aaron his brother, as it were, the human arm of God rescuing Israel from their long oppressions. The two brothers arrive in Egypt. They lose no time, but instantly call a meeting of the "elders," or chief men of the Hebrews, and lay before them an account of the commission they had received from Jehovah, and of the plan they had been directed to pursue in fulfilment of it.

They also showed them the miraculous signs they had been authorized to use to convince both their brethren and the king. And what is their success in this opening measure? All that they could desire. Their word is believed by the elders. They express no doubt. They are fully convinced that the Lord has visited the children of Israel, and had looked upon their affliction; and, being thus satisfied, "they bowed their heads and worshipped." But a more difficult task is before them now. It is something to have gained the acquiescence and co-operation of the Hebrew elders: it will be much more to secure the consent of the arbitrary tyrant who governs them, to their departure. Nevertheless, *that* shall be attempted. They repair to the court, and obtain an audience of Pharaoh. They appear as messengers of the Lord God of Israel, and they tell Pharaoh that it is his command that he should allow the Hebrews to go into the wilderness to the east of Egypt, for purposes connected with their religion. Pharaoh treats the command with contempt, so little does he know of the Power that rules over him. "Who is the Lord," he exclaims, "that I should obey his voice to let the people go?" And then, instead of granting the indulgence asked, he loads them with new burdens, inflicts upon them new cruelties, — such, for example, as requiring them to provide, as they best could, the straw for their bricks, which he had formerly supplied them with, yet refusing to diminish aught from the tale; so that it became exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for them to fulfil their tasks. And this condition, instead of kindling in their breasts the spirit of freedom and the determination to assert their rights as men, only served to irritate them against Moses and Aaron. They cast the blame of their increased hardship upon them. The well-intended and divinely-directed efforts of these servants of the Lord to emancipate their enslaved brethren had the effect, primarily, of drawing closer the cords around them, — gave rise to a more rigorous discipline, — made their condition more deplorable, — and, what was worse still, drew from the Hebrews themselves bitter complaints against their deliverers. Those deliverers, however, understood their work, and were not discouraged. They had set about it, not of themselves, but in the name of God Almighty; and it must be finished. They were not discouraged, and yet they felt the need of heavenly counsel and support, and earnestly did they ask them of God. Their prayer

was answered. Fresh assurances greet their souls. They are told how to address the children of Israel, so as to still their murmurings. "Say unto them," — how lofty the language! — "Say unto them, I am the Lord, and I will bring you out from under the burden of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched-out arm, and with great judgments; and I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Still they are not satisfied, and they hearken not unto Moses "for anguish of spirit and for cruel bondage." Again, Moses must make an appeal to Pharaoh; but, alas! it will prove as ineffectual as the former. Nothing will move his obdurate purpose but some special demonstration of the divine power. Nay, the more he is entreated, until that demonstration reaches him, the harder will his heart become towards the poor victims of his cruel tyranny; for so is the law of God, that persistency in wrong petrifies the feeling, and renders the heart unimpressible by the sentiments of justice and humanity. In this sense, but in no other, is it true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart, or that he hardens the heart of any man. Here now, in Egypt, is a controversy between right and wrong, between freedom and slavery, between the God of Israel and the "power that worketh in the children of disobedience." The champions in this controversy are Aaron and Moses on the one side, Pharaoh and the magicians on the other. Let us observe its progress. On one side, it is demanded that the Hebrews should be set free. On the other, the demand is refused, and additional burdens are imposed. What now is to be done? This: Pharaoh is to be convinced that a God greater and mightier than any he serves commands, and will effect the release of the Hebrews. How shall he be convinced? Only — that we can see — by some manifestations of miraculous power on the part of those who claim to speak in his name. Here, then, is an occasion for miracle; and we have already seen that Moses is clothed with the power. That rod, which he brought in his hand from Midian, is the rod of God's might; and now *this is to be shown* to the conviction of Pharaoh, — not all at once, but by degrees, and to his *entire* conviction. First, the rod is cast down before Pharaoh, and becomes a serpent. This surprises him; but cannot the jugglers do the same? They are sent for, and they succeed in the deception. So his heart is hardened against Moses

and Aaron. Then the rod is stretched out over the waters of Egypt, and they become bloody, and the fish in them die, and the Egyptians cannot drink of the water. The magicians, in this case, also contrive to satisfy the king that they did a similar wonder. So his heart was still unsubdued. Other miracles follow, and other imitations of them by the jugglers, — the frogs, the lice, the flies, the murrain, sundry plagues, — until at length the magicians give up and acknowledge, "This is the finger of God." But Pharaoh, though greatly perplexed and troubled, though he has many misgivings, holds out still; the only sign of yielding being that he requests Moses and Aaron to entreat their God to take away the terrible scourge with which he is afflicted. Nevertheless, hard as is his heart, it shall be subdued. There are other plagues in store. There is the plague of the locusts, and the terrific darkness over the land, even darkness which might be felt; and, these failing, there is left one measure more that will search the heart of every parent in the land to the bottom, — the removal by death of the first-born of the Egyptians, while those of the Israelites are saved. These are tried in order, and the last succeeds. The heart of Pharaoh can hold out no longer. He is convinced. When he finds that there is not a house in Egypt where there is not one dead, he is melted, and he yields. "And he called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. Also take your flocks and herds, as ye have said, and be gone; *and bless me also.*" How changed the tone of this tyrant! A little while ago, he treated the proposal of Moses and Aaron with contempt; now he is glad to comply with it! A little while ago, he was putting new and stronger cords upon his Hebrew slaves; now is in a hurry to unloose them, that they may depart out of his dominions! A little while ago, he would have spurned a prayer in his behalf from such men as Moses and Aaron; *now* he begs them to bless him! The work is virtually done; for Pharaoh is convinced that God is on the side of the oppressed, — that I AM, the Being Absolute and Unchangeable, is on the side of justice and mercy; and that it may prove fatal to him longer to resist that power. Therefore we say the work of Moses and Aaron is virtually accomplished.

Now, as we review the process by which divine wisdom was

leased to effect the redemption of Israel, following the narrative f our sacred books, we may see many things that strike us as rivial, as irrelevant, as incredible, perhaps, — many things in the letails which fall below the dignity of the leading facts, and he great end accomplished, — many things which may seem to s exaggerations of the truth, or crude and fanciful additions. If t should be so, let us learn to make proper and just discrimina-ions, — learn to see the great CENTRAL FACTS, independent of all heir accessories. In respect to the miracles in Egypt, and the vonders of the magicians, for instance, it is impossible for us, at his distant day, to describe them with exactness, or to know how ar, if at all, the love of the marvellous or mere poetic embellish-nent carried the narrator beyond a literal accuracy of statement. But the *facts* that challenge our belief, resting upon grounds of noral certainty which cannot be shaken, are that Moses and Aaron were specially commissioned of God to lead the Israelites ut of the house of their bondage; and that, by a series of mira-les, under the immediate direction of the unchangeable Jehovah, he king of Egypt, though long obstinately refusing, was at ength compelled to let them go. If any of these miracles appear o us unsuitable either to the character of God or to the end in iew, that objection may be met by the single question, "Did hey, in point of fact, accomplish the purpose for which they were ntended?" If so, let us conclude, with the apostle, that "the oolishness of God is wiser than men."

And now, dropping for the present the thread of the narrative, ook at the *abstract principle* in behalf of which these divine nanifestations were made. For the sake of what grand principle lid the great I AM bow the heavens of his majesty, and come lown to commune with Moses in the burning bush of Horeb? Human freedom, that was the principle, — the right of man to nimself, to the free use of his powers, to the enjoyment of his wn religious convictions, and to the fruits of his own labor. It was the principle of *freedom* as against *tyranny* in all its orms, — the very principle for which multitudes in all the ppressed countries of Christendom are at this moment groaning, nd with more or less exertion struggling. Be it, then, among ur fixed convictions that the God of Israel was, and is for ever, n the side of freedom and against slavery. And as he endowed Moses and Aaron with special gifts wherewith to effect the eman-

cipation of Israel, and as we believe that he is what he said, "I AM," the Unchangeable, and also "no respecter of persons," doubt not that in all nations where men are oppressed, and especially where, as formerly in Egypt, oppression takes the odious form of slavery, he is raising up continually children to Moses and Aaron, who, inheriting their spirit, shall do *their* work. Onward, with the army of the righteous, — by a slow process it may be, — the hearts of the Pharaohs waxing hard at its presence, — but still onward moves the tabernacle of freedom, enclosing the ark of the covenant; and upon it rests, by day in cloud, by night in fire, the glory of the Lord! Gather around that tabernacle. Listen to the law as it comes interpreted to us from its holy shrine; and wherever others may be found, wherever Pharaoh and his hosts may range themselves, in the great battle that is waging all over the world for *freedom*, for *justice*, for *humanity*, and for a pure and undefiled *religion*, let us be found, with Moses and Aaron, with Jesus and with God, encouraging and helping on the great work of man's redemption!

J. W. T.

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## EARLY SORROW.

LIFE had been to me one summer's day. In that day, to be sure, there had been some variation; but the clouds that overcast my sky only caused the sun to appear in greater effulgence. From bereavement I had been spared; and the tear of sympathy had not lavishly been bestowed upon others' sorrows. Judge, then, of the preparation of mind with which I met the sickness and death of Myrtilla.

She was a lovely child; it was the general impression, beside the feeling of parental partiality. She had been lent us scarce two full years when the messenger of disease prostrated her, which was only a prelude to the Angel of Death. I had often sat and watched the expansion of immaturity: the first accents of speech, how fondly were they treasured, repeated, and re-echoed by the little fragile child, who seemed delighted with the transports she thus inspired! And that feeble, tottering little walk; supported by chairs, and held up by various articles of furniture; and occa-

sionally the giving way of some hold, which more generally ended in a merry laugh than the natural cry. And now she began to notice, and gradually develop the infantile mind. Sweet child! we taught her the old-fashioned but never worn-out petition of "Now I lay me down to sleep;" and years have passed since those lisping accents were repeated, yet they are as audible to me this moment as if just echoed from her voice.

When sickness came and assumed a threatening aspect, my courage forsook me. My faith (had I any?) was too weak for my reliance. I felt she must not die. Had I not a better right to the darling child than her heavenly Father? And why was she forced to suffer? Innocent and lovely, yet there she lay, racked with pain, fevered, tossing, delirious; and I was equally so, questioning the Almighty's behest!

The third day, Myrtilla died. A transient calmness seized me, as I looked upon features now at rest; yet an agonizing, choking sensation followed, and I would fain go with her. But whither had *she* gone? Now the awful realities of the unseen world began to dawn upon me. In vain did my friends try to assuage my anguish by comforting assurances that "of such were the kingdom of heaven," and that Jesus especially blessed such. My sorrow was selfish: I wanted my treasure back again. For weeks I carried about me a disquieted spirit. I shrank mostly from friendly intercourse, save with those to whom I could detail the uncommon traits of my lost one's character. I could not compose myself to read: occasionally I would peruse some touching passages in the records of the evangelists, showing me how Jesus sympathized with the mourners; but, alas! I wanted a present Saviour to restore my child, as was done to the widow of Nain.

I felt myself rebellious and sinful, unreconciled and distressed; and I wandered about, performing my necessary duties, but having no heart in them. Many pious and many worldly friends visited me. One besought me, in the offices of prayer and holy submission, to yield to God's wisdom, who always appoints what is best; while others begged me, in the round of gaieties and recreations, to try and obliterate the past: but I could bear any thing better than the trial of forgetfulness.

There was no sudden change came over me which immediately subdued me, and yet there was something wholly distinct from the effacing hand of time which brought resignation into my

heart. My feelings were gradually softened, my sympathies were quickened; I felt chastened, but not destroyed. A friend of mine begged me to interpret to him my experience. I thought it over, and the first distinct beaming of God's countenance upon my stricken soul was in answer to my *first prayer*. It was a feeble utterance; it was wrung from my heart after anguished weeks, but it was sincerely uttered: "Father, lead me to understand thy dealings with me."

Years passed on, and we were gladdened by the birth of five promising children. They were healthy and vigorous; yet I never felt I had such a claim upon them as was pre-eminently attached to Myrtilla. *That* chastisement was my first sorrow; and it broke my stubborn heart. It did indeed prove a blessing in disguise. I have since often watched by the death-beds of little children, and have witnessed the convulsive agony of parental hearts; and I have longed to tell them that there *is* relief for such troubled spirits; but the words died upon my lips.

Yet I can never tell you all the benefits of my earthly sorrow. It so wonderfully checked my reliance on the perishing, and implanted such a hope in immortality, that bitter as was the cup, and reluctantly as I drained its bitter dregs, yet of the fruit of such an experience I would not be dispossessed, could that child have lived to have been to me an earthly ministering angel.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," says Holy Writ; yet I would not think to carry the earthly attachment to a heavenly state. I fear we become too selfish, too carnal, in our desires to reach that blissful state. I may not recognise my lost child *there*, as once *mine;* I may not know any of my dearest kindred and loved companions of this world; but I trust to God's love for *that*. If I need such helps to make my enjoyment, undoubtedly they will be furnished. What may now militate against my wishes, I may leave behind me with the perishing flesh. I would not fix my thoughts on eternity by making it consist of similar pleasures I have known here. Alas that Christian hearts should be so distrustful of a Father's fostering care!

We are too prone to feel that the friends who contributed to our enjoyment here will again rejoin us hereafter. It is a delightful thought, I well know; but who can tell how independent the disembodied soul may be of what made its essential enjoyments while here? No doubt there are hidden avenues to our future bliss

which no mortal conception has penetrated. That "redeemed host" may all be equally dear to us, employed in different missions, but all fulfilling their immortal destiny. The death of a child, or any other bereavement, the severe disappointment, the failure of earthly plans, indeed any thing that has rebuked our waywardness and inclined us to take hold of our Father's hand for support, may be a primary cause of gratitude, for which, for eternal ages, we may thankfully bless our God; but, we must remember, our souls are destined to unknown expansion. It may not be necessary in eternity that we should remember our birthplace in time, only just so far as the discipline of earth was the preparation for the enjoyment of heaven. We talk profoundly of the capabilities of the soul: alas! how little do we understand them! The thin veil which partitions us from such a hidden revelation may disclose to us such new senses, such an illimitable state of progression, as to utterly absorb all our earthly associations. Our employments may be so happily adjusted to our enlarged conceptions, that the friendships of time may seek no renewal. But in one thing let us be confident: as we had no personal agency in furnishing the auxiliaries which promote our present peace, so beyond this state of being we shall undoubtedly be introduced to just as radiant and beautiful visions as our improvement *here* has fitted us to comprehend or enjoy *there*.

But our faith is so weak! Do we not hear sorrowing friends exclaim, under any fresh calamity, "If the departed know the sufferings of the friends they have left behind, it must embitter all their glorious state;" as if we only closed our eyes, and carried into the future the same earthly feelings with which we struggled here! No, I would say, nothing but the *impress* of this life follows us; the aggregate of good or evil is concentred in our judgment, which the soul passes upon itself as with heavenly vision it then sees the end from the beginning. How *can* we, then, for a moment suppose that the great Author of immortality left such a flaw in his Almighty wisdom as not to guard us against every defect which our *finite minds* may suggest? I would arm thee against such a jealous distrust, my bereaved friend. Infinite Wisdom has in holy keeping all those "who have crossed the flood." See thou to thy earthly combat, and struggle on for the attainment of a more perfect character, if thou wouldst make thy sorrows blessed. H. S. E.

## THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XIII. 25.—XIV. 19.—TRUE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

25 THE heart of a man changeth his countenance,
Whether for good or for evil.
26 The mark of a heart at ease is a cheerful face,
And proud thoughts are discovered from vain and wicke
words.
XIV. 1. Blessed is the man who hath not sinned with his mouth
And has no torment from remorse for sin.
2 Blessed is the man whose own heart condemns him not,
And who hath not fallen from his hope.

3 To a miser, wealth is useless:
To what purpose are riches to him that is grudging?
4 He that hoards out of his living, hoards for others;
Yea, others shall revel in his wealth.
5 He that is hurting himself, to whom does he do good?
He has no cheer in his possessions.

6 Nothing is worse than a man who pinches himself;
And this is the reward of his wickedness:
7 Even if he do good, he does it unwittingly,
And at the last shows out his wickedness.
8 Wicked is he that hath a grudging eye,
Turning away his face, and overlooking men.

9 The eye of the covetous is never satisfied with his portion,
And wicked injustice withereth his soul.
10 Wicked is the eye that grudges to give bread,
And withholds it from his own table.
11 My child, as thou art able, do good to thyself,
And give thanks to the Lord in proportion.
12 Remember that death will not delay,
And nought hath been shown thee by a covenant with t
under-world.
13 Ere thou come to thine end, do good to thy friends;
And, as thou art able, stretch thy hand out, and give to the

14 Deprive not thyself of a festive day;
And a portion, honestly desired, let it not pass by thee.
15 Wilt thou not leave thine earnings to others,
Thy gains for thine heirs to draw lots?
16 Give and take, and rejoice thy soul;
For in the under-world there is no seeking of pleasure.

17 Every living creature groweth old like a garment;
For the covenant ever was, "Thou shalt surely die."
18 Like green leaves on a leafy tree, —
Some are falling, but others growing, —
Thus are the generations of flesh and blood;
One is passing away, and another springing up.
19 Every thing made is going through decay,
And the workman shall pass away with his work.

CHAP. XIV. 20. — XV. 20. — WISDOM, PIETY, FREE-WILL.

20 Blessed is the man who is perfected in wisdom,
And hath of his understanding taken counsel;
21 Pondering her ways in his heart,
And musing on her hidden truths.
22 Follow after in her track,
And lie in wait in her paths.
23 He that peepeth in at her windows
Should also hearken at her doors.
24 He that lodgeth near her house
Should drive his tent-pin into her walls.
25 He should pitch his tent near her hand,
And lodge where true good abides.
26 He should put his children under her shelter,
And pass the night under her branches.
27 He should seek shelter under her from the heat,
And lodge in her lodging of glory.
XV. 1. Thus will he do that feareth the Lord;
Yea, he that keeps the law shall obtain her.
2 And she will meet him like a mother;
Yea, like a maiden-bride she will receive him.
3 She will feed him with the bread of understanding,
And water of wisdom will she give him to drink.
4 He shall lean upon her, and never fall;
He shall hold to her, and never be ashamed.

5 Yea, she shall lift him above his neighbors,
And in the midst of the assembly open his mouth.
6 He shall find cheerfulness and garland of rejoicing,
And get him a name that will endure.
7 But thoughtless men shall never obtain her,
And they that sin shall never know her.
8 She is far away from pride;
And they that lie, learn nothing of her.

9 God's praise is out of place in the mouth of a sinner;
For it was not sent him from the Lord.
10 For his praise must be uttered by Wisdom,
And the Lord will prosper it.

11 Say not, "Through the Lord I became a rebel;"
For what he hateth, thou shalt not do.
12 Say not, "He hath caused me to err;"
For he hath no use for a sinner.
13 All that is abominable the Lord hateth;
Nor is it loved by them that fear him.
14 It was he who made man in the beginning,
And entrusted him to his own free-will.
15 If thou wilt, thou canst keep the commandments,
And please him by holding to faith.
16 He hath set before thee fire and water:
To whichever thou wilt, thou mayst stretch forth thy hand.
17 Before men are Life and Death;
And whichever they please shall be given them.

18 For great is the wisdom of the Lord:
Strong in his might, he seeth also all things.
19 His eyes are upon them that fear him,
And he knoweth every deed of men.
20 He hath not ordered any man to be godless,
Nor given any man leave to sin.

CHAP. XVI. 1—22. — CERTAINTY AND FEARFULNESS OF GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

1 Long not for a worthless multitude of children,
Nor rejoice over godless sons.
2 When thy children are multiplied, rejoice not over them,
If the fear of the Lord be not among them.

3 Trust not that they will live,
Nor count upon their continuing with thee;
For one such were better than a thousand,
Or even to die childless, than have ungodly children.

4 One man of understanding shall build up a city;
But the race of the lawless shall perish.
5 Many cases like this have I seen with mine eyes,
And stronger ones hath my ear heard.
6 For the gathering of sinners shall a fire be kindled,
And for a faithless nation wrath is burning.
7 It was not appeased towards the giants of old,
Who rebelled in the pride of their strength.
8 He restrained it not from the neighbors of Lot,
Whom he abhorred for their pride.
9 He withheld mercy from the nation of perdition,
Who were snatched away in their sins;
10 Thus also from the six hundred thousand men that could bear arms,
Who were gathered together in self-willed folly.
11 Yea, if there were a single stiff-necked fellow,
It were a wonder if he escaped unpunished;
For mercy and also wrath are with Him:
He is mighty to forgive, and to pour out wrath.
12 As his mercy is great, so great is his chastisement:
He will judge each man according to his works.
13 The sinner shall not escape with his spoils,
Nor the silent hope of the godly fail.
14 To every deed of mercy He will give a place:
Each man shall find according to his works.

17 Say not, "I will hide myself from the Lord;
And who on high will remember me?
In the multitude of people I shall not be noticed;
For what is my soul in the boundless creation?"

18 Behold! the heaven, and the heaven of heavens,
The deep sea, and the earth, quake at his searching glance.
19 Both the mountains and the foundations of the earth,
When he looketh thereon, tremble and shake.
20 No heart can think on these things worthily;
Yea, his ways who shall comprehend?

21 As the stormy wind which no eye can see,
So the most of his works are in secret.
22 The works of his justice who shall declare?
Or endure? for his covenant reacheth afar.
23 The humble heart will think upon these things,
While the senseless man will falsely think them foolish.

CHAP. XVI. 24.—XVIII. 14. JEHOVAH THE INTELLIGENT CREATOR AND MORAL GOVERNOR OF THE UNIVERSE.

24 Hearken to me, my son, and learn to understand,
And take heed to my words with thy heart.
25 I will bring forth instruction by measure,
And publish knowledge in accurate terms.

26 By determinate counsel of the Lord were his works from th
beginning,
And from their creation he arranged their parts.
27 He gave eternal order to his works,
And to the atoms thereof for all generations.
They neither want nor are weary,
Nor do they cease from their work.
28 Not one of them hindereth his neighbor,
Nor to eternity shall they disobey His word.

29 Afterward the Lord also looked upon the earth,
And filled it with his good gifts.
30 With every living thing hath he covered the face thereof,
And into it shall they return.
XVII. 1. The Lord formed man of the earth,
And turned him into it again.
2 He gave number and time to their days,
And gave them power over all upon earth.
3 He gave them strength in the likeness of his almighty pow
And in his own image created them.
4 He put the fear of man in all living creatures,
And made them lords of wild beast and bird.
6 Thought, and speech, and eyesight,
Hearing, and an understanding heart, he gave them.
7 With wisdom and knowledge he filled them,
And made them know good from evil.

8 He kept an eye over their hearts,
Showing them the greatness of his works.
10 And they shall praise his holy name,
To set forth the majesty of his works.

11 He taught them also knowledge,
And gave them the law of life for an inheritance.
12 He made an everlasting covenant with them,
And his laws he revealed unto them.
13 Their eyes beheld the majesty of his glory,
And their ears heard his glorious voice.
14 He said to them, Beware of all unrighteousness;
And gave them each directions concerning his neighbor.

15 Men's ways are ever before Him,
They cannot be hid from his eyes.
17 To each nation the Lord appointed a leader,
But kept Israel as his own portion.
19 All their works are open as the sun before him,
And his eyes are ever on their ways.
20 Their unjust deeds are not hidden from him;
Yea, all their sins are before the Lord.
22 But the good deeds of men he keeps like a signet ring,
And will guard their goodness as the apple of his eye.

23 Thus will the Lord rise up and reward men,
Returning their deeds upon their own heads.
24 Yet to the penitent he allows a return,
And calls on the fainthearted to endure.
25 Turn unto the Lord, and forsake thy sins;
Pray before him, and shun temptations.
26 Return unto the Most High, and forsake wrong-doing;
Yea, earnestly hate whatever offends him.

27 Who can praise the Most High in the under-world?
Who like the living can utter praises?
28 Thanksgiving perisheth from the dead, as though they were not:
The living man in health must praise the Lord.

29 How great the loving-kindness of the Lord,
And his mercy unto them that return to him!

30 For man cannot do all things,
Since the son of man is only a mortal.
31 What so bright as the sun? Yet he is eclipsed.
So flesh and blood seek after evil.
32 He shineth above the mighty height of heaven;
But men are all earth and ashes.

XVIII. 1. The Eternal One hath created all things imperfect:
2 The Lord alone is perfection.

4 To no man hath he given power to declare his works;
And who shall keep track of his wondrous deeds?
5 The strength of his majesty, — who shall measure it?
Or who undertake to count up his mercies?
6 There is no power to take away nor to add,
Nor follow the footprints of the wonders of the Lord.
7 When a man shall end, he will but begin;
And when he leaves off, then know his weakness.

8 What is man, and what is his use?
What good can he do, and also what evil?
9 The number of man's days is at most a hundred years.
10 Like a drop of water, or grain of sand from the sea,
Thus are his scant years from the days of eternity.
11 Therefore is the Lord longsuffering toward them,
And poureth out his mercy upon them.
12 He saw and knoweth how sad their end;
Therefore he is many times more ready to forgive.
13 The mercy of man is toward his neighbor,
But the mercy of the Lord toward all that live.
With reproof, and chastening, and teaching,
And guiding, as a shepherd his flock,
14 He shows mercy to those who receive his chastisement,
And that willingly bow to his judgments.

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All the sects set their candidates upon an inquisition into their own orthodoxy, rather than into the truth of the gospel. Hence a thousand falsities get lodged in the memory, which would never have obtained access there, had the mind been originally directed to inquire into their truth simply, without regard to their orthodoxy. — *Selected.*

# ERASMUS.

THE close of the fifteenth century witnessed the birth of one whose memory has been cherished for the valuable services which he rendered to sacred and profane literature. Erasmus,* first called Gerard, was born on the 15th of October, in the year 1467, sixteen years prior to Luther, the great Reformer. He knew no legitimate parents; and, although he was often disturbed with the reproaches of his adversaries, he defended himself by emphatically remarking that his illegitimacy was not *his* crime. His father appears to have been a man of much acquired knowledge; and, by his witty and festive disposition, gained the appellation of the facetious Gerard. The occupation of Gerard was that of a copyist; for, though the art of printing had been discovered some years before this time, printed books were yet so scarce that the transcription of manuscripts furnished many with employment. In this way he acquired most of his knowledge, and even gained considerable reputation as a classical scholar. Of the mother of Erasmus we are not much informed. His biographers, however, admit that from the time of his birth her conduct was irreproachable. Her love for him never abated. As long as she lived, she watched his progress with no little anxiety and apprehension.

The early years of Erasmus exhibit no striking proofs of genius. Indeed, so far at first from discovering a taste for literature or an aptitude for its acquisition, he was thought a dull and stupid boy. But in his case, as in many others, it needed only an opportunity to arouse his latent faculties, in order to predict his future career. His schoolmasters, we are told, held him forth as an example of what perseverance would achieve, when the mind is properly exercised. Devoting a few years to music, which was then cultivated in no part of the world so much as in the Netherlands, he was at length placed at a school in Daventer, in the province of Utrecht. The school, which was then the most celebrated, was under the direction of secular priests, who lived in a community, but took no vows. Under their instruction, Erasmus

* The word *Erasmus* is derived from the Greek, and may be translated "the Amiable."

made commendable progress. So striking was his proficiency in his studies, that one of his teachers was led to exclaim, "Hail to thy genius, young man! Proceed as thou hast begun: thou wilt before long reach the highest pinnacle of literature." In short, during his sojourn at this school, he won, by his diligence and deportment, the approbation of all his instructors. And well he might, when we consider his literary attainments at so early a period of life. For, at the age of twelve, he knew by heart all the works of Horace and Terence; and in logic and philosophy, usually taught in the schools, he had no rival. Notwithstanding the high esteem in which Erasmus was held, the severe discipline of the school tended to dampen his efforts, and suspend in a measure his ardor for study; and in his works he repeatedly inveighs against "cruel masters, and the sufferings to which pupils under them are subjected." In addition to his studies, he found ample opportunity for writing. His themes evinced an extraordinary mind. The invention, the style, and the various beauties which his compositions displayed, assured his teachers, that, if he persevered in his diligence, he would become a great man.

Thus far we have followed Erasmus in his literary pursuits. But here they do not end. When he left the school we have mentioned, his future course seemed uncertain, on account of the death of his affectionate parents; and when we see the literary eminence to which he afterwards attained, we cannot but regret that his parents, who appeared to cherish him tenderly, did not live to witness it. However, they did not leave him to himself alone. His father appointed a guardian, to whom he entrusted his whole property, to be expended for the wants of Erasmus. The first step which his guardian took was to place him in a convent at Stein. But it was not long before he grew weary of the monotony of a conventual life: "its fish diets," we are told, "its long fasts, its interruptions of sleep, disagreed with him; and, absolutely devoted to study as he was, it grieved him that so long a proportion of every twenty-four hours of his life was spent in spiritual exercises and religious ceremonials." Wearied of this mode of living, he sought the earliest opportunity to quit the convent, and be released from the monastic observances of the order. On application to the Bishop of Utrecht, within whose diocese the monastery of Stein was situated, by the Bishop of Cambray,

Erasmus obtained permission to leave the convent, and shortly after repaired to Cambray, with the promise of accompanying the bishop on a journey to Rome. Desirous of knowledge, Erasmus acceded to the proposals which the prelate made. But these proposals were never realized; and Erasmus, in a fit of despair, resolved at once to apply to the bishop under whose care he was placed, to provide him the means for spending some time in Paris. The prelate, pleased with the intentions of Erasmus, provided for his support by settling upon him a pension. Erasmus reached Paris in 1496, in his twenty-ninth year. The pension, however, was not regularly paid; and consequently, Erasmus, like Dante, experienced how bitter was the bread of others, and how painful it was to tread their stairs.

The university of Paris was at this time one of the most celebrated seats of learning. Here the theologian and physician resorted to avail themselves of its rare privileges, while the lawyer and man of science found the advantages of the University of Bologne — second only to that of Paris — best fitted to advance their peculiar studies. The University, aside from literary attractions, had but few charms in comparison with those of latter days. Its exterior, bearing marks of age, would have led the unsuspecting observer to have supposed it little else than a dungeon; while its interior, on account of its many inconveniences, was disgusting in the extreme. As the great wish of Erasmus was to perfect himself in theology, his favorite study, he was naturally led to Paris. The aspect of things did not impede his progress. His literary endowments penetrated every cloud that encompassed him: he saw enough that was gloomy and discouraging; but his cheerful disposition, his indomitable perseverance, and his eager thirst for knowledge, converted apparent evils into real pleasures. Although he went to Paris with the intention of pursuing his theological studies, it appears that he devoted but little attention to them. He was almost wholly engaged in perfecting himself in the classical studies, for which, in his youth, he had evinced so great aptitude; and particularly was he desirous to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Greek language, which he considered a requisite foundation for the acquirement of the Latin tongue. "The Latins," he was accustomed to say, "had only narrow rivulets: the Greeks had pure and copious rivers, and their streams were of gold." Besides, he thought that to

attempt to acquire a perfect knowledge of theology, or to understand the New Testament in the original, without perusing the Greek Fathers, was the height of folly. To the study of the Greek language he therefore addicted himself with ardor and perseverance, and acquired a knowledge which, considering his means and advantages, few have attained. Some of his biographers have gone so far as to say that he devoted twenty years exclusively to this study, thereby acquainting himself with all the principal authors of Rome and Greece. However this may be, his attainments in sacred and profane philology evinced an indefatigable industry and a profound research.

During the sojourn of Erasmus in Paris, we find that his pecuniary means were extremely limited. For his support he had to depend mostly on his writings, and his remunerations were so small that they scarcely met the demands of his literary wants. He had now arrived at that age of life when it was necessary for him to fix his mind upon some lucrative employment, and at the same time congenial to his feelings. His inclination still tended to theology, in spite of his love for classical pursuits. Unsettled as he was in his future course, and desirous to see more of the world than he already had, Erasmus made three visits to England. Here he was always fortunate to meet friends; for no sooner would he arrive than men of rank and learning would seek his acquaintance. By them, too, he was supplied with the means necessary to defray his travelling expenses. Sometimes he was obliged to make application to his friends for pecuniary assistance; but only would he when his distress made him importunate. In his letters he alludes to his extreme poverty; and there he relates of "a person who, seeing his friend poor and sick, put some money under his pillow while he was asleep." "When," he adds, "I used to read this in the days of my youth, I was extremely struck with the modesty of one, and the generosity of the other. But since you, my friend, talk of begging without shame, who, I beseech you, can be more submissive and blameless than myself, who reside in England upon the foot of a *public beggar?*" By his repeated visits to England, he won the admiration of all who were so fortunate as to know him. He was not so wholly absorbed in his studies as not to mingle occasionally with the world, to observe the manners and customs of the people; and the more he thus familiarly associated himself with them, the more

he admired, and in turn was admired by, them. In short, if Erasmus can be said to have had a home in all his wanderings, it must have been in England; for here the greater part of his life was spent.

Having thus hastily glanced at the earlier periods in the life of Erasmus, — his humble birth, the loss of parents at an early age, his life in the convent at Stein, his eminent success as a classical scholar, his journeys to England, and the hardships which he suffered from necessity, — we will, in bringing this imperfect sketch of his life and character to a close, mention the most prominent and interesting features of his closing years.

Erasmus, at the age of fifty, had attained the height of his reputation: his celebrity as a man of profound wisdom was unequalled, and no one was so much courted by the great or the learned. As a proof of the esteem in which he was held, we will quote the language of one of his admirers when he resided in Italy: — "Great as is the reputation of Erasmus, his merit is far beyond it. Never have the Cisalpines produced his equal in learning: Italy herself has no one to compare with him. When he speaks, what erudition! what taste! what style! what memory! It is not a man, it is the muse of Athens, whom you hear; he has penetrated the inmost recesses of philosophy; he perfectly understands Plato, Aristotle, and all the ancient philosophers."

Erasmus had as yet no fixed home. In respect to the charges so frequently preferred against him of wandering from one country to another, he declares that he never changes his residence, unless his health or some literary object compelled him to such migrations. "Wherever I have been," writes Erasmus to one of his accusers, "I have lived in a manner which has obtained for me the favor and esteem of the wise and good. There is not a country which does not attract me to her: Spain, France, England, and Italy invite me to them." But now, as age enfeebled his body, and rendered travelling a task, he determined to seek a quiet mode of life, and devote the remainder of his days to writing for publication. Accordingly, after having enriched his mind with the materials which observation and experience in foreign countries had furnished, he finally settled at Bâsle, in the fifty-second year of his life. At this time his circumstances were comparatively easy: he describes himself as pos-

sessing a yearly income of three hundred ducats, exclusively of presents frequently made him, and the profits which he derived from his publications. "I have," he says, "ceased to complain. I have enough to maintain myself comfortably, and something to spare for an indigent friend. All I seek is quietude and ease, that I may devote my life to literary pursuits."

The publications of Erasmus consisted of translations of ancient authors, and original compositions: among the last we may reckon the learned and elegant prefaces with which he often accompanied both his editions and translations. But that which has immortalized his name, and placed him among the greatest benefactors to sacred and profane literature, is his edition and Latin version of the New Testament. An edition of the Greek original had long been wanted. To Erasmus belongs the glory of having supplied a want which was felt by the learned of every nation. The accuracy of his translation can be best judged from his own words: "I collated many Greek manuscript copies. I adopted that version which I thought the best. I made my translation as faithful, and at the same time as simple, as I could; I always endeavored to avoid whatever was obscure or equivocal. I did not, in every instance, render the original word for word; but I constantly endeavored not to depart from its sense." This edition of the Greek Testament he accompanied with a new version of it in Latin. His first plan was to insert the Vulgate * translation, marking such portions as he thought incorrect: but at length he was induced, more out of deference to the wishes of his friends than his own, to frame a version wholly new; still, however, conforming to the Vulgate version, so far as it enabled him to perfect his own plan.

There is sufficient reason to suppose, that Erasmus, in his religious sentiments, continued a Catholic even to the close of his life. In his intercourse with Luther, it is true, he became somewhat imbued with his doctrines. But, in all his writings, he repeatedly and explicitly disclaimed every thing opposed to the faith or doctrines of the Catholic church. Besides, the establishment of the Protestant religion occasioned his removal from

* The Latin Vulgate translation of the Bible is not that to which St. Augustine gave the preference over other versions, on account of its greater literal adherence to the text, but is the edition which was made by St. Jerome, and is acknowledged by the Catholic church to be authentic.

Bâsle, until he was obliged to return on account of the publication of his writings.

Disease began now to prey upon his body. He was conscious that his remaining days were few; for he announced to his friends that he had advanced to that age when he must soon expect to leave them. His labors for the advancement of sacred and profane literature, to which his whole life had been devoted, were not checked by physical enfeeblement. His mind, on the contrary, seemed strengthened; for, during the last two years of his life, he composed and edited as much as he ever had before in the same space of time.

The death of Erasmus, in July, 1536, at the age of 69, was a subject of general concern throughout the Christian world. At Bâsle he was honored by a public mourning, and both Protestants and Catholics showed their regard for his memory by visiting and viewing his mortal remains for the last time. He was buried in the Catholic church at Bâsle, near the choir, in a chapel which had been dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God. At the close of his life, he exhibited truly Christian piety and resignation. With these words on his lips he expired: "O Lord! end my sufferings! O Lord! have compassion upon me." V.

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## ORANGEMEN.

LETTER FROM TORONTO.

My Dear Friend, — In the year 1836, the Westminster Review, in speaking of Orange Associations, said, "The English society is dead; the Irish is abandoned by all who gave it either weight or respectability." The Reviewer forgot that England always bequeathes her antipathies to her colonies, and congratulated himself on a speedy cessation of hostilities. So in truth did I, and very much surprised I was, when, on entering the House of Assembly soon after my arrival, I found the members discussing the repeal of an Act disallowing the formation of Orange processions. A great deal of temper was lost on both sides, and so vivid partisanship manifested, that I could not realize my distance from the original seat of these discussions. I seemed to be transported to the House of Commons, to the stormy debates of 1836; and,

from force of contrast alone, I listened to the indignant eloquence of Hume, and saw the Orangemen "condemned by all parties, with loud execration from one side of the House, and silent contempt from the other." It soon became evident that the Act would be repealed; and the strongest reason offered for it was that no magistrate could be found to enforce it. I soon had an opportunity to see that this was true; for, on the eve of the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, a procession of about a hundred children, decked out with orange ribbons, and carrying oranges impaled, straggled up the street on which we live. On the next morning, the gay shouts of my own little ones drew me to the window, and I found the head of a long procession approaching. It was preceded by a man upon horseback, who wore a long gown, like a minister's, of bright orange silk, adorned with sleeves of black velvet. He was riding a sorry horse, at a desperate rate; and the orange cloak streamed like a banner behind him. I have not yet found out whether this person was the Grand Master of the Lodge; but I presume so. Then came, at proper intervals, ten splendid banners, most of them representing King William on horseback, and inscribed with various mottoes, commemorating the battles of Derry and the Boyne in 1690. There were oranges on poles, — stems of orange lilies, — orange collars, rosettes, and streamers; and the whole procession had a powerful, triumphant air, which must have been inexpressibly annoying to the Irish population, who stood looking on. I had been warned not to go out that day; but I was obliged to mail a letter, and I was not sorry to go quietly through the crowd. No anti-slavery rescue or anticipated election ever heated so much "black blood" in the States as this procession in the city of Toronto. Women of the lower classes thronged the side-walks of King-street, and stimulated the passions of their children against each other. A little boy was standing on one corner of the street, with a gay cockade on his shoulder, when an Irish lad, three times his size, tore it off, and threw it in the gutter. A gentleman, who had evidently no Orange predilections, but was disgusted by this aggressive insolence, collared the lad. Men and boys closed round them; and there ensued a general scuffle, from which I was glad to retreat. As I went, I saw women bending, half-dressed, from their chamber-windows, with flaming faces and brutal oaths, toss-

ing cockades to the men below, and challenging them not to lose them.

You will see why I have brought these facts under your notice, when I add that, on Sunday the 13th of July, the leading clergymen of the place preached long and loud on the subject of Orange Lodges, — the Catholic and Presbyterian against, and the Episcopalian in favor of them. Perhaps you will like to know what sort of a thing an Orange sermon can be. It needs to be strong, for it seeks to sustain all the tottering pillars of the state. It lifts up a voice in behalf of old abuses, and seeks to broaden the line which separates the aristocracy from the mass. It advocates the existence of rectories and clergy reserves. Early last fall, a meeting was held at St. Lawrence Hall to consider the latter subject, of which I hope you will allow me, in some future letter, to speak more at length; for it is one which every intelligent, religious man in the States should understand. This meeting was intended to be free; but the Conservatives had called to their help the Orangemen from the country, and every attempt to speak on the liberal side was silenced in a riotous and offensive manner. Many of the agitators on both sides were clergymen; and, before the friends of the free church could go safely home, it became necessary to call out the military. Some days ago, a call upon the friends of protection, or a high British duty on breadstuffs, for the protection of Canada wheat, appeared in our papers. In the meantime, large numbers of an exciting circular, impressed with the "arms" of the Orangemen, were privately distributed. After seeing one of these, wise men anticipated "a gagged meeting" or broken heads; and the demonstration which took place last night was in truth an unrighteous and absurd affair.

On the 17th of March, the Irishmen, with their green cockades, celebrated St. Patrick's day. The procession — hats garlanded by branches of the beautiful shamrock, shoulders tied by green scarfs, and banners flying — went early in the day to the Cathedral, where the Archbishop and the Comte de Charbounel, our Bishop of Toronto, celebrated high mass. From thence they scattered to their various homes, and closed the evening with a public supper and a dance. There were many children in this procession; and both men and children carried banners, bearing, if nothing else, the divine words of Peace, Purity, Love. All looked very poor; and, as I gazed somewhat sadly

upon them, a little boy drew near. Bareheaded, and wearing that most niggardly of garments on a cold winter's day, a ragged brown linen tunic, he paddled along through the half-melted snow with his little bare feet, carrying a small white banner. An unlucky breeze filled it out as he passed; and I saw, in plain black letters, the word "Plenty." I could not keep back the tears which started to my eyes. I looked at his thin blue cheeks, and fingers stiff with cold. I saw, as by a supernatural vision, all that his countrymen had endured, and would endure, in seeking a home in the new land. Quick as thought, there came before my eyes the narrow lanes of Dublin, heaped up with living death, — the desolate estates depopulated alike by famine and disease, the terrific waste of "potato bog," and the sunken heart of the nation. Then came, far off in time, a vision of the little Phœnician ship, that, on its way to the British coast for tin, was stranded on the southern shore of that green isle. High civilization, heroic poesy, skill in the arts and oriental fancy, warm love of man, and generous commercial enterprise, came in that little bark to Ireland, and impregnated the race that sprang from her loins. After centuries of oppression and misgovernment, it was hard to believe that I saw in that ragged, frozen-looking child, gazing hopefully up to the white banner he bore, the image of his beautiful native land.

Nothing is more dear to an American than the strong feeling of nationality which dwells in the hearts of his countrymen. If an intelligent foreigner goes to the United States with the intention of remaining, in six months his interests will compel him to call himself an American. It is not so here; and it was not long after I crossed the line that I found out there was "no Canada." We talk of Canadians, in the United States; and, if we mean French Canadians, there is some propriety in the term; for the French inhabitants of Lower Canada, by their strong sense of nationality alone, retain their political influence, and unite to drag the wheels of state. In Upper Canada, men are Irish, Scotch, or English, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Methodists, Orangemen or Catholics; but they are never Canadians. Many honest men deplore the corruption of the Government, a corruption which finds its primal source in Downing-street, and seems so inseparable from colonial existence that their hearts are sick of hope. Very few adults are to be found who were born in

Upper Canada; and, when I hear from what country a citizen came, or to what church he belongs, I can usually tell how he will act with regard to a given class of subjects; but his *creed* will give no faith in his *character*. The open "chiselling," as it is called in the House of Assembly, the coercion exercised by ministerial influence, filled me with dismay and disgust. It was droll to see the English, Irish, and Scotch members standing doggedly apart, and, thinking alike, refuse to unite to save a measure or a principle that each one of them declared to be dear to him. No one of them was great enough to forget the petty advantage claimed by his district, in the general good of Canada. On the other hand, I grew sad to see the French Canadians, comprising some men of promising eloquence and scholarship, following the whistle of their leader with the docility of sheep. I discerned among them, however, the dawning of independent action on two or three important questions. Would that there were the same promise of a healthy union among the Upper Canadians! I attended the debates faithfully through the last session, and I heard but one speech embodying great principles, or that gave me the impression of a man who could not be moved. That was from Mr. Papineau, whose personal influence seems to carry with it, like that of John Quincy Adams, a weight of solid honesty, and a deep conviction of absolute truth. He spoke but once during the session. He gave his votes with the unutterable sadness of despair. Nevertheless, his life bequeathed to Canada will do more for her than votes or speeches.

The Unitarian Church has a great work to do for the country. It is already expected in Toronto that its members will act as they *think right*, and be in all matters faithful to the higher law. Our controversial lectures are ended, and they have brought us several valuable accessions. They have roused apathy, brought back stray friends, softened prejudice, and gratified the faithful few. We have far more to contend against than our friends in Montreal, who had always among their number men of great wealth and influence, and who, since their church was built, have had a pleasant sabbath-home, better situated than any in the city. As for us, our people are firm and true, of a sort that it gladdens my heart to dwell among; but they are poor, and their efforts in all directions require an amount of capital hard to raise. Our church is an old, uncomfortable wooden building, in

a street removed from public thoroughfares. It discourages all but very self-denying worshippers, and keeps aloof all proselytes from the gayer world. A luxurious friend from Montreal hinted to us, a little while ago, that he should be obliged to go to some other church half the day, to *rest his eyes!* The time will come when our little society will have to ask aid on this account from its eastern and transatlantic friends. For the present, they carefully abstain from incurring the smallest debt, or running any risk that may interfere with their duty to their minister. It is impossible to think of the changes that have taken place here during the last year, without a joyful hope too deep for words.

We are constantly winning new members, and rousing new inquiries. Our books and tracts are eagerly sought; and the Sunday-school, which six months ago numbered only four teachers and fourteen scholars, now numbers nine teachers and forty pupils. The census, which reported 130 Unitarians in Toronto two years ago, reports 201 this spring; and last, not least, the Episcopalian Rector of the Cathedral, Chaplain to the Queen's Bishop John Toronto, has thought fit to notice us in his Easter sermon. Very cautiously he did it, too; for he was a little afraid to let his people know that such a heresy was rising in their midst. A Methodist revival also has been stirring the town; and our influence and success have of late become so manifest that the talented preacher found it necessary to warn his hearers night after night against the errors of our way, and besought God to deliver his people from "Socinianism," as if the very name carried with it the reality as well as the sound of sin.

C. W. H. D.

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Modern Notion of Sin. — The Methodists of the past time, as we have said, found the consciences of men greatly benumbed, indeed, or paralyzed, by sensuality and earthly passions; yet not generally recusant of the preacher's appeal. Not so the masses of men at this time; for the wide currency that has been given to various schemes of physical metaphysics has, in a positive sense, *perverted* the moral consciousness of multitudes, and has furnished the minds that have been thus perverted with the plausible sophisms of a spurious philosophy, — a miserable quackery, by aid of which men persuade themselves, and each other, that sin is not *sin*, but misfortune. — *Isaac Taylor.*

# THE REJECTION OF CHRIST BY THE JEWS.

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES A. FARLEY.

John v. 43: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: had I come in my own name, ye would have received me."

In reading the Gospels, it is exceedingly interesting to watch the gradual disclosure of our Saviour's public character and intentions. From first to last, there was great division among his countrymen as to both; — some saying, "He is a good man;" others, "He deceiveth the people." This was natural enough; for, though at the time of his coming there was a universal expectation that the predictions of their prophets were about to be accomplished in the person of a remarkable man, yet there were few whose expectations he perfectly satisfied. They did not want a man who came in the name of the Great God and Father of all to teach a true life, but one who should come in his own name, and set up for himself. They wished, not a moral, but a civil revolution. As *men* they were profoundly impressed by his preaching, his miracles, and his life. They could not help saying, "Never man spake like this man;" "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" "When the Messiah cometh, will he do greater works than this man doeth?" But as *Jews* their minds were pre-occupied with ideas utterly hostile to his reception as *their* Messiah. They desired not a man who could teach divine truth, but a man who could fight. They cared not to hear about meekness and purity and peace and good-will. They wanted to hear the call to arms, and be led to victory by a soldier; to see Rome conquered, and Judea free. "Give us power! Restore the kingdom to Israel!" This is what they asked, and all that they asked. Our Saviour would do nothing of the kind, and they would not receive him.

Some parts of his Sermon on the Mount, with which he began his public preaching, and which is a sublime epitome of Christianity, must have excited in many minds great indignation; for they never forgot Mount Sinai, and that they had received the law by the disposition of angels. Moses their lawgiver, and the splendid line of their patriarchs, prophets, and kings, have

always stirred the patriotism of this proud people. They resented a word against their temple, and believed that God had established with them an everlasting covenant that the promise was to them, and them only, for ever. There were those who waited their time to bring up the words of that sermon in judgment against him; and one of their weightiest charges afterwards was speaking disrespectfully of their law.

At first, however, the impressions of the common people seem to have been in his favor. The contrast was broad between the pompous priests, with their embroidered robes and phylacteries, and air of extreme wisdom and sanctity, and the unpretending simplicity of Jesus. It was perhaps gratifying to the people to find one of their own class with such remarkable gifts; and they might have had some dim hope of giving to the nation the looked-for Messiah. Their history told them that more than one of their greatest men was of humble birth; that David, from whose line he came, was once a poor shepherd-boy, and fed his father's flocks in Bethlehem.

However this may be, Jesus made no sudden disclosure of his character or plans; for this would have been fatal to the success of his mission. He seems to be aware of the necessity of feeling his way, without needlessly offending the popular prejudices, till every thing was ripe for the transmission of his gospel to other hands. Hence his frequent injunctions of silence upon those he cured, and upon his chosen disciples. He now and then asks the twelve, "Whom do men say that I am?" They answer, "John the Baptist; but some say Elias, and others one of the prophets." And then, as if to have perfect assurance that those who were to be the heralds of his gospel had true conceptions of his character, he asks, "And whom say *ye* that I am?" And Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And, though he charged them that they should tell no man, because the time had not yet come, yet his fervently blessing Peter, and the remarkable words, "Flesh and blood has not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven," show that he was intensely anxious that this conviction should be rooted in the minds of his apostles, before he should speak openly at Jerusalem.

Still this conduct, while it accomplished his purposes, was only laying up more certainly the fearful vengeance of the nation. The time was fast coming when the very circumstances which

stayed awhile the rage of the people were to be turned against him in full force.

But he had made up his mind to die. All he wished was to lay so strong a foundation for his religion that no earthly power could shake it after his death. Having conciliated the common people for a time, he now steadfastly sets his face towards Jerusalem, and goes up to confront the Sanhedrim, — the supreme tribunal of his nation, — and witness a good confession. He was now to show that there was no unworthy fear or selfishness in his hitherto not committing himself; that it was not the craft of an impostor, but the suggestions of heavenly wisdom. The Scribes and Pharisees, the most powerful party in the nation, were already his enemies. *They* would not receive him; for their pride had been wounded, and they considered themselves insulted by his terrible rebukes. Their influence with the people was threatened with a complete overthrow by the miracles and eloquence of a Jewish peasant. They were without a particle of principle, and scrupled at no means to render him odious, and compass his death. They watched every step with eyes sharpened by malice, and were constantly busy in poisoning the minds of a fickle and corrupt people. With the usual course of small minds, they were perpetually finding fault, and fastening upon trifles. They find fault with the company he keeps, without asking what his motives might be for keeping it. "Why does your Master eat with publicans and sinners?" seeing he professes such immaculate purity. And then they hold him up as "a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber." If he works a miracle, and the people exclaim, "It was never so seen in Israel," they are ready with an answer, "He casteth out devils by the prince of devils." When, preferring mercy to sacrifice, he cures the withered hand on the sabbath, they cry out, Profanation! and "are filled with madness." Still, his miracles being all benevolent, and palpable realities which no man could gainsay, it was impossible to do away their effect by sneers, and ascribing them to diabolical agency. It seemed strange to many that devils should so contradict their own natures. "These are not the words of a devil. Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" And our Saviour did in fact refute the accusation with precisely this reasoning.

But it was not so easy to explain satisfactorily his words. He was an uncompromising teacher of truth and righteousness. Few

minds are strong enough to bear an exposure of their besetting sins; but our Lord openly and unsparingly rebuked spiritual wickedness in high places. While he allowed all that was due to ritual observances, he assigned them the lowest place; declared them not only useless, but extremely pernicious, when they interfered with inward righteousness; and hence he poured contempt upon the outward righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, — told them that their long prayers, and rigorous fasts, and sorrowful faces, and scrupulous payment of tithes, were worthless substitutes for justice, mercy, and truth; that a man's spirit was every thing; that there was as much sin in a bad thought as a bad action. Rather than sin, he bade them pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand. This was unpardonable insult to priestly formalists, who occupied high spiritual trusts, but whose lives were flagrantly immoral, and who taught the traditions of men for the commandments of God.

Moreover, the heavenly morality of Christ was offensive to all classes. "Love your enemies," he says to a nation smarting under almost intolerable wrongs, as mere provincial subjects of hateful heathen. "Be meek, be merciful, be pure, be perfect," was strange language to a people so corrupt that their own historian declares, that, "if they had not been conquered by the Romans, God would have destroyed them by an earthquake or a deluge." Those whose office it was to instruct them in every virtue had none themselves. There was the Pharisee, wrapped in his pride and his hypocrisy; there was the Sadducee, with no faith in a future existence, and living in luxurious sensuality. How could they receive such a Messiah? Yet they were obstinately attached to all the outside of religion, to their temple-worship and imposing ritual. They took fire at once, if a rite was neglected, or a holy day. The rulers were delighted to see Jesus offending in these points, and stirred up the people, upon whose sympathy here they could rely. Accordingly, they follow him from place to place, with their small criticisms; now asking signs from heaven, and now trying "to entangle him in his talk." They must have seen his triumphal entry into Jerusalem with indescribable vexation, when even the children shouted hosannas to the Son of David.

Still it is possible that our Saviour might have retained his hold upon the affections of the people, if he had not disappointed

their most cherished anticipations. After the Sermon on the Mount, it was impossible to regard him as an ordinary man. They thronged his path wherever he went. The Roman and the Jew alike besought him to go out of his way, and heal their friends. They witnessed more astonishing miracles. "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" They saw him give sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, life to the dead, by a touch or a word. They must have been impressed by the authority of his manner; and they evidently expect to see him throw off all disguise, and unequivocally declare himself their king. They grow more and more restive under his answers. They knew that joining him was to peril their own lives. Hence we find them crowding round him with the impatient question, "How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." That they were greatly troubled by his replies, and had serious misgivings lest their confidence was misplaced, is clear from the words, "This is a hard saying: who can hear it?" and from the fact that "many of his disciples forsook him, and fled." Nothing is more terrible, as all revolutions show, than a reaction of the popular mind. There are no bitterer enemies than those who were once friends. This reaction was now fast taking place; and, the moment the adherents of Jesus lost confidence in him, they were ready to rush upon him with violence. The very men who cheered him with hosannas soon follow him with curses.

It is painful to think how the feelings of Jesus were tried by the alienation and faithlessness of his followers, of even his chosen friends. Those who continued with him unchanged were mostly from the peaceable portion of the people, and of that sex who have nothing to do with public affairs. It would be strange if there were not many hearts in Judea whose love to Jesus was unalterable. It was not in human nature for all who had experienced his kindness to turn against him. They could not forget how he had come into their houses, and healed their sorrows and their sicknesses. But what could *they* do to stay a fierce and merciless mob, who had been for months growing disaffected, and begun to cry out against him as an impostor? And thus many a Jewish mother, whose attachment to Jesus was strong, waited in silence, in her home, the issue of the popular wrath. What a change, in a few days, from the entrance of Jesus into

Jerusalem to his meeting with the twelve in that upper chamber on the night of the Passover! That night, Jerusalem was thronged with an immense concourse of Jews from all parts of the country. The splendid rejoicings of their greatest national festival contrast fearfully with the burdened hearts of that small company in that upper chamber. Alas for the heart of that being who was "among them, but not of them," prepared to sacrifice his Master for thirty pieces of silver!

The morning sun rose on a day of terror; a day which, while the earth lasts, will never be forgotten. Jesus was surprised at early dawn by the Jewish officers, and carried up to Pilate's judgment-hall. Thence he is sent to Herod, who, after heartlessly insulting him, remands him with contempt to Pilate. The time-serving high-priest yields one whom he knows to be innocent to the importunities and violence of a mob; and He who "was without sin," after witnessing the treachery of Judas, the denial of Peter, and the desertion of all his chosen friends except the faithful John, after seeing an infamous robber released in preference to him, after "cruel mockings and scourgings," and amid the appalling shouts, "Crucify him! crucify him!" is led to Calvary, fainting under the weight of his own cross, and executed between common malefactors, amidst the brutal jeers of the populace at "the King of the Jews."

No wonder that all nature was convulsed, that darkness hung over the land, that the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, and the dead rose from their graves. No wonder that the centurion cried out, "This was a righteous man," and that "all the people who came to that sight smote their breasts, and returned." It is a grateful thought, that Jesus, in his last hours, saw the attachment of his best friends, — of his mother, of him who leaned upon his bosom, and of the sisters of Lazarus.

In looking at this rejection of Christ by the Jews, we feel no disposition to revile this people as they have been reviled. They had fallen upon evil times; and our Saviour's last prayer was for their forgiveness, since they knew not what they did. They have been overtaken by a fearful retribution, as their overthrow by Titus, and their whole subsequent history, show. They have been hunted in almost every corner of the earth like dogs, and have been for ages a hissing and a by-word to the nations. "What crime," asks Bossuet, "what atrocity, more heinous than

idolatry, has brought on you a punishment that even your repeated idolatries did not bring upon you?" Our Lord knew, that, to establish his religion, his own blood, and that of many a Christian apostle, must be poured out like water. But his countrymen will see more clearly every day, that, instead of being their enemy, he was their best friend. They will see, that, if the Jewish nation were the first, so they were the last, depositories of divine truth. They will see that a *Jew*, greater than Abraham or Moses or Elias, and mightier than John, was the author of a religion perfect in itself, and destined to regenerate the world. They will see that "they who were but of yesterday have filled not merely the cities, islands, towns, and boroughs, the camp, the senate, and the forum," of the Roman empire, as Pliny wrote to Trajan of the early Christians, but have filled all the empires of the world; that the star which conducted the wise men of the East to an infant's cradle was but the Morning Star to usher in the Sun of Righteousness; and that all who, in obedience to this religion, shall teach others to follow Christ, shall be planted like stars around him, and shine for ever and ever.

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## THE ANNUNCIATION.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

O HOLY Maid! in fearful rapture kneeling,
  Thrilled with vast wonder and a solemn joy,
While the bright messenger, God's will revealing,
  Foretells thee mother of the wondrous Boy;

Of him who, at thy tender bosom clinging,
  Shall drink pure life-blood from that sacred spring;
Yet ever hear the heavenly anthems ringing,
  And tune his soul to strains that angels sing;

Who shall be as a man in earthly seeming,
  With men shall walk and labor day by day;
But, like the eastern sky with morning gleaming,
  O'erfill and overflow with heaven's ray.

Say, kneeling Virgin, canst thou read with clearness
The mighty meaning of that word divine? —
Canst see with eyes undazzled the bright nearness
Of the broad light that shall around thee shine?

A God about thee in thy daily duties,
Making thy house the very porch of heaven;
The upper glories, the celestial beauties,
Hallowing thy common life with their sweet leaven.

These shall be thine alone, O blessed Mother!
Yet wider shall the circling billow spread;
In every man his heart shall own a brother,
And he shall lead us to the sacred Head.

Letter of God! in him shall stand recorded
The gospel of a never-ending love;
In him shall that great secret all be worded
Which long to utter voiceless nature strove.

In him shall shine all prophecy's fulfilling,
And hallowed myth to holiest truth shall turn;
The spirit's flame, undimmed by earthly chilling,
In him shall stainless rise and ever burn.

World's hope, heaven's joy, he bears with patient loving
The hate of Jews, the scoffing Gentile's scorn;
And endless ages hail with glad approving
The Saviour-child, of God and Woman born. F.

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PULPIT TALENTS. — So it was, that, when Wesley and his three or four educated colleagues held to the few and great principles of the gospel by the intentness of their minds and the fervent simplicity of their zeal, and while the lay preachers, by the paucity of their ideas and the slenderness of their knowledge, kept to the same narrow path, the *result* towards the people was to prevent the vast disparity between the two classes of teachers from becoming painfully apparent. This is seen, by contrast, everywhere in communions from which evangelical fervor has departed; for there, all the vast difference between one preacher and another, in natural ability and in furniture, is fully felt, and is accurately measured by practised hearers. Yet let the energy of heavenly truth return to such bodies, and these disparities would become less conspicuous, or would almost cease to be regarded. — *Isaac Taylor.*

## THE DREAM.

THERE stood a child at the foot of a steep and lofty precipice, into which were cut rudely, and at long intervals, steps that led upward. And upon the summit were seen dimly the golden gates of the celestial city, through which sometimes the music of the eternal life was borne down to waiting souls. And the child stood there trembling, but longing, and saw how some went on with calm strength before her, and passed with vigorous hearts, though with bleeding feet and colorless faces, up the straight but terrible way, to the summit, and entered in at the golden gates. And these bore great crosses upon their breasts, and a glorious light streamed from them, and made a shining way far down into the valley.

With an ever-renewed, but an impatient and ineffectual striving, did the child seek to follow in their footsteps. And whenever she fell back, torn and wounded by the sharp and jagged rocks, an angel with white wings and downcast eyes, and with a face calm but sorrowful, received her in her arms, and rested her head upon her bosom. But the child turned not her eyes upon the ministering spirit, nor heeded its gentle offices; and the angel spoke no word, nor sought to withhold her from the renewal of the struggle, but ever, with folded arms, awaited quietly the sad but sure return.

After many failures, the child sank back despairing; and for the first time, looking into the calm eyes that watched over her, "O gentle angel!" she said, "I will strive no more: I am not *worthy* to enter into the celestial city." Then the angel smiled softly, and her voice was sweet and calm as she answered, "It is only the *few* who are great and strong that can pass by direct and rapid steps to the heavenly home, and leave a shining way behind them. But seest thou yonder narrow path which looks dark in contrast with this glorious light? If thou wilt take this cross upon thy breast, and wilt lean on me, I will go with thee all the way; and it will lead thee as surely, though slowly, to the portals of the divine life." And, as the angel spoke, she held towards the child a small cross; but she turned away her head, and said, "It is *too light*, it cannot fit me for the heavenly life." "Take

it near to thee," said the angel, "that thou mayst see it more clearly." And, when the child had taken it in her hands, she saw how it was thickly studded with sharp points, which the shadows had before concealed. Then she smiled joyfully, and pressed it closely to her breast, so that drops of blood flowed from it, and stained her white garments; but she smiled only the more gladly.

And I saw how the child, leaning on the breast of the angel, went slowly onward in the winding pathway. And, when she stumbled over the stones which lay therein, she stooped down, and removed them softly out of the way; and, when the thorns wounded her, she uprooted them, and cast them on one side. And with the flowers she dealt gently; lifting those that had been bruised and trodden under foot, and watering those that were parched by heat, and parting aside the branches which had overshadowed some too heavily. And she broke none rudely, and left always some remaining, that new seeds might be sown therefrom. Then said the angel, "Why dost thou stop by the way so often, stooping to so much toil, seeing that thou canst not retrace thy steps, and the same thorns may not wound thee twice?"

"Not for myself," said the child gently, "have I done this, but for those that shall come after me."

Then the angel smiled; and from the cross upon the pilgrim's breast a soft light fell upon the path behind them, and made the way clearer.

So they journeyed long; and I saw how the child's garments, which had been so white and shining when she stood first at the foot of the precipice, were now torn and sullied; yet only the more clearly did the soul's light shine through the rents and tatters of its worn-out covering. And once, as they walked, it came to be almost the close of the day; and the child said, "Now it is almost night; and I am glad, for I long to lie down in the gentle arms of sleep, that I may wake refreshed for a renewal of toil."

Then said the angel, "There shall be no more night for thee;" and, as she spoke, they came to a sudden turn, and, when they had passed it, lo! the golden gates were before them. And the child stood still, and meekly bowed her head in thanksgiving. And "Oh welcome, thou divine life!" she said, "for which I have so long thirsted. Not so quickly, or by such a quiet pathway, did I think to attain unto thee." And, as she passed

through the now open gates, she turned and said, "Who sent thee to me, O beloved guide? and what art thou called, that I may know thee again in heaven?"

And the angel said: "I shall be often with thee in the clearer world: the Father has placed me at the beginning of life. I am the child of love, and am called among men PATIENCE."

A.

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## LINES.

"Deep suffering, to the true heart, reveals the depths of its capacities, and not unfrequently through this door does the river of life flow into the soul."

'TWAS wondrous fair, that garden-plot:
How rich and light the soil!
Delicious fruit and sweetest flower
Repaid the gardener's toil;
For toil he must, else spreading roots
Would sure destruction bring:
From that warm earth which bore the flower
The rankest weed would spring.

Here bloomed the rose, and hearts-ease there
Raised up its cheerful face;
And, swaying in the gentle wind,
The lily had a place.
Up sprung the sweet forget-me-not
Upon its graceful stem,
And, close beside the passion-flower,
The Star of Bethlehem.

Its clusters rich, the clambering vine
Hung o'er the shady bowers;
And fruits, such as the soil could grow,
Were ripening 'mong the flowers.
The myrtle and the cedar-tree
Cast most delightful shade;
And, on the harp-strings of the pine,
Æolus softly played.

From bloom to blight! from life to death!
A change came o'er the scene:
The summer sun grew red and hot,
His glance was deadly keen;

There came at night no gentle dew,
  There fell no summer showers;
The fruits were drooping on their stems,
  And dying were the flowers.

A workman came, and in his hands
  Rude implements he bore,
Which, wielded by his stalwart arm,
  The quiet earth uptore.
With purpose firm he wrought his task;
  He met the flinty rock;
It shivered into atoms there;
  Earth trembled in the shock.

One master-stroke! and lo! there gushed
  The crystal water forth,
And evermore a fountain flowed,
  Refreshing all its earth.
Deep was its source, while high in air
  It with the sunshine played,
And, falling back among the flowers,
  The sweetest music made.

L.

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## THE CHRISTIAN REPOSITORY.

The energy and talent of those liberal Christians that have planted a Theological School at Meadville deserve an organ, and have produced one. Two numbers of their new periodical, a Monthly furnished at $2 a year, lie before us, and are in all respects worthy of their parentage. The work is edited by Professors Stebbins and Folsom, and J. E. Church, with the special assistance of Professors Millard, Hosmer, and Chadwick, and I. N. Walter, A. A. Livermore, A. Craig, A. H. Conant, and E. Edmunds. It is designed especially for western circulation; but, as graduates of the Meadville School are often sought as ministers of New England churches, so, we have no doubt, this fresh and vigorous journal will be read and prized in all parts of the country.

The editors say: "The Christian Connection have long felt the need of such an organ, in which they can discuss the great doctrines and duties of Christianity from their point of view, at greater length and with more thoroughness than they can do in a religious newspaper. The Unitarians, of the West especially, also need some publication which shall be issued in the West, and partake of a liberal spirit. To meet these wants, this periodical is started. It will discuss all subjects of practical piety and Christian doctrine in a free, yet courteous manner, so that the spirit in which its articles are written shall edify the reader, if its doctrines should not all of them win the assent of the understanding."

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## CHRISTIANITY A MESSAGE OF PARDON.

The meaning of Christianity is to be gathered from the Scriptures, in the best use of our minds, and under the guidance of our religious and moral nature. A pious experience, the feeling of an earnest and good heart, must interpret the mysteries that baffle the cold critic. It must be clearly understood, that the gospel deals primarily and specially with sin, with wrong-doing and wrong-doers. Christ does this in an altogether peculiar and striking manner. Christ does not fail to impress it upon the world's heart, that sin is a most sad and formidable reality. He says to every man, "Thou art not right before God or men, or thine own best and highest soul; between thee and Heaven there is a long and dreary and it may be ever-increasing interval, — a great gulf which somehow must be painfully bridged over." Though the holy Christ had uttered no word, his very presence would have roused into life the world's conscience. Purer than the sun in the heavens, he went out amongst men, at once a wonder and a reproach; human enough to show what humanity ought to be. His life was a plea that the world should repent in sackcloth and ashes. Some little shade of sadness must have stolen over even the most hardened, as that bright form passed, as the contrast between Messiah's glory and the common frailty was vividly presented. Even the possessed said, "Art thou come to torment us before our time?" Christ darkens the light in the

face of shallow complacency. He says even to the best, even to those upon whom he looks with love, "One thing thou lackest." He summons into life again dead and forgotten sins; sins regretted once, but never thoroughly repented of. They come home to the soul like the deeds of the day and hour. Hence that tone of sober earnestness which distinguishes a true Christian and a true church; a wholesome experience, in which all believers, however divided in other respects, heartily accord; the opposite of an unchristian indifference, moral flippancy, and ungrounded self-satisfaction. This spiritual and moral soberness achieved, the way is open for the Gospel Messenger.

He comes to answer two great questions: the one relates to the pardon of sin; the other to the way and means of rising above it, or expelling it from our hearts and from society. These inquiries indicate the two directions in which the gospel does its peculiar work, the two directions in which it expends its vast stores of doctrine and motive, its revelations of the world to come, its plainest precepts, and its most profound and spiritual teachings. And we are brought at once to one grand lesson of Christianity, — one distinct and direct answer to the question, "What is the gospel?" It is, we say, a Message of Divine Love, awakening penitence, and assuring the penitent of the Divine forgiveness. It is the assurance, that on the part of God there is no obstacle whatever to reconciliation. It is an authoritative, complete, and final resolution of all the inquiries, doubts, fears, perplexities, curious ceremonial devices, legal fictions, and the like, that have encompassed the subject of the forgiveness of sins. For all the great necessities and purposes of spiritual and moral life, the gospel puts this subject at rest. It neither makes light of it on the one hand, nor does it allow anxiety as to the fact of forgiveness to prey upon the energies of a life which should be given to hopeful effort. It avoids curious explanations, theories of atonement, and deals mainly in facts and assurances; and yet it offers to the soul a definite point of support, a rock higher than we of this earth, upon which to depend. To the wilful sinner it speaks no word of peace, and yet it does not demand perfection before it will administer encouragement. Three points especially deserve attention, — the importance of the Message of Pardon; the Matter of the Message; the Method of realizing the Message in faith and experience.

The Importance of the Message. The gospel does not make light of this subject. How largely it enters into the whole texture of the Christian revelation is obvious to the most hasty reader. And yet there are many who fail to give it a corresponding importance in what would pass for a Christian experience. Not a few say at once, as if there were no room for the slightest doubt, that sins are forgiven. They have meditated a little of God, our heavenly Father; but they have scarcely meditated at all of God, the righteous Judge of all the earth. They speak without much reflection of any kind, and with no deep conviction, of the offence against the Infinite Justice, with which the sinner is to be charged. Now, we must always carefully distinguish between the assurance of this kind which proceeds from a dull conscience and a careless way of treating religion, and that which is based upon a profound Christian experience, a thorough realization of the gospel-promise. Let a man feel his unworthiness, and he is not so easily satisfied that a just God can forgive him. Indeed this is a matter which has ever been fruitful in perplexities. The feeling that some kind of atonement must be made to outraged justice, sustained, if it did not originate, the sacrifices of the ancient religions, and gave meaning to the priestly office; and doubtless there is an element of unchanging truth in the sacrificial ceremonies and dogmas of the popular Christianity. There is a Christian experience in this matter, which is not to be put by as morbid. Certainly no one who is not rich in the treasures of the Christian life is entitled to make light of it. To so great a thinker as Martin Luther, a doctrine of justification, which is only another name for the forgiveness of sins, was material enough, reason enough, cause enough, to authorize a rending of the visible church, a new movement in the Christian world. The priests, with their traditions and corruptions, had obscured the truth of the Divine Love; and he was born to reproclaim it, to teach in much simplicity a lesson for the least and the greatest. There is a stage in the spiritual experience of most earnest and believing souls, when the idea of justice assumes a fearful prominence, a time when the stern reproofs of conscience seem only the forebodings of a judgment far more terrible. It is not that we question the Divine Love, that we doubt the infinite compassion of God: it is rather that we cannot be satisfied that the divine order of the universe can

be maintained in its integrity, and yet such offenders and despisers and careless ones as we go unpunished; that this is possible in the very nature of things, and therefore possible with God. It is hard to say what precise amount of real basis and sound reason there may be in this feeling: it is only certain that thus far no human experience has been more general, whether amongst Gentiles, Jews, or Christians.

The Jewish Scriptures contain, indeed, most unqualified assurances of the divine forgiveness; but the Jewish religion provided for sin-offerings; and, when the prophets speak slightingly of sacrifices, the idiom of their language forbids us to understand any thing more than the superiority of inward over outward service. The invariable choice of the phrase "reconciliation of man to God," in scriptural references to the forgiveness of sin, seems to indicate that the difficulty lies in our spiritual condition, in our dull and darkened and perverted souls, and must certainly be regarded as very significant. But we need not with our present purpose enter into any of the intricacies of this vexed question; a matter about which Christians, even those commonly esteemed most evangelical, are much at variance. What is chiefly to be dwelt upon is this, that the gospel, without attempting to analyze this feeling, to account for, explain, or in any way philosophize about it, does recognize its existence, does make distinct and full provision for it, does treat it as a subject of importance.

II. And now we come to the second point, — the Matter of the Gospel Message. Christ the Son and representative of God, who was without sin, and therefore free from its confusing, blinding influence; its conqueror, and therefore able to mark the limits of its evil power, gives rest to the unworthy human soul. "Can the heavenly Father forgive sin?" is no longer an open question: the Saviour, Vicegerent of the Father against whom we have sinned, and sent by him upon a most gracious errand into our sinful world, has answered it. He has assured us that it is possible. He has told us through whom it is possible, by whom it shall be heartily believed, and in whom it shall be heartily realized. Allowing, as has been said, the reasonableness of the soul's anxiety, indeed increasing this anxiety by his own appeals to conscience, and by his own exhibition of an elevated standard of purity, — he assures us that through himself we

may have peace. The gospel distinctly implies and directly asserts, that Christ is our only reconciler, — that we owe forgiveness to him; and it at least intimates that there is a close connection between the forgiveness of sin and the Redeemer's cross. Such an intimation is contained in the Master's words, "This is my blood of the new covenant, shed for many for the remission of sins;" words of which he voluntarily made choice. It ensures thus a high appreciation of the gift, and a grateful regard for the Giver, through whom it was conveyed from the Source of all good; the blessed Sufferer, who was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, despising the shame, and not shrinking from the agony, that he might become the author of eternal life unto as many as should believe on him. It gives us for our simple confession, "We are saved through our dying Lord;" a broad statement to which Christians of every name may assent; a statement which indeed stops short of minute detail, but this because it is neither necessary nor possible that we should know as much of what God has done for us, as we would and may know about our own duty. "If," says Bishop Butler, "the Scripture has, as surely it has, left this matter of the satisfaction of Christ mysterious, — left somewhat in it unrevealed, all conjectures about it must be, if not evidently absurd, yet at least uncertain." Christ is the Saviour of all who, in penitence and trust and holy effort, receive the gospel. They may still suffer many natural consequences of former sins; they may still be the subjects of a fatherly discipline: but they shall feel that the great God in heaven is their friend; they shall worship him in joy and love, and not in trembling; they shall be re-assured by the knowledge of his merciful regard, by the voice which says,

> "Do as the Heavens have done: forget your evil;
> With them forgive yourself."

III. But now comes the question, "How shall this Message be realized in our faith and experience?" It may be thought strange that it should be necessary to make a point of this kind. "How readest thou?" would seem to be the only needful question. But what is plain upon the page of Scripture becomes obscure in human apprehension, and is not clear again until it has been translated into the language of the heart; and we have been assured by this inward oracle, whose are the promises, and who are

gainers by the coming of Christ. It is certain, that even amongst Christians, there has been the greatest perplexity with reference to this subject. For centuries the whole church apparently receded from the Christian to the older views of religion: Christians sought peace and the favor of Heaven through a multitude of ceremonial observances, by mortifications of the body, by pilgrimages, fast-days, offerings at the altars of saints, founding churches and monasteries, by what were called good works. It was against this fatal *renaissance* of Judaism and Paganism that Luther uttered his indignant protest, reproclaiming the grace of God through Christ, and teaching the utter insufficiency of ceremonial works for assuring peace of heart. Strange that many who "swear by" him should have come to insist upon the meritoriousness of the work of believing in definitions and propositions, with as much pertinacity as ever Romanist clung to penance and fast. Strange that so many of his followers would obscure what he so longed to put beyond all doubt or perplexity, and make the safety of a human soul depend upon the nice wording of a sentence.

But the question recurs, "How shall the message be realized?" And we must reply at first negatively — 1. A mere assurance of the Divine love, a mere telling the soul that God forgives sins, is not sufficient to the emergency. Experience shows that this is so. The fearful heart cannot credit the message, cannot accept it as intended to meet its own peculiar case. No matter though you reiterate and reiterate it: there is no ear to hear, no mind to understand, no spirit to respond, nothing for the good word to lay hold upon. We may wonder at this; but, nevertheless, the fact stands. "No man can come unto me, except he be drawn of God."— 2. It is to be noticed, on the other hand, that arguments will not relieve this dreary incredulity, these terrible misgivings; arguments will not make the matter one whit more plain, but will rather obscure it more and more, and for the very simple reason that we have only human relations, necessities, rules, and practices to reason from; and these can be no measures of Divine principles and methods. The law of the forgiveness of sins transcends the sphere of our limited intelligence, and the endless disputations concerning it have for this reason yielded no satisfactory result, and the perplexed heart can hardly wait until some theory of atonement has been generally decided upon.

Christ does not come into the world, like the theologians, reasoning with us about a "plan of salvation." He does not seek to give us peace by one or another scheme of atonement. He does not "reason high of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate." Pious Christians, whose hearts are full of sweet Christian peace, whose souls do indeed rejoice in the Lord, and wait quietly for the fulfilment of his word, sometimes feel bound to argue for and explain the hope that is in them; but for the most part their arguments are not so real as their faith. They have indeed received from Christ an *unspeakable* gift. It was not essential to their peace that they should understand the heavenly dealing, as well as share the benefit thereof. They must not confound the essential experience with the unessential and it may be erroneous theory.

3. And yet again it is to be noted, that satisfaction as to this pressing want is not to be obtained by a merely outward assent and adherence to the gospel as one's religion and dependence, as an authoritative discharge from any further anxiety, a conclusion of the whole matter entirely aside from any faith or feeling on our part. There are too many Christians who simply take up with the gospel in this way, satisfy themselves as to its reasonableness and historical validity, and, calling this faith, try to think that it will ensure the favor of Heaven, by placing them as it were in the right line, by connecting them with the elect family. Very much the same opinion was entertained by the Jews, in their reliance upon their descent from Abraham, as if they had in this a passport into paradise. St. Paul's method with this and all kindred fancies is the conclusive one. Does any reliance of this sort really commend itself by the results, the fruits, and actual experiences of your soul? Have any really earnest, living, open, tender hearts found peace in this way? Does this kind of intellectual and outward faith still your soul's questionings? Does it enable you to feel that your sins are forgiven? Does it shed abroad in your hearts the spirit of adoption, by which we say Our Father, and feel that God is our Father; and that we can receive punishment at his hands, and yet know that we are still his children, and on our way to dwell for ever in his home? It is not enough to say to a troubled heart, "Be not anxious: Christ has made all right; they who believe on him are safe." Presently you find the heart still unsatisfied, and asking

what it is to believe on Christ, and how we are to know that we really believe on him, in love and from the heart.

Thus, then, does the matter stand. The message of pardon is plainly written: it arrests the inquirer's attention, and commends itself to his mind, as the fair, honest, and striking sense of the great words of Scripture. But, as has been seen, a mere reading, or a mere discussion, or a mere assent, will not attach these assurances to us; will not give them to us as realities, or translate them into experiences. And how is this to be reached? We can only answer, It is the result of Christian growth. Peace and quietness are the fruits of an earnest reception of Christianity. No matter how, no matter why, this is one of the blessed effects which the whole influence of the gospel causes. Hearing the gospel does not produce this effect. Accepting the gospel does not produce this effect. But so soon as you enter into its spirit, strive to live it out, take it home to your heart, open your whole soul to the whole power that goes out from Christ, it begins to be clear, and grows clearer and clearer, that forgiveness is possible; you see that it is so; you know that it is so; you no longer argue about it; your doubts vanish; it is as if the mind of Christ were within you, and you saw with his mind's eye; as if the heart of Christ were within you, and you believed with his heart's unhesitating assurance. This is an experience which springs up in the heart simultaneously with the awakening of a genuine Christian life; and, as this life matures, this experience becomes more and more established, is placed more and more beyond the reach of misgivings, becomes an habitual belief. This assurance of the Divine love is eminently and peculiarly Christian; and the more we are Christian in every sense of the word, the more nearly we approach Christ, the more directly and fully his influence is exerted upon us, the stronger becomes this assurance. You may fall to reasoning about the subject; you may try to make the Scripture promises more real by arguing for their fitness and the like, and you will not feel one whit more confident, but, on the contrary, will be the more perplexed; for, as has been said, you have not all the facts in the case to reason from; you are on the earth, and that mystery of the blending of Divine justice and love is garnered in the heavens. This assurance of forgiveness is a new Christian apprehension of the Father's mercy. It is wrought in us by the Holy Spirit.

It is a truth which is to be spiritually discerned; which can neither be argued into a man, nor argued out of him; a truth which the eye of the soul must see, just as the eye of the body beholds the sun. Argument is as much out of place in the one case as in the other. He who has had occasion to urge this assurance of Divine mercy upon a doubtful soul has learned how little arguments advance this purpose, and that it can be experienced only where there is a measure of the same spirit that was in Christ; and that it grows stronger and stronger, as this spirit strengthens, and gives its tone to the mind and heart. It is a religious and moral experience, not a logical inference. It expresses itself, not in dogmas, but in psalms of deliverance. It depends upon the openness and tenderness and wealth of the heart, not upon the clearness of the understanding. The cross, which reminds us at once of our great need of forgiveness, and of the unstinted unfaltering love that supplies our need, does its great work, not through the dry reasonings of theologians about it, but through the affections which it enkindles in the common heart. The Catholic missionary, with the crucifix in his hand, earnestly and eloquently describing the sufferings of the blessed Lord, will win converts a hundred to one before the reasoning Protestant with his "Plan of Salvation." "Her sins, which were many, are forgiven her, because she loved much." Only they who love can safely be forgiven, will not prove undeserving of forgiveness, will persevere to the very end, and will not pervert their sense of the Divine goodness into an excuse for continuing in sin.

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## A FEW THOUGHTS UPON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

We are so familiar with the gospel-narratives, that at times we are apt to forget, or to pass by unheeded, the singular beauty and wonderful magnificence of some of the scenes therein recorded, — of which none is more remarkable than the subject of this essay. A cursory survey of this miraculous phenomenon might lead us to reject its acceptance as a grave fact, and to recognize it as an historical inaccuracy, or a mental delusion on

the part of the disciples. But the more it is studied and examined, the more it seems (that is, to our spiritual vision) to form a part of the beautiful mosaic of gospel-history. It is but a single exhibition of that supernatural element which displays itself, here and there, throughout the whole Christian system. That element displayed itself wherever, whenever, and in whatever way, it was most needed. He who reduces Christianity to a purely rationalistic system, and seeks to measure the wonderful ways of Jesus by any analogy in human experience, will find this supernatural scene upon the Mount as one of the first branches to prune away from this historic trunk. But some who accept the supernatural element in Christianity, at the same time reject the transfiguration as conflicting with the laws of their supernatural theory. The facts of Christianity rest, for the most part, upon an historical basis; and the error is in establishing a supernatural *theory*, whereby to measure the facts thus authenticated. But let this pass. To explain the Transfiguration as a natural phenomenon would surround it with a greater amount of improbabilities than could possibly be raised in accepting the event as supernatural. One point of criticism has been raised with reference to this outward, glorified appearance of Jesus. It is said that this would tend to keep alive those sensuous ideas that already existed in the minds of the disciples concerning the nature of Christ's kingdom. Outward brilliancy was what they desired, and hoped for. They were struggling for seats of honor upon the right hand and upon the left of the royal throne. This brilliant display would seem to encourage this hope; and Christ's reign would open thus with external splendor and glory. Yea, his shining robes would seem to kindle the notion afresh concerning those royal vestments, so acceptable to the Jewish mind. But, if all this be a true objection, will it not prove too much? Does it not strike at the root of Christ's whole method of teaching? Will it not lead us to cavil about and reject his parables, most of his illustrations, and his similitudes? Christ clothed some of his profoundest thoughts in that high-wrought, Oriental imagery, that gave them an earthly significance (so says the record) to the mind of the disciples. The kingdom of heaven was represented, at times, as a great feast, a banquet, where all should sit down, and enjoy what seemed to be the luxuries of life.

These illustrations accorded with the feelings and hopes of the Jews concerning the earthly, princely reign of Jesus. And I am not surprised that the disciples did not comprehend the nature of that reign, — which, in all their simplicity and sincerity, they did not; for, even when Jesus was about leaving the earth, his followers earnestly asked, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore to us the kingdom?" Jesus often spoke of a kingdom to be established, and he himself was to rule triumphant. He rode through the streets of Jerusalem, submitting to this ostentation and display. His pathway was covered with the robes of the multitude, and boughs of trees; and, while the air was rent with loud hosannas, and the Saviour was being greeted by waving palms, he said to his disciples, "Tell ye the daughters of Jerusalem, Behold, the king cometh." Nay, more, after he had declared that the "Son of man" should come in his glory, surrounded by the heavenly hosts, and he should sit upon the throne of his glory, he farther adds, — "And I tell you, of a truth, there be some standing here who shall not taste of death until they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." Now, I would ask if Christ's external splendor upon the Mount was not far from being a contradiction, and if it did not harmonize well with Christ's general method of foreshadowing the future manifestations of his spiritual glory. His personal appearance here was in keeping, we contend, with his symbolic method of teaching. The disciples did not, and Christ undoubtedly knew that they would not, at that time, comprehend the true significance of his illustrations. The kingdom was not to be restored then, nor in that way in which the disciples hoped and labored for. But, after the resurrection, when their moral natures had become wholly and divinely illuminated, then they reached the spiritual realities which Christ's illustrations embodied; then they brought out, from beneath the figures and the similitudes of the gospel, the true significance of the Christ and his kingdom. Thus, amid the dark and sombre shades of midnight, before these three disciples, — the enthusiastic Peter, the practical James, and the loving John, — Christ was transfigured, — was arrayed in heavenly glory; giving to the fleshy lenses of these men an external sign of his Messiahship. And it had its effect upon the mind of these disciples. They felt more firmly convinced than before, that Jesus would realize their expectations. Say what we may con-

cerning this singular method which Christ thus pursued in the establishment of his truth, we shall find that this accommodation to many of the prejudices and hopes of the Jews, as well as this absence of a more thorough explanation of his mission, was what kept his followers around him, and was the most effectual way of eventually reaching their hearts and their affections.

Without entering into a critical exposition of the central purpose of this miracle, we will pass on to an examination simply of the second point that has been raised, in attributing all that appears supernatural to a mental delusion in the minds of the disciples, growing out of their pre-existing exultant hopes. We deny that, just previous to this scene, such hopes existed; and that the ground assumed is gratuitous. A fair inference from the facts presented would be an opposite psychological state. Their hopes were drooping, and needed for their revivification such an external phenomenon as this miracle presents.

The ministry of Christ was drawing to a close. The garden, the judgment-hall, and the cross, were a few steps beyond. And, while Jesus thus received words of comfort from these divine messengers, in their "pavilion of clouds," concerning his decease at Jerusalem, and his translation into a more glorified state, this personal acquiescence of the Jewish lawgiver in the progress and completion of the new dispensation, and the recognition, by the anointed prophet, of the fulfilment of the Messianic hope, — all served as a grand event, too, in the lives of the disciples, and bound them more firmly to their Master's cause. But a week previous to this event, Jesus had spoken plainly concerning his ignominious death at Jerusalem. This staggered them in their faith; for, if Jesus was mortal, then must they look farther for the realization of their Messianic hope. Jesus also had recently uttered things, during his course of teaching, that seemed to clash with the declarations of Moses and the prophets. They had said, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" but Christ had said, "Love your enemies." In short, the Redeemer had sounded the trumpet of peace, while the Jewish heart was panting for war. And I do not understand how those minds, fevered with such prejudices and filled with such hopes, after the last solemn declaration that he should go to Jerusalem to be crucified and slain, could have remained with Christ longer, without some such striking manifestation of glory as encircled the Mount. We

may conjecture that they followed Jesus, then, with these depressed spirits; for these antecedent facts, if they prove any thing, would furnish ground for the support of this hypothesis which we are now presenting, rather than the reverse, ingeniously argued by one of the most spiritual theologians of our times. The last tie that bound the disciples to their Master was nearly severed. They were mistaken in their expectations. They were weary of the life they had long been pursuing, and now sighed for their homes upon the lake, — for their lowly occupation with the net and the fishing-boat. Imbued with such feelings, was not the Transfiguration scene singularly adapted to meet their states of mind? Would it not serve to revive their hopes, and rekindle the wasting fires in their hearts? This could not have been a brilliant mental delusion; for the minds of the disciples, as facts show, could not have been predisposed to such a gorgeous development. They might previously have felt doubts concerning the propriety of following Jesus longer. In doing so, they might dishonor Moses and the prophets; but not so now. The cloud had passed away. All doubt was removed; for the great Lawgiver and the Prophet had both appeared, and shown their sympathy with Jesus. They might now follow the Master with confidence and hope. And, to make their way more sure and clear, a voice broke through the midnight stillness, saying, — "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." How the holy vision of that night must have lived and been treasured in their memories! These faithful men had now seen the wise man of ancient times, — the great leader under the old dispensation, — the well-beloved of the Jewish race. They had seen, too, Elijah the prophet, God's anointed. Yea, their eyes were blest upon that solitary hill, when the hum of daily service had ceased, and the busy world had sunk to rest, by the sight of these heavenly witnesses, whose names were sacred treasures upon the pages of Holy Writ. The blessed scenes of that hour were not forgotten. They found their way out upon parchment. They have been read from generation to generation; and fathers, throughout ages yet to come, will repeat to their children, and to their children's children, the simple and the instructive lesson of that eventful night.

Perhaps the arguments thus presented amount to but little as positive and satisfactory expositions of this singular phenomenon; yet to us they seem more conclusive, to say the least, than those

which reduce the whole miracle to the principles of mere naturalism. No acute mental subtlety has for us drained the supernatural life from this event. It has a solid historic basis as it stands in the records; and why not accept it, with all its symbolic teachings, without resorting to such theories as do violence to the language of the text, — to the laws of psychology, and even common sense? The mind, in its healthiest state, is not dissatisfied with the mysterious, that connects itself with the objects of its religious faith. It craves mystery, — lives and breathes in it. And the mind that is ever striving to reduce the superhuman in Christianity to the range of human analytics is only inventing hypotheses that will bear the soul away from the real strength of the Scriptures, which is their supernatural power and life.

J. F. B.

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## ZWINGLI'S CATHEDRAL AT ZURICH.

An American traveller in Switzerland, in the year 1848, spent a sabbath in the old city of Zurich. Called by the bells to worship, he went to Zwingli's Cathedral, the very church in which the great Reformer preached, more than three hundred years ago; and he informs us, that neither the edifice, nor the service performed in it, has been much changed in all this time. There is no ornament, nor show, nor comeliness, — hardly convenience. Church and preacher, and service and people, stand forth in stern, rigid simplicity. Life amidst those mountains does not change. Should Zwingli return to his old church, it might seem strange to him that three centuries and twelve generations have passed over the scene of his labors since he fell on that fatal 5th October, 1531, bearing the banner of his canton, and contending for the faith that was dearer to him than life. No doubt it would please his honest heart to see the walls of his old church as naked as they were in the day when he caused every picture and image of saint or Virgin Mary, or even of the Saviour, to be removed; and, instead of the altar, a simple pulpit to be erected, from which the holy word might be read to gathered worshippers. Zwingli was a great and good man, a thorough reformer, a

moral hero, a saint, — equally faithful, more clear-sighted and better-tempered than Luther, who has enjoyed a wider renown.

To understand the Reformation, one should go from Rome, — from St. Peter's, — to that old church of Zwingli. Go and look upon the pompous magnificence, upon the imposing array of pictures and images, upon the gorgeous ritual of sights and sounds, upon the multitude of reverend officials, who carry religion upon their backs, to be seen of men; pass through the routine of festivals and holy days, by which the church stoops from its dignity to pander to the ignorance and vulgar tastes of the rabble multitude; and then go to Zurich, and join the children of the Reformation. Go with them to Zwingli's church, and you will enjoy its very nakedness. You will respect its uncompromising simplicity. You will rejoice in its stern, grim protest. The bare stone-wall, the plain unsurpliced minister, the rough music of men who sing to worship God, each and all will seem eloquent in remonstrance against the artistic formalism and sensuous corruption of Rome. That naked plainness and stern simplicity, the absence of beauty and magnificence, has a mighty meaning. Luther was willing to retain something of the show of Romanism: Zwingli would have none of it. He believed that the kingdom of God must be in the soul; and we doubt not that there was more of it in that plain church at Zurich than there was in all the splendid parade of St. Peter's.

And now, taking ecclesiastical history in our hands, we go back to the primitive churches of the first, second, and third centuries; and we find them all like the church at Zurich in stern protest against outward shows and imposing parades. The early Christians at first worshipped in rooms of private houses. As their numbers increased, and they were permitted to hold their services publicly, they erected church edifices; but they adhered to the greatest plainness and simplicity. Rules were made, and orders passed, against the adornment of churches, until the latter part of the third century. Painting and statuary were positively excluded. It was insisted that the followers of him who took upon himself the form of a servant, and had not where to lay his head, should not seek to adorn their churches with outward beauty. Those early Christians had something worse than the Roman hierarchy to excite antagonism in their bosoms. Everywhere in their midst stood the temples of idolatry, covered and

filled with the beauties of art. Harmony of proportion, exquisiteness of finish, pictures, and images, were enlisted to attract the multitude. The early Christians were jealous of all such appliances. They feared an outward show that might lead to forgetfulness of the inner life.

Eusebius, the father of Christian church history, says that heathens were the first to make pictures and images of Christ, Peter, and Paul, whom they looked upon as benefactors of mankind; and that gradually Christians lost their dread of heathenism, and fell into its modes, and called in the arts to make their churches as imposing and attractive as the heathen temples. But, for more than two centuries, all was plain simplicity. Every house of Christian worship, like Zwingli's church, was a protest against show and formalism, a proclamation of the great truth that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

From those early times, coming down with the current of events, we pass the era of Zwingli and Luther struggling for the recovery of the primitive simplicity; and about 1650, a century after the great light of the Zurich church had set, we come upon events in England that arrest our attention. In a quiet and retired street of a populous town, there rises a building of singular appearance. It is plainness itself. It has no spire, nor tower, nor turret; no ornamented cornice, no groined arches, no paint within or without. It is a rectangular box, with a steep roof upon it, with windows to admit light, and doors to admit people; and with plain, hard seats, all upon a level, for their poor accommodation. It is a meeting-house for worship. And the services are as remarkable as the house. There is no artistic chant, with pealing tones of organ-melody; no pulpit, no visible altar, no priest robed for liturgical service. A number of people sit upon those plain benches, each one engrossed by the musings of his own heart. They follow an inward light. In silence they hear an unseen teacher. They believe that God accepts a prayerful heart, though no words be uttered by the lips; and, if any one speaks, it is because he believes that the spirit moves him; and, at length, they depart in silence, just as they came.

It was, indeed, a remarkable manifestation. The world has seen few more significant. And would you know out of what it grew? Go, study the history of the Protestant English Church

from the time of Henry VIII., for one hundred years. Consider the absurdity of a church built upon an earthly throne, — the arrogant assumption of an ambitious priesthood, — the costly extravagance of a hierarchy, that was a mill-stone about the necks of the people; observe how spirituality had died out into heartless formalism, and how thoughts and pride of the outward temple of those mediæval cathedrals, and their imposing services, had made men forgetful of souls within them; and you will be at no loss to determine why it was that the Friends built their plain meeting-house, and, in stern simplicity, worshipped God, without a bishop, a priesthood, or a liturgy. Those Quaker meeting-houses, as they were called in derision, and that Quaker primness and silence, all had much meaning. They, too, were a protest. Look at what they protested; and was not the protest in season? They were a proclamation that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

All these repeated instances of remonstance, and other instances that might be mentioned, show, as plainly as any thing can, how strong is the inclination to make religion an outside show. A few in every age have striven for simplicity, for the inner life; but the many have insisted upon divesting the lowly Nazarene of his plain attire, and arraying him in gorgeous robes, and the æsthetic graces of prevailing fashion. And now, looking back upon those protests, what shall we say of them? They are worthy of our respect and veneration. What honest Protestant would not go a long pilgrimage to see that church of Zwingli, and worship with those who still live in the old Reformer's remonstrance against the corruptions of Rome? And who of us does not sympathize with George Fox and William Penn in their earnest, and not always very gentle, warfare against the formalism of their day? But, as might be expected, in all those struggles of primitive Christians against heathen ostentation, — of the Reformers against Papal outsidedness, — of the Quakers and Puritans against a Reform Church that was not reformed, — there was extreme action. In the heat of honest zeal, they went too far.

Though the Romish Church did array itself in gold and scarlet, and cover its territories with shows of religion, Zwingli need not, and should not, have made his church an incommodious, naked, grim pile of stone, and his service an exercise of intellect and conscience hard and stern, unrelieved by imagination and

affections; and, though the English Church had indeed become an insufferable imposition, the Quakers, remembering that in this world the soul must have a body to dwell in, should not have rejected all form and outward rites. But it does not become us to sit in judgment upon the errors of Reformers, but for whom we should have received for religion nothing but an empty gilded casket. Look back, and consider the circumstances under which showy formalism has been resisted, and we shall not wonder that true men, in their honest zeal, have been borne into extremes.

Made wiser by this retrospect, let us now turn to the present, and attempt to foretell the future. Have we committed the lesson to heart, that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation? Have we learned to be content with a religion that quietly makes its home in the heart? or must there be more protests, before men will accept Jesus and his religion as spirit and life? Our country was settled chiefly by those who had contended strenuously against showy formalism. Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, Huguenots, and the churches of Christ in this country, have approached nearer to the primitive simplicity in church edifices, modes, and forms, than has been done in any other country. Nowhere else has the truth been so generally accepted, that the kingdom of God is within us. Think of the examples that have been before us. Showy formalism ought never to get a foothold upon this continent.. The memory of the New England pilgrims, of Roger Williams, of Mrs. Hutchinson, of William Penn, should for ever withhold us from making religion an exhibition, a pageant.

But it must be confessed there is a tendency in our midst to show, to forms and ceremonies. Perhaps it is a re-action from the extremes of Protestantism, aided by a very large infusion of Romish and Pusey influences. For some cause, Christians in this country are making great efforts to clothe religion in a more imposing array. Witness the struggle, in all large towns and cities, to erect expensive and showy churches; in some instances encountering embarrassments that lead to dishonesty, and making the cost of religion so great that the poor can have no part or lot in the matter, except it be to occupy a pauper's seat. Then, in the decoration of churches and in the style of church music, what a change has come over us within the last fifty years! Some seem to have forgotten that worship is a spiritual exercise; that

the essence of prayer is in the heart; and they must have their form and book as the Romanist has his beads in hand; while he looks at the movements of the officiating priest. It cannot be denied, the demand is for showy churches, for theatrical music, for imposing forms, by postures and utterances, for æsthetic preaching. Is the kingdom of God, then, coming with observation? Do we, — the children of Puritans and Quakers, — do we, after all, expect to serve God by gratifying our senses of sight and hearing, — by pleasing our imagination and taste? No, not while we remember the simplicity of Jesus Christ, and the struggles of a martyr-host, who have died protesting against ostentatious formalism. But what, then? Shall we do as did Zwingli, worship God within naked stone-walls, with service anti-sensuous and sternly reasonable? or, like the early Quakers, and some of the Puritans, shall we banish comfort, as well as ornament, from our churches? Shall we attempt to take hold of religion, and have it without rites and forms? Let us avoid both extremes. Man has a body and senses, taste and imagination; and, when he goes to church to worship God, he must take them all with him, and it is well that they should not be incommoded. A church should be made comfortable and pleasant; nay, more, it should be in harmony with a pure, simple taste; and so of all religious service. Nothing should jar the spirit, or offend refined sensibility. I should be rejoiced to see our churches devout mementoes of the history of Christ, in painting or statuary; but in all this there is danger, and perhaps the experience of Christendom should make us jealous of all approaches to a religion of show. By all means, let us cherish these great central ideas, that the kingdom is first to come in our hearts; that true worship is in the soul. The church is nothing, the form nothing, words nothing, posture nothing, only as they help to fill the soul with adoration.

What sight more sad than to behold the comfortable citizen bestow his body upon the cushions of his slip, and complacently look around upon an elegant church which he has helped to build, and be gratified with tasteful preaching, and enjoy fine music, and please himself with the thought that he is doing religion, becoming a member of that kingdom which cometh not with observation! Better for him, it would have been, to have met with Zwingli in his naked walls, or with George Fox in his

prim meeting-house, where no influences would have come through sense to lead away the soul, cheated with the charm of show.

When shall we apprehend the nature of religion? — when cease to be deluded with mere husks and shells? When shall we go through the form to the essence, — through the letter to spirit and life, — and take the meaning of that sublime declaration, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"?

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## THE THREE SPINNERS.

THERE was once a woman who lived in a little cottage, and she had three daughters. They were poor, and could hardly get enough, let them do what they would, to keep them from starving; and, as for clothes, their rags would not cover them. They grew taller and stronger every year, and so every year they needed more to eat and more to wear; but they got along no better than before. One morning, as they were shivering in their thin garments, and longing for a full meal which they had wanted so long, they saw an old woman coming towards their hut. It was so strange to see any one coming this way (for they lived in an opening in the midst of a great wood, which they had never travelled through, it was so dark and seemed so endless), that they knew not what to say for astonishment, when she stepped in at the door, and stood looking at them. She was very old to look at; but age did not seem to have weakened her limbs at all, nor to have dimmed her eye-sight, that was as sharp and searching as an eagle's. Her features were stern; but something like a smile could be seen lurking beneath the inflexible lines of her face. She stood a moment, as if waiting to be addressed by the staring family; but, getting no salutation from any one, she turned to the woman, and said, "Daughter, do you not know me?"

"Alas! no," said the woman; "I have seen no living thing this many a year, but my daughters, and the beasts in the great wood."

"I am your mother," said the old woman: "you are my child, whom I left here to labor, and to cut a path through the great wood; but I see you have been idle,"— and she frowned,— "and now I have come to live with you and assist you." "O mother!" said the woman, "if you are my mother, — for I never saw her, — we are poor: we can hardly live from one day to another, and how can we support you? We shall all perish." "Fear not, weak child!" said the other; "I am old, but I can work, and so can you. Come, let us go out now, and set your garden in order; for I see it is all grown to weeds, and covered with rubbish." The woman obeyed; for she was afraid to disobey the stern old dame, and her daughters went with her.

The old woman seemed to possess magical power; for, when she touched a weed, though it were ever so large, it instantly withered, and soon a flower or some useful plant was growing in its place; and the flowers were the more numerous. With the help of the people of the hut, she soon brought the neglected garden into order, and made it look quite beautiful. There was such a variety of flowers in it; and the birds, who had been gone away so long, came back, and made the whole place ring with their music. "Now," said the old woman, when they were back in the cottage again, "have you any flax, daughter? These children must be clothed, and they are old enough to spin; so I will set them about it." "I have no wheel, mother; and, if I had, I have no flax; for my last thread was used to hold together these rags we wear. Remember, mother, we are poor."

"Remember, child, you are idle!" cried the old woman angrily; "but I will make you work. No wheel? and no flax? I have some flax, and perhaps I can make some shift for a distaff, if not for a wheel." So saying, she left the hut, and soon returned, bringing with her a great bunch of flax, and a nice wheel. "This is for you," said she to the eldest daughter. "Spin it, and I will show you how to make clothes of it." Again she went out, and brought in another wheel and another bunch of flax. "These are for you, child," said she to the second daughter. And again she went out, and brought in a wheel and a bunch of flax for the youngest child.

"Spin this, children; and do not leave work till you have spun it all," said she, shaking her finger with a menace; "for I punish all idle children." With this she left the room, and

went with her daughter to another part of the valley, to work with her there.

The daughters all began to spin, and they spun well at first; for the stern look and sharp tone of the grandmother had frightened them; and, besides, they wanted new clothes. But soon the eldest one's wheel began to slacken its speed, and her spindle filled up slower. She was tall and handsome, and somewhat proud withal; and her sisters had always been greatly governed by her, which made her still prouder.

"I am tired of this everlasting spinning," said she. "Any one so pretty as I ought to have fine clothes, without working so hard for them. Here, sister,"— to the youngest, — "take my flax and spin it, — will you? You can do it better than I, and I will always love you for it." "I will spin it with all my heart," said the youngest; "but what will our grandmother say? She spoke very sternly, and she has been kind to us." "What difference will it make to her," said the eldest, "if it is all spun? and, besides, she is not here now. Do you spin it; and I will go out into the garden, and play with the birds and flowers." So she gave her flax to her sister, and went out into the garden; and there, instead of spinning, she took off her wheel for a hoop, and, using her wheel-boy for a hoop-stick, she raced up and down the garden-walks, driving hoop. And, when she was tired, she sat down on her wheel-frame, and pulled flowers in pieces, and finally fell asleep.

The two sisters went on quietly with their spinning, after she was gone; and, though the younger's bunch of flax was very large, she was not discouraged, but spun briskly, and sung to the music of her wheel. But her other sister now began to be tired too, though she did not say so. She moved her wheel to the door, and looked wistfully at the games of her sister in the garden, but still she kept spinning. At last she said, "Sister, I am tired of being shut up in this little dirty room. I will take my wheel, and go out under the shade of the great tree in the garden, and spin there, where I can see the flowers and hear the birds sing, and enjoy myself in the fresh air. If I must work, I will make it as pleasant as I can." "Remember what our grandmother said," replied the youngest: "I am afraid she will be angry with my sister in the garden there; for she is very strict."

"If I spin my flax," said the other, "what is the odds where I spin it? My grandmother will never care for that."

So she took her wheel, and went out, and left her sister alone in the hut.

This youngest daughter was not so pretty as her sisters. She was brown and plain-featured; but she had an expression of goodness in her face, that the others lacked; and now, as she spun busily at her great pile of flax, she seemed to grow more beautiful.

In a little while, her sister, who was spinning in the garden, came in with a good part of her unspun flax in her hand.

"It seems to me," said she, "that my bunch was the biggest of the three; and I have brought some of it in to you, that we may be even." "But I have our sister's to spin now," said the youngest.

"The more fool you for taking it," said the other. "Let the idle girl spin her own flax, and do you help me with mine."

So the young sister took her flax, thinking it was better perhaps to work than to be idle; and the other went out to her wheel again. But she did not spin long before she felt weary of it; and she began to chase butterflies, and pick the flowers in the garden. Then her sister woke up, and soon they began to quarrel about some little matter; and, before they could get pacified, they had broken each other's spinning-wheels.

All this time the youngest child had been spinning busily; and though she felt sad to think how much she had to do, yet she kept up a cheerful heart: for she said, "If I spin well, the keen-eyed old grandmother will smile on me, and I shall have new clothes; and perhaps she will take me through the great wood, so that I can see what is in it, and also what there is beyond it." Then she forgot her sorrow, and spun as gaily as ever.

By and by, the grandmother came back to the cottage: then came a sad time for the two idlers. In vain they pleaded that they were tired, — that their sister was spinning their flax; and the oldest was even so foolish as to make her beauty an excuse for her idleness. "You shall be punished!" said the old dame: "no excuse will serve; you have been wilfully idle; and, as for your beauty, foolish girl! you have it not."

Then, taking them to the room where their sister was at work, she let them see to their surprise, that all their beauty had gone

from them to their homely sister, whose face — now as she drew her last thread — looked like the face of an angel.

"You," said she to the two older sisters, "shall live in misery and rags, till you have spun double your appointed portion on this;" and she gave them a mean distaff.

"And you, dear child, shall go through the great wood with me."

Reader! if we call the woman of the cottage, Nature; her mother, Necessity; and the three children, the race of men, we may learn at least this from the story, — Never to take off our spinning-wheels for playthings. F.

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## THE SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

This is the day of God!
But one more morning bell to hear
And then a silence far and near,
And I alone on the plain so broad.

I pray on bended knee,
Oh, mystic breathing! blissful awe!
As if a host ne'er mortal saw
Were kneeling at prayer with me.

The heaven, far away
And near, broad, clear, and holy,
Seems as 'twere opening slowly:
This is God's holiday!

# GOD'S CARE IN OUR DISCIPLINE.

A SERMON BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

PREACHED SEPT. 19, 1852.

PSALM CXXXIX. 5: "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me."

AN intelligent persuasion of the presence of God, as it is undoubtedly the most comprehensive single fact in the religious consciousness, is also the primary object held in view throughout the religious education of our race. So manifold and practical are the inferences involved in that one conviction, — that God is for ever near, and so simple is the process of deduction by which those inferences unroll themselves; so clear is it, for example, that, if we truly believe "God besets us behind and before," we must also admit the implied truths of his infinitude, his almightiness, his mercy, and his judgment, till the vast duties also, correlative with those truths, repentance, obedience, trust, gratitude, and supplication, loom distinctly out on our sky, overarching us with their spiritual splendor, and enveloping us in an atmosphere of responsibility, — that, in fact, it would seem as if the work of conversion were done, when you have once lodged that rudimental faith in the heart.

A surprising contrast obtains between the efficiency of this conviction in one man and in another, according to the vividness given it by an habitual recurrence of the mind to it, in connection with the common experience of life. The intimate correspondence that is kept up, as you know, between thought and feeling, or attention to a thing and realization of it, makes the energy of our religious belief depend on the frequency with which we bring it into play. Commanders honor their favorite officers by assigning to them exposed posts in the field, and showing them at salient points of the action. It would be strange, indeed, if our faith in the divine Justice made any considerable figure among our characteristics, or advanced to any signal rank, so long as we keep it hanging obscurely on the outskirts of our daily encounter with the world. The way to promote it is to fetch it into the engagement. So much so that it seems as if men did not so much differ from one another, as being more and less skeptical, or more and less believing, as in being more and less apt to put what they

see and what they believe together. With some persons you have known, the familiar objects of sight and handling seem to be symbols of moral ideas; all the furniture of being has become an apparatus of spiritual expression; the very tools of a handicraft, a language of instruction; the news of the day's events, sensible preaching; and creation, an organ sounding with anthems of infinite varieties of praise. Biblical precepts, with such persons, take new enforcements from way-side incidents. Voices out of eternity have gone into brief strokes that measure off our little periods of time; and, because the outward eye is open, the God who hides himself in mystery has his image reflected in the lights and clouds of our planet's weather, besets them behind and before in the storms and serenities of its shallow air. I say this *seems* so; and therefore it is so; for, in the region of moral impression, it is philosophically accurate to say things are what they appear. Our Father does not tantalize us with mockeries of evidence. Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for. Such persons, in the vitalities of their religious confidence, do occupy another world than their sensual companions. The morning calls them into a nobler heritage; for they look out on a God-inhabited universe. Mountains, that are walls of a remorseless prison to the atheist, are friendly arms of comfort to them; their clothing, pictures of a divine beauty; and their upheaved pillars, treasuries whence help cometh from the Lord, who is round about his people. Follow the steps back by which they have come to this assurance, and you will see that it has been by no mere belief lying inoperative in the corners of the brain, for that the worldling had as well; but by familiarizing the facts that faith revealed; by bidding attention memorialize the heart, habit discipline the imagination, and use enliven the emotions; in short, by making their practice a counterpart of God's dealing, and, even as he besets us behind and before, by looking reverently out fore and after, for his tokens.

We cannot look for them in too many directions, nor too often. No line of causes, no group of phenomena, no order of occurrences, is too common-place to stand forth as a minister of the divine Nearness. Any array of these that may bring human thought and the eternal laws into closer contact, or put our spirits and God's into a more familiar intercourse, is an honored instrument in that great apostleship. When I call up, for distinct

contemplation, the scene that has been presented to the eye of the sun during the summer now just closing, on the surface of this single country, it looks all vital with witnesses to the truth of the text, — a spectacle informed with the visible intentions of Providence, and most expressive of that mutual relation of creature and Creator, declared in the psalmist's awe-struck cry, "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me."

Suppose yourself lifted up a little, not indeed to the supernal height from which the tenant of another world might be supposed to look down on our motions, but to some watch-tower, exalted enough to command the features of the continent, a silence above the chatter of the marching multitudes, a calm above their passions; what would the scene be? Saying nothing of the ordinary activities of enterprise, and the accustomed mixture of tragical ingredients in so large a caldron of national and private life, you would see the land astir with travel, its hills covered with migrating bands moving from city to country, and from country back to city; its territory laced over with the thronged thoroughfares, where thousands hasten, ceaseless as the hours, crossing and recrossing each other's tracks in the mazes of this continental dance; valleys resounding with the gayety of recreating toil and the laughter of prosperity, or with the steps of sober yet easier-breathing disease, growing elastic with the vigor of old woods; its sea-shores belted and paced by long regiments of careless sentinels, watching the sea, itself scarcely more changeful than the ebb and flow of coming and retiring crowds; and its lakes and rivers, spotted everywhere with barges of animated freights. In the first glimpse of this wide theatre, where it is impossible to pick out of the confusion the tangled traces of private aims, all seems to be one mass of objectless and unmeaning excitement. But if you could lengthen your gaze, and only ascend a little towards that altitude of intelligence whence God looks down on men, would not all presently begin to resolve itself into a circle of sublime and simple discipline; through the apparent disorder, running a clear, supreme design; over all these noisy paths, presiding a few plain retributive laws; and, amidst all the hurrying host from side to side, a present, directing, controlling God, shaping his ineffable result, pursuing his blessed purpose, moulding his wonderful Future; besetting behind and before every single life there, and laying his hand on every separate head?

The disclosure supposed is but a faint likeness of the reality. If to any of us it seems imaginary, it is only because so many of our moods are skeptical, and more prompt to snatch a pleasure than to confess an obligation. We grow obedient only to that rule of spiritual blindness I have stated; having neglected to look for God's presence so long, that we fail to behold him where he appears. Let me follow the combined guidance of the text and the season, therefore, into a threefold representation of God's intimacy and attendance with the soul.

I. He besets us, first, with helps, laying a demand on gratitude. There are some sins so charged with shame, that nature has doubled her precautions at the threshold of them, appending the disgrace of meanness to the ugliness of guilt; and of these unthankfulness is one. But, with characteristic pity, the Father, who would not that one immortal light should be quenched, has multiplied the motives against that offence in proportion to its infamy. No sign of his fatherhood is more affecting than the absolute persistency with which his mercy makes it unnatural for man to be forgetful of him. What climax of benignity more complete than this, that the heavenly gifts should be so constant that their very frequency should become the proverbial occasion of their going unnoticed? And what perverseness of ingratitude more consummate than this, that the greatness of a gift should provoke indifference to it? Not "behind" only, or with dark calamities urging us up by force, but from "before" also, and far oftener, by animating attractions, does God "beset" us.

Take with you the fact of utter dependence, which makes every possession, from the body's breath up to the mind's loftiest thought and the heart's dearest friendship, a gratuity, and then go into an estimate of the divine benefactions. How vivid and literal the representation that they *beset* you! It would seem as if God had constructed the whole scheme of our history with reference to this single problem, — how to crowd into our lot the greatest possible number of occasions for mercy. Turn as you will, a mercy meets you. If you move forward on the plane of a customary welfare, mercies are your home-scenery. If crosses stretch their arms across the way, they are never more than enough for a sober foreground to contrast the infinite field of mercies encircling them. If you purpose well, God's spirit

inspired the resolve; and if ill, before temptation has conquered, some pleading proof of divine compassion throws itself, like an angel, on your path, to hold you back; or, if you have yielded, then it is mercy still, in another shape, that calls after you, and, fulfilling the gracious office Paul states so well, "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Looking into yourself, a weak and weary soul confesses its upholder; abroad, the world becomes a whispering-gallery, echoing one name; into the heavens, a face, never averted, answers your own; into the gospel, all its lessons have one text, "God so loved the world that he gave his Son." When David had exclaimed, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," the resolve that followed instantly was, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever;" by which I understand him to affirm that nothing should break his near communion with the God that thus "besets him behind and before."

I said God meant these mercies to be lessons to our virtue. That is their spiritual office. It is for character's sake that he besets us with them, — to make our recoil from impurity more energetic, and our righteousness more complete. It is not that he looks complacently on any mere beastly or babyish happiness in us. For its own sake, no large soul ever cares much for comfort: to be larger, and ever larger, and holier still, is its greater hunger. Happiness is nothing but the favoring atmosphere of the soul, where the Maker intends some fruits of charity to ripen. Mercy is but a minister to perfection. Whenever that, its appointed function, fails, and we abuse it for a selfish or slothful enjoyment, it must alternate with some sterner, sadder discipline.

Take the illustration already put before you. If any of you have returned from travels, bringing no better hearts than you took out, no deeper self-dedication to duty, no earnest desire to make your renewed strength the servant of a holier will, — then must you not be haunted by a certain guilty and cowardly sense of having taken without gratitude, and been faithlessly merry? Invigorated health, — what is it for, but a braver conflict with evil? Preservation from the accidents of floods and the miasma of fields, — what does it point to, but a heartier devotion of the life so saved to the highest ends of life? Visions of beauty, — why were they unveiled from a thousand alcoves, but to make a

selfish traffic and a corrupt temper more hateful by contrast? Why did all the rural spaces open hospitable arms, but to breathe a fresher purity into every family's house? That very perfection of mechanical skill; the scientific wonder of so many contrivances of motion; civilizing roads; bonds of common feeling; humanizing intermixtures; nationalizing post-routes; time-keeping engine wheels; exact arrivals and departures, — these are all but so many limbs and levers in a grand providential mechanism for the better discipline of our public and private life. What they ask is a Christian reflection, a moral mastery, a religious gratitude. If we are not better men and women for them, we are worse; accelerated in bad courses, holding in our hands the implements of a more gigantic mischief, the warrant of a sadder social decline. They set before us the tremendous problem of keeping science subordinate to conscience, — of so consecrating the forces invention has called into being, that they shall not work our estrangement from God. Every righteous day's work is an accepted contribution to the right deciding of that question of our welfare.

II. In the second place, God besets us with restraints and discomfitures. Not that these, too, are not mercies: they are mercies of another countenance, harder to be recognized as such, but rewarding patience by richer blessings. We ought not to place them in opposition to the *helps* just mentioned; for in proportion as we gain deeper knowledge, and view things from nearer God's centre, we find these are only a new form of spiritual helpers, and challenging our gratitude as much as any. So that, since a fresh grief is a fresh sign that God still thinks us worth purifying and saving, a real believer is allowed to construe even an affliction into an encouragement, and feel stimulated when he is bereaved. But, in their first effects, troubles wear an aspect so different from comforts, that mortal shortsightedness cannot help calling them by a different name. The alternation of sharper discipline must come. "Behind," now, in terror and grief and violence, God besets us. But it is the same God. For chastening, the laying on of his hand is; by painful limitations of all our human watchfulness and strength, he makes himself felt to be near. Beyond doubt, did our own waywardness offer no resistance to his laws, making this altered compassion necessary, the wisdom of his love would appoint over us

none but gentle educators. As it is, folly must be met by sorrow, and its discipline must act through general laws, — of health, safety, and life. General, and yet particular: for while the processes of nature are uniform, requiring disorder as a consequence of causes whose nature is to produce disorder; sickness, of lawless living; accident, of careless moving, as pain of a bruise, or burning of fire; yet no thoughtful sufferer will fail to see also that the personal effect is designed for his personal correction; nor do I believe it possible for any mourner, rightly humbled by his loss, and standing in a wholesome posture of the soul before the Almighty, ever to affirm that his anguish is greater than his unworthiness deserved; because holiness, like its Fountain, is infinite, and no man has enough of it for merit to claim any thing by. And so, when some subtle tendency to an unhealthy moral habit is forming within you, God applies some moral medicine. But he administers it often through your outward organization; some stricken member weeping, and all the members weeping with it. If self-will or irreligion is creeping in, and enfeebling the sober sanctity of your household Christianity, grief presently comes in to restore a purer condition, and often cannot complete the cure of faith, without bearing an inmate away. What image can the Father show us of his concern, more endearing than this, — bending down over the scene of every private agony, or frightful public disaster, tenderly, entreatingly, reluctantly, — *so* besetting us, and laying his hand upon us? There is a passage, full of meaning, in one of the prophets, where, in pictures of God's loving-kindnesses, he is represented as "afflicted in all the afflictions of his people;" a glimpse into his personal sympathizing, truer to fact, I suspect, than any of our poor speculations on his impassibleness. The power of the divine *drawing near* in Christ, the endearment of the incarnation, lies much in this sad pity with which the Redeemer looks on the necessity of our retributive sufferings, — a necessity created by ourselves. That he should enter into this dark lot of our humanity, bearing its burdens without partaking in its sins, so as finally to lift us above it, is the unspeakable depth of his reconciling ministry.

You will not understand me as implying, that the individual sufferers by one of those horrible catastrophes that have made our summer so memorable, — disasters that have three times caused

the whole joyous travelling season to hold its breath with fear; dark spots of smoke, and wild confusion, and dying tortures, standing out on the bright scene around them; sharp shrieks of sudden agony breaking the wide peace, and to us, beholding from a distance, making the general security more signal; — you will not suppose I imply, that the individuals overwhelmed in these destructions are to be held personally accountable, or that they encountered a direct retribution there, or that the occurrences can be styled, in the usual sense, providential. Whatever interested courts and a weak judiciary may do, the jury of public opinion has not rendered too strict a verdict against the few responsible agents of a solemn trust, whose habitual contempt of all right, and defiance of all nature, have now convicted them as criminals. Those passengers only participated in this wrong, who perished in the water for want of the simple personal preservatives which the shops of every port supply, and which no one, undertaking the risks of a water-passage, is at moral liberty to leave behind him: they did participate in it. But what I am here concerned to maintain is, that there also God did prove his immediate, immanent presence; revealing himself to the nation; admonishing the people; using the wicked recklessness of a few owners and officers to rebuke the wickedness of the many. It is more than the boldest materialist will dare to deny, that there are grasping, hurrying, self-seeking traits among us, needing so terrible a check. It is more than the most confident national boaster can pretend, that our impassioned blood does not deserve a probe; more than the cunningest defender of the times can show, that precisely these forms of reproof were not the best adapted to our depravity. Yes, here again, God besets us behind and before, and lays his merciful hand upon us. You will not expect him, departing from all his methods, to single out the guiltiest men, and, by some strange, anomalous collecting of them, blast them alone. Social offences are doomed to social penalties. See to it, that in your personal renewal, by a sobered self-control, by a crucified love of gain, and by subduing the lusts of the flesh to the rule of the Spirit, you receive your share in the warning, and return your portion of the mended practice it commands.

Thus, to simple gratitude for evident favor, must be added reverence for the mercy that is veiled in judgments. We are to fear

the God that limits and restrains and punishes, as well as to love the same God when he takes us out and in in safety. The true interpretation of Bible and Providence together brings us to acknowledge, with equal submission, the God that besets us in shelter and exposure; the hand laying on us encouragement or a cross. It is this union of thankfulness and awe that composes a Christian faith.

III. There is another class of divine visitations, — those where the Spirit besets us with precepts. Helps and restraints, joys and griefs, still leave a need of positive instructions. And therefore, running through all the web of our human experience, we find continual disclosures of what God would have us do. In one infinite voice, issuing from Nazareth and resounding through the world, he has informed us how he wishes us to live. But echoes and applications of that sublime command, he has strewed along all our familiar walk. Every item in that experience is a preceptor. Our positions in society are school-forms, where we are set down to study. Our business is a tuition; our use of our eyes, a pupilage. Each ended day is enjoined to lay up some piece of religious wisdom for the next.

Fidelity is the corresponding obligation. We are taught, that we may execute; scholars, that we may learn to be actors; hearers of the heavenly word, that we may be doers of it. Avenging laws impend over our heads. Faithless, we must be scourged. Every so-called accident is an argument for thorough work in the least thing. The mechanic that left a flaw in the steam-box of the "Reindeer;" the helmsman that tried to gain ten minutes by running across the "Atlantic's" bows; the engine-master that heated the planks of the "Henry Clay," — God forgive their souls, but make them examples of warning, also, to every laborer, at every task! So framed together is our social system, that our acts run out into one another's safety, bind our fortunes in one bundle, and reach into infinite and everlasting results. Down on every workman looks a reckoning Lord. The muscles of every arm are charged with the common hopes and reliances of the race. Into all the strokes of hammer or pen shoot the majestic impulses of free-will. If we are ever to get dominion over nature, it is by obeying her God. And that we may obey him more perfectly, how does he beset us by his practical, reaffirmed commandments!

Gratitude, submission, fidelity; God impelling, restraining, instructing us: — the threefold impression of the season; the threefold doctrine of the text. To perfect us personally, you and me, in these graces, God lays his hand on us personally, on you and on me. What he is asking of us this hour is, that the summer be not so ended, and the harvest past, that we be not saved. There are vile souls that have gone up and down the land, tasting greedily at this great festival of beauty, snatching a selfish rest, returning now to apply their recruited energy only to a more besotted servitude to mammon, or to a looser abandonment to fashion. What shall it profit them in the night when their souls shall be required? There are those that have laid in larger stocks of hope for humanity; cheerful confidence in truth; principles of uprightness not to be swayed by an opportunity; a charity thirsting more keenly to bless the wretched; a piety more anxious for unbroken fellowship with Jesus Christ. Of which company are we?

A part of my theme reminds me, there are others passed over from the short journey they had planned for business or a pastime, into the longer one whereby God has led them into immortality. But an aspiring life, wherever it is finished, can have no other than a noble finishing. You all know how a personal knowledge of some one victim of a distressing misfortune renders the whole scene vivid, and quickens the sympathies; and some of you will remember a young man, whose ardent nature and impatient wish to be serving in his spiritual office, even before its ceremonial vows were laid upon him, used, not long ago, to walk over, on Sundays, from the place of his studies at the neighboring university, to take part in the instruction of our Sunday-school. Receiving, last July, the credentials of an honorable preparation, he became a minister of Christ. He preached few sermons; and two weeks ago this Sunday morning, on the shore of the Hudson, from the bed where the scalded flesh was getting free from his calm spirit, was preached his last and best one. I was not surprised to hear that Augustus Whipple died composedly. Lives that hope most and promise most are often most cheerfully laid down. The same faith that fills the heart with energy and radiance in this life yields a welcoming look to the one that expects us. The best qualified to live are readiest to die; for both lives are one. Trusting amply in God, these contented

souls know how well his infinitude can spare them from any given post; how little peace depends on a body, or joy on old environments of circumstance. They go on, over the mysterious bound, without fear, to meet a friendly God.

Brethren, none but a sound and holy heart is safe to carry anywhere, — from State to State, from day to day, in these short pilgrimages, where so many perils lie, or from world to world. It is for us to let ourselves be so moulded, under the Hand that is laid upon us in discipline now, that we may feel it touch us with a benediction hereafter.

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## AMONG THE HILLS.

VERMONT, of all the States most rightly named, seems very picturesque to one who knows so little of different scenery as I do. Where I have been, a level acre of land is a rarity; and a road which does not suggest the idea of breaking one's neck, a far greater one. The massive hills, crowned with fine forest-trees, with the fresh green of their rounded sides, varied by the rich color of grain, are very beautiful. And the deep valleys between them, with brooks that seem at times to be rivers; and occasionally a little wild glen, contrasting finely with the peaceful air of the whole, are very pleasant resting-places for the eye and heart. There is such a charm, too, in living (for a little while) four or five miles from the railroad, and half that distance from the post-office; where the nearest neighbor down the road is half-a-mile from you! Leave the old farm-house some bright summer's afternoon, and in "five minutes' walk" you will lose yourself among trees so tall and thick, that you can imagine any distance between yourself and a human dwelling. Scramble down the steep hill they cover, and your "toil of pleasure" shall be rewarded by walking *in* the brook, — if rain is not the fashion, — watching the fishes, and conversing with the birds; or you may "sing psalms" with them, out of a merry heart, as St. James advises.

It is a new pleasure, in this age of books, to go sometimes into a house where there are fewer rivals of the Bible, and it will not seem so strange a thing to read it openly. The holy words sound so differently when they chime in with all the harmony of Nature; the eye, in its quick journey up the "everlasting hills," carries the heart higher yet, so easily; under the cloudless heavens it seems so wonderful a privilege to commune with Him in whose sight *they* are not clean.

T.

## CHRIST AND THE SOUL.

THERE standeth a child at his mother's knee,
And he looketh up to her trustfully:
Her finger is laid on the Holy Word,
And her voice is low, for her heart is stirred.
She telleth her child of the sacred, the true,
And he drinketh the lesson, as flowers drink dew;
Beneath her mild teaching his young soul groweth,
For his *mother* is all of God he knoweth!

Yet is she only a woman, weak,—
Scarce skilled in the truth herself would speak:
Faint may her vision be, scant and dim,
Of the glory she seeks to unfold for him;
Not far in the future may lie an hour
When he shall arise, in the spirit's power,
And stand, like Moses, meek, unshod,
In the living presence of his God!

Yet leave him now at his mother's knee;
Let him look to her still, all trustingly:
That loving look, and that accent mild,
Are the ways *God* taketh to teach the child;
And who shall dare whisper, at such a shrine,
A word that would make it seem less divine?
Let him list to her voice as an angel-tone,
And the world may, in after-years, thrill to his own!

In as lowly trust, and dependence sweet,
Sits he, in manhood, at Jesus' feet:
Chide not his faith, nor disturb his prayer,
For his only hope of heaven is there;
Turn him not back to his own dim soul,
Where the waters of chaos and darkness roll,—
It heeds not the Spirit that moves thereon,
Till the Word is given, and light is born!

Depths in the Infinite there may be,
Heaven hath revealed not, nor man may see;
Yet God in the face of his Christ did shine,
And the life on earth was the life divine!
That image of him which appeared below
Was all of the Father his child may know,
Till the hour when the Word shall anew be given,
Coming in glory, in clouds of heaven!

A. D. T. W.

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## THE WANTS OF OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

THERE are few persons who have been engaged for any length of time as teachers in our sabbath-schools, who have not had the question forced upon their minds, either through their own feelings of personal discouragement, or through the observation of facts too clear and prominent to escape notice, "Are our schools doing all the good they might and ought? Are they the efficient means they should be for training youthful spirits for immortality and heaven? Are they, under God, agencies for the regeneration of souls, for leading young hearts to Christ, as the only sufficient, the divinely appointed, Saviour and Mediator?"

We would yield to none in fully and freely recognizing the good that has been accomplished; in acknowledging, too, the quickening and holy influences that ever re-act on the teacher's own soul, where the duty of instruction is undertaken with any vital feeling of its solemn and deep importance. We feel that much, very much, has been done, — that many have been rescued from lives of vice and ignominy, through the word spoken in season by some friendly voice, or have been deterred from open crime in after-life through the upspringing of some latent seed, sown, perchance, in weakness and discouragement, but which has been eventually blessed to the salvation of the soul. How many hearts, too, have been led to a deeper faith, a purer love, a more spiritual walk and life, through the simple words, spoken from week to week by some faithful teacher, often unconscious how deeply his own spirit was impressing the youthful mind, apparently so thoughtless and unconcerned.

Yet, fully and freely acknowledging the good, we would ask the simple question, Are our schools all that they ought to be? Indulging in no vain dreams of mere Utopian goodness, are they, according to our light and opportunity, fulfilling their appointed end?

Personally connected with a school, whose well-earned reputation places it among the first of our denomination, which bears on its undying records the names and impress of spirits which belong not to any one church or place, but which are truly to be numbered as "fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God," we yet feel, from several years of experience and from direct personal observation, that there are vital defects among us which must be remedied, wants which must be faithfully met, ere they become the agencies they should be in the moral regeneration of the individual soul and of the world.

And, among these defects, we would first speak of the want of a true and living spirit of earnestness on the part of many teachers, — of an entire, whole-souled, hearty consecration to their work. Too much is there among us of the spirit of ease and self-indulgence, and mere religious feeling; too little of that deep love of our work which would lead us to count all things as nought, so that we might win souls to Christ. If the teacher enter upon his office simply as a matter of course, because he is anxious to follow others, or merely to pass a sabbath-hour agreeably, among five or six well-behaved, well-dressed children, making little or no preparation for his duties beforehand, and deeming those duties fulfilled when the appointed lesson is well recited, though but a portion of the time allotted to such recitations be thus occupied, — what ought we to expect? what is the necessary and real result? As we sow, so shall we reap. Indifference, or a superficial goodness, or a faith merely founded upon the intellect, and having no deep, abiding root in the soul, must be the natural consequences of such teaching. Where a teacher undertakes his responsible office, virtually expressing, in so doing, his faith in Christ as his one guide and example, and his desire so to follow his life of benevolence and self-sacrifice, as to be the means of leading young hearts to choose him as their only teacher and guide, — of bringing back the lost and wandering to look to him as their only-sufficient Saviour and Redeemer, — and yet is unwilling to take under his charge any but the well-

ressed children of the more favored classes among us, — is there ot some vital defect in his spirit, which, if he has any true self-nowledge, ought to deter him from taking such an office? Can e possess that love of souls which can alone render his teaching vailable?

We know well the discouragements attending the charge of a lass of the more ignorant and neglected children among us; but re know, too, the happiness and the good resulting from such ntercourse; and we cannot but feel, that, in most instances where o good has been effected, the want of success is to be attributed n part to the teacher, as well as to adverse home-influences. It s said that one hour's instruction cannot counterbalance the evil f the remainder of the week, — the vice and degradation to hich many are constantly exposed. True; but with many or ost of our teachers, need that one hour be all? By some little elf-denial, or a more strenuous exertion, might not those children e followed to their homes during the week, an interest taken in heir welfare, and thus the parents be led, perchance, to feel some nterest in the objects of the school? We have known instances here a teacher has had children for months under his care, who et has never seen them in their own homes; never expressed ny interest in the long sickness of a parent, brother, or sister; ever testified that in any way they were associated with other han the sabbath-hour. And we have known other teachers, ho have seen the neglect, undertake the offices of Christian harity to such children, in addition to those under their imme-iate care; speaking the kindly word of sympathy at home, and reating ties of spiritual love and gratitude, which the nominal eacher in vain could expect to form. And when such have omplained of coldness or indifference, or want of success, and ave wondered how others possessed the "tact" of interesting uch ignorant and uneducated minds, we have sometimes felt that he true cause was sought everywhere but within. The eye f the child is quick and ready to discern; and, unless there be n the teacher a true and heartfelt love, and a spirit of patient, lm perseverance in his work, in vain will it be to address o the young spirit mere words of goodness: he will see through he shallow artifice, and his own languid interest will but re-ect the teacher's spirit.

Then, again, with regard to the older and more advanced

classes, we cannot but feel that pupils often become weary of the school, and lose their interest in its exercises, chiefly through the want of faithful intellectual and spiritual preparation on the part of the teacher. In our common schools, the child is conscious, from week to week, of progression, — of finding in his teacher one able to lead him on in his inquiries, to aid him in his progress; and, unless able so to do, he is rightly regarded as unqualified for his work. But how is it in our sabbath-schools? How few are there capable of interesting their pupils after they have attained the age of fourteen or fifteen! How few teachers could pass any thorough examination in the higher branches of religious teaching, — in the evidences of Christianity, the exposition of doctrines, the history of the Christian church, or even of the plain, critical expositions of the Gospels, and the proofs of their genuineness and authenticity!

It may be said that these are but of secondary importance. Secondary, it is true, to a heart-knowledge, but the great means of establishing the heart in the faith and truth of Christ. By virtually saying, as is the case with many teachers, that a reverence for sacred things, a general feeling of the beauty of holiness, and a sort of sentimental piety, is all that is needed, without any real intellectual apprehension of the truth, founded upon close study and inquiry; without any stringent, self-sacrificing, abiding purpose of the soul, — a most grievous wrong is done to the pupil. Our work is a noble, an arduous, a Christ-like work, demanding the highest possible intellectual and spiritual culture in the individual. The teacher stands between the child and the world. By entering voluntarily upon his office, he expresses the desire to lead that child to God, to Christ, and to heaven. Is it, then, to be lightly regarded? Should not the hour passed from sabbath to sabbath in these duties be ever preceded by earnest study, and by spiritual communion with God and with Christ, — not a mere formal act of prayer, but such an earnest, whole-souled, heart-lifting of the whole spirit, that its holy influence shall pervade the manner, reveal itself in the very countenance, and breathe its loving spirit over the whole intercourse of the week?

We repeat, we need more educated teachers, — educated in the highest sense of the word. If, year by year, children are receiving higher means of intellectual culture in our common schools,

so must there be a corresponding growth in the spiritual culture of our Sunday-schools, if we would render them also efficient means of usefulness. Teachers must progress as well as children; there must be a more stringent intellectual force, and a more vital religious feeling, ere we shall see the good accomplished, which the increased number of such institutions among us authorize us to hope and desire. Let us have more of the apostolic zeal and earnestness, more of the life of Christ, in our midst. Let there be more of an entire, earnest self-consecration, and no longer will the waste places of our domestic heathendom mourn; no longer will there be such ignorance and vice as now exists, beneath the very shadow of our churches and our homes; but a new and holier influence will go forth from our midst, and the holy spirit of the Redeemer will be felt as a living, quickening presence, to animate us in duty, and ever to sustain us by his sure promise of aid and blessing from the Father. For to whom is the gift of the Spirit imparted? Not to the worldly, the fashionable, the indifferent, the cold and distant follower of the Redeemer, but to him who hungers and thirsts for righteousness; to him who desires and asks.

But there is another defect to which we would now advert, and which seems to us a most radical and vital one. We refer to the manner in which Christ is presented to the mind of the child. He is taught to look upon this pure and holy being as one whose example he is to imitate, whose teachings he is to obey, whose benevolent and loving life he is to follow in his walk among men, — in a word, as his Teacher and Guide alone; but the idea of Christ as his Saviour, the knowledge of the weakness and sin of his own heart, and of his individual need of regeneration and salvation, and hope of happiness through the mediation of Christ alone, — these are views by many wholly excluded in the religious instruction of the young.

The solemn words of Christ with regard to the resurrection of the evil as well as the good, his representations of the suffering of the impenitent, and of the ruin and loss of the soul, save through humble penitence and a living faith in him, — such instructions as these are too often left in the background; while representations of God's mercy, and of the greatness and dignity of human nature, are regarded as alone sufficient for the regeneration of the soul. But, in such teachings, is not a grievous

wrong done to the mind of the child? Are we not substituting a superficial, sentimental piety, for the brave, whole-souled, hearty consecration of the whole spirit? Were the teacher aware of the doubt and mental trials he is preparing for his pupil in after-years, if he be one of any brightness of intellect, or quickness of moral perceptions, by such partial representations of the truths of the gospel, we believe that, if unaccustomed to mental research or studious inquiry, he would pause and ponder, and consider with earnest thought the truth of his teachings in their whole bearing, ere writing them out in ineffaceable lines on the susceptible heart of childhood.

From early years a member of one of our best sabbath-schools, we would yet gladly save others from the doubt and the trial which the influence of such partial views have had upon our own minds, from the sense of the insufficiency of the past, and the consciousness of inward want and failure, when the soul first awoke to a more vital sense of its need of a Saviour, — of its intimate relation to a divinely appointed Mediator and Redeemer.

And such views we do need to have more strongly set forth in all our schools. A grievous wrong has been done in thus separating the Father from the Son; in regarding Christ simply as an inspired teacher, a holy guide, instead of looking to him as the very manifestation of God, — as the living Saviour, through whom alone we have access to the Father. The child should be led to see the Father in the Son; to learn that we can know God as a personal Deity only through him who declares himself the Resurrection and the Life, — Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God; the only name under heaven, given among men, whereby we can he saved.

We have recently spoken of our religious wants as a denomination; * but where do these wants originate? Must there not be some defect in the early training of the young, both at home and at school, to produce such manifestations in after-life? Would we have our churches aroused from their deadness and indifference, and a more vital, living power at work among us, must not such a spirit be first infused into our schools and in the instructions of home? Must not the young be led to a holier self-consecration; to a deeper sense of the vital importance of religious truth; to a quickening consciousness of the worth of

* In the June number of the Monthly.

the soul, — if we would have them in after-years living pillars of the church of Christ? Must they not be led to accept of Jesus as their Saviour in early youth, if in maturer years the soul would lay its purest offering of consecration and gratitude on the sacred altar of commemoration?

We need among us less of that easy, pleasant, sentimental teaching, that speaks only of the beauty of the flowers, and the glory and happiness of the outward creation, and more of the stringent, earnest, faithful representations of the truths of the gospel, as inculcated by the apostles of old; of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We need to have truths presented honestly and fairly; to have sin of whatever form be called sin in all its native deformity and evil; to have the inevitable suffering and punishment of sin solemnly and faithfully set forth; and the hope of pardon brought home to the soul, as dependent on the free mercy of God revealed in Christ, as the only Saviour of man. We need to have the necessity of the new birth, — of the conversion and regeneration of the soul from sin to holiness, taught as an essential truth of the gospel to every individual, and not to let the abundant goodness and mercy of God be so abused as to leave out of sight his equally divine attributes of holiness and justice; but, through the clear, full representations of these, to have the soul led to him, through Christ, as the Saviour who can redeem it from the power of sin; as the Saviour who gives the assurance of future happiness and eternal life to the regenerate spirit, as indeed the very gift of God.

Let the teacher ask himself, Have I indeed consecrated myself to this work? and is my daily life such as will convince others of the reality of the truths I teach? Do I take the world or Christ for my standard of duty? Have I ever faithfully examined the reasons for the truths I now teach? Have I merely accepted them from others, or are they the result of earnest thought and inquiry, and the diligent, prayerful study of the word of God?

If not, pause, we beseech you, and wrong no longer your own spirit, or the spirits of others, by such superficial teaching. Be more true to your high calling. Be spiritually in earnest. Feel that the well-being of immortal souls depends upon your faithfulness or neglect. And oh! forget not, that through your simple

words of truth, faithfully uttered; through your life of consecration; through your fervent prayers of intercession in their behalf, — you may be the means of saving souls from the power of sin and of death, and of leading them to Christ and to heaven.

And may we not hope that with more of this living spirit among our teachers, with the earnest, faithful inculcation of these great truths of the gospel, a new life may be infused into our midst; that coldness and indifference may be rebuked; and the living spirit of the Saviour himself be felt throughout our schools, and pervading and sanctifying the church of Christ?

God grant that his Holy Spirit may indeed be poured forth and rest upon us, through the Redeemer, until we all become rooted and built up in him, as living branches of the one true vine!

E. M. N.

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## LETTER.

Dear Friends, — In my last letter I suggested that injustice was done to those parents who adopted mild and conciliatory ways of securing the ultimate obedience of their children. In this letter I wish to set forth a similar grievance in regard to housekeeping. There are some old and experienced housekeepers who cannot tolerate in others the least slackness or negligence. I say nothing against the importance of thoroughness, neatness, and order. I say nothing against the pleasures of seeing things carefully preserved, and kept from one generation to another. "To have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;" to be saving and prudent; to have a well-considered system about every thing we do, is all very well; indispensable, indeed, to a *perfect* accomplishment of business. We might, with sincerity, speak with unqualified admiration of these traits in housekeeping; and nothing was ever written or said about them in too high terms of praise. But what we protest against is, that those who are so happy, either by natural endowments, or by a judicious training from childhood, or by both, as to possess these inestimable traits of a good housekeeper, should carp against those who are their superiors in every thing but in the art of housekeeping. One would think that these unfortunate slack housekeepers had cer-

tainly committed the unpardonable sin, to hear these critics sigh and scold about them.

So odious and contemptible, or so pitiable, are these delinquents, in the eyes of their judges, that they might have ever so many redeeming points about them, all to no purpose. The great characteristic, the prominent thing about them, is, that they are wasteful housekeepers. They may possess genius for poetry or philosophy; they may possess the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, said to be of great price in the estimation of God; they may have gifts for teaching and winning the young; they may have health, intelligence, and purity, so that they enjoy almost a heaven below, and yet it is all of no use; — their parlor table is not dusted every morning, and they do not count their silver spoons every night.

Let us see in which family more real, substantial comfort is enjoyed; — in the family where the taste for intellectual and spiritual enjoyment has been formed, and where it is every day gratified, and where hearts are knit together by the ties of tender affection, and where bad housekeeping, either from ignorance or some other cause, is the chief sin, — or in the family where good housekeeping is the chief excellence, and where there has been no love of books cultivated, no good fellowship or refined society promoted, and where there is no particular self-control or spiritual communings.

Of course, we admit that there is no necessary conflict between good housekeeping and cultivated manners; but, seeing that they do not always go together, and seeing that there are families that pride themselves on their superiority as housekeepers, who are undoubtedly deficient in spiritual culture, it is a perfectly fair question to ask, whether they have not left undone things infinitely more important than keeping pots and kettles clean, and never allowing the parlor to be cluttered with baby's playthings. We ask for nothing but simple justice. We offer no apology for negligence in any shape. We pray that all ignorance and all unfaithfulness may be removed. But it is altogether short-sighted and small-hearted for people to despise or to fret about those who are not so nice in their housekeeping as they are. Instead of worrying about the delinquency of others in this respect, they would do much better to look at home, and see how naked and destitute their souls are of resources of enjoyment, as

soon as the house is all cleaned, and the excitement of getting dinner and washing the dishes is all over. It would be better for them to realize how little they have either in their minds or their hearts to make conversation about, except what they never can enjoy in the spirit-land. Speak to such people about the landscape or the flowers; about the politics of our country or the principles of Christian faith; ask them about the last meeting of the scientific, or temperance, or educational convention, — and they exhibit no interest in such intangible subjects. Ask them to visit the exhibition of a common school or of a university, and they tell us their tastes do not lie in that direction; that they never read or reflect; that they never go into the society of learned people. And yet these are the self-constituted judges, whose hearts are pained, and whose lives are shortened, because such and such a family live in so much dirt and confusion. am reminded of a visit at an asylum for the unfortunate, where one incompos pointed her finger at another, and said, "They are laughing at you, you fool you!" To be sober about it, no misfortunes ought to be sneered at. It is unfortunate not to succeed in housekeeping; it is still more unfortunate to be captious and irritable and intolerant and uneducated. But let us all be friends, and not set up to be judges or critics. Let us all think less of our abilities than of our foibles. Happy is he who has cast the beam out of his own eye, before he undertakes to pick the mote out of his brother's eye.

We are always to take it for granted that other people live as nearly up to what is required of them by an all-wise and all-discerning God, as we do to what is required of us. We have different gifts and different opportunities; and let us always leave it to God alone to decide which family or individual, all things considered, deserves more credit than others. Let us not make ourselves so unhappy about others, when we have so much to do to correct our own faults. R.

## THE STARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

FULL often in the middle night,
When I my work have done,
And in the house nobody wakes,
The stars I gaze upon.

They wander, scattered here and there,
Like lambs upon the plain;
In clusters, too, and strung along
As pearls are on a chain.

And all are sparkling far and wide,
And sparkling pure and fair;
I look, and cannot look enough,
At the great glory there.

Then, underneath the heaven's tent,
Low speaks my heart to me, —
"There's something better in the world
Than all its grief and glee."

And on my bed I throw me down,
And long I lie awake,
With seeking for it in my thought,
And yearning for its sake.

F.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

*Kossuth in New England.* — John P. Jewett & Co. have issued an octavo volume of 343 pages, including all the important speeches of the eloquent Hungarian, from the time of his arrival in New England till his final departure from the country. This firm seem to understand how to meet the demands of popular feeling. They have here given the public a permanent and handsome record of the oratorical triumphs of the man who is, in some respects, the

most marvellous speaker of the modern ages. The frontispiece is an admirable, engraved, full-length likeness of the orator. It renews one's regret that he did not, while in America, adopt the dress of the people.

*Memoir of George Dana Boardman.* By Rev. ALONZO KING. Published by Gould & Lincoln. — The great moral and dramatic interest of the life of this devoted missionary to Burmah is here enhanced by an extended introduction from the pen of Rev. W. R. Williams, of New York, whose learning, genius, and piety are brought to adorn a worthy subject.

*Romance of American History.* — Gould & Lincoln continue this series of instructive and entertaining works for the young, by Rev. JOSEPH BANVARD. The present volume relates to early events connected with the French settlement at Fort Carolina, the Spanish colony at St. Augustine, and the English plantation at Jamestown. We can testify that one boy finds a daily excitement in Mr. Banvard's stories.

*Questions on the Gospels.* — Crosby, Nichols, & Co. publish a new Sabbath-school Manual under this title, prepared by a teacher whose experience, thoughtfulness, culture, and earnest faith, we know qualify her pre-eminently for this kind of authorship. These Questions take up the contents of the four Gospels, and present them lucidly to the pupil's mind, recommending them at the same time to the heart. There is other valuable information in an Appendix, and a map of Palestine at the beginning.

*The Opal.* — Under proper supervision by sane and responsible persons, we can conceive the publication of a literary journal by the inmates of a Lunatic Asylum to be an innocent amusement to them, and a means of sustaining the sympathy and respect of the community towards that saddest of all classes of the diseased. We have hitherto commended the "Opal," which comes from the State Asylum at Utica. Owing to some neglect, probably, the September No. is allowed to go forth with pages that not only betray the wildest ravings of delirium, and contain the most absurd nonsense, but are stained with what, save for the pity felt for disordered minds, must be pronounced indecency and profanity.

Dr. Gilman's graceful and touching *Class Poems*, in their rare and exquisite binding, realize the image of "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

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ERRATUM. — Page 447, line fourth from the bottom, read *senses* instead of "lenses."

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## THE CHRISTIAN SECRET IN THE KEEPING OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

In our last number, a few pages were occupied with a discussion of the internal or experimental evidence for the heavenly origin of the gospel. It will be found in practice, we are persuaded, that where the Word is traditionally held, where it is supposed to form but a meagre collection of truths, already almost known to natural religion; where it rouses no profound and hearty emotions of wonder, joy, and love, — its divine character is liable to be lost sight of. There seems to be no sufficient reason for the interposition of Deity. We find no effects which demand so stupendous a cause; and, since the voice from heaven comes only from the past, and is not heard in the living heart of to-day, we have only an opinion when we need an earnest conviction. And now we ask again, "What is this divine Christianity, this word which has been given to us from heaven?"

The discouragements that have so often attended this inquiry, in the common directions, may perhaps be turned to a good account by suggesting another direction as more likely to reward the patient and truth-loving inquirer. May it not be, that in this, as in so many other cases, we ask and receive not, "because we ask amiss"? Are not many sincere Christians, of all sects, steadily, if not rapidly, approaching the conclusion, that the conscience and the heart, the spiritual and moral nature of man, and not the

mere intellect, must write the articles of a generally satisfactory and credible and operative faith, gathering them from Scripture, and fusing them into a living whole? There is much in the history and structure and contents of revelation, much in the experience of the church, much in the best thoughts of the most earnest Christians, to encourage one in looking at Christianity, first and chiefly from the stand-point of the heart. Unquestionably, there may be a science of religion; and yet it must be preceded by an experience of religion. The Scriptures, and the nature of man, afford abundant materials for patient thought; and yet, to the merely speculative intellect, they remain profoundly mysterious; whilst plain minds, guided by warm, living hearts, find them very intelligible and significant. We shall all say that our Saviour did not speak as a philosopher to philosophers, or as a Rabbi to Rabbis, but as the Son of man, the Teacher of a practical wisdom and righteousness to men. The explanations of Christianity which the prevailing views compelled the apostles to make, have, indeed, become somewhat obscure in the lapse of time, and require for their elucidation the resources of scholarship; but, even here, scholarship is no substitute for the wisdom of an earnest moral nature. Christianity was not cradled in the University. It found no home there. Its first words were spoken to those who had little learning, or none. Its pulpits were erected in the streets; and its early disciples mainly relied upon the wisdom that is sought of God in prayer. And it has generally been found, that, when the gospel falls exclusively into the hands of scholars, and is treated as an argument, a reaction is produced, which largely consigns its ministrations to illiterate enthusiasts, until the voice of the heart has been heard, and its lessons duly regarded. In one way or another, the conventicle is sure to rise by the cathedral, the meeting-house by the church; and, if there be any thing profound in the Christian doctrine, it is more likely to find earnest and profitable acceptance with the people than with the merely scholastic.

This same lesson is taught by the fact, that, when Christians become devoted to their great profession, when they press doctrinal considerations on their practical side, when their zeal for truth is prompted and conditioned by their zeal for righteousness, their doctrinal differences drop much out of sight. Believers are very much at one about what can be felt and used, — that which

kindles the heart, and braces the sinews of the mind. Is not this, indeed, our great consolation as we look out upon a divided church of Christ? Is it not this which justifies the hope, that these divisions are of the surface, — only the forms of realities; and that they do not reach down into these great living depths, whence spring the rivers of spiritual and moral life? Some such unity there must be amongst Christians; and we should not feel that we had the gospel at all, if we were not satisfied that we hold truth, which must commend itself to the great multitude of believers, the few almost hopeless sectarians excepted. The undue influence which these few are suffered to exercise is one of the most disastrous signs of the times.

We shall not hesitate, then, to look for an explanation of Christianity, in its essential meaning, to its grand religious and moral purpose, — that purpose which includes within its sweep every human soul. This great purpose, steadily regarded and viewed in connection with all the inferences justly to be deduced from it, will supply all the essential elements of Christian truth. As we read the New Testament, it is expressed in that saying, faithful and worthy of all acceptation, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Give to the word *salvation* its largest possible meaning; understand sin in no restricted and merely theological sense; gather up its numberless varieties of signification from every quarter, from the heart of man, from the words of human lips, from the life of the world; let it include every form of transgression against God and man, and the transgressor's own soul, — and you have opened a vast domain, vast enough to include all that is really vital and usable of the great body of Christian divinity. You have, moreover, struck a vein which shall yield up its wealth alike freely to all classes of earnest laborers. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." The great fact which the gospel keeps steadily in view is this fact of man's moral life, that in every way, and to a desperate extent, he is a wrong-doer; that he is wrong within and wrong without, in the thoughts of his heart, in the course of his life, in the great world which he has created about him. Christ came into the world, not primarily and chiefly because the human mind wanted more knowledge, and he had it to impart; not to gratify even a laudable intellectual curiosity, or help forward by direct efforts the progress of mere science; but rather because man was in

moral peril, a state of moral danger, which it required no special sagacity, no learned training, to discover; a living conscience and heart sufficiently revealing the gloomy fact, and predicting the fearful consequences, and drawing the unmistakable inferences. Christianity supposes that there is a right and a wrong; that the law of God binds us to do the one, to shun the other; that we are so far able to satisfy this requisition, as to be without excuse for our neglect of it; that we have sadly neglected our duty; that in the sight of Heaven we are condemned already; that we have brought ourselves into a condition of moral weakness and disease; that we are looking back upon a gloomy past, and forward to a gloomy future, — a future of ever-increasing perils and ever-deepening shadows.

And what Christianity, looking through all its disguises straight into the heart, says of the individual, the same, with only a change of illustrations, it urges home upon the great world, numbering still the falsities, the baseness, the cruelties, the low selfishness, which give a base and almost fiendish character to so much that is done under the sun; showing how might seeks to dethrone right, and how often on the side of wicked passions and of wicked men there is power. Let such a world as ours pass before the eyes of Jesus. What is it that fixes in sadness his pure and penetrating gaze? Not chiefly the world's ignorance, not chiefly its barbarism or its poverty, not chiefly any of those evils which we feel most keenly, and most pathetically deplore. What is it that at any sacrifice he must set right; moving heaven and earth, working divine miracles, and speaking divine parables? What is it that urges him to preach his gospel concerning God and heaven and judgment and reward? It is the sin that is in the world, deeply rooted, established, as if born possessor of the soil. This cloud hides the light of the sun; a cloud resting upon all, somewhat more darkly upon one than another, yet obscuring the whole arch of heaven. "Who shall deliver us from the bondage of this death?" is the question which Christianity asks and answers. It urges no fact, it teaches no doctrine, which is not clearly and closely connected with this most pressing human necessity. For this reason it pleads for and demands belief, as the fulfilment of a moral obligation, in no wise as a mere empty assent to a probable opinion. It assumes that a healthy moral experience will supply the persuasives to an earnest Christian

faith. It is satisfied that its word must needs be spoken to the condition of every heart from which the true divine spirit, the spirit that mourns and hungers and thirsts, has not quite gone. It rejoices in a moral dogmatism as just and sublime, as its sectarian counterfeit is unfounded and petty. It exacts of all conditions and classes of men a large, and, in some points, minute faith, and yet provides no inspired interpretation of its records, because the heart which is exercised unto righteousness is ever a wise and profound interpreter. It grounds its firmly cherished hope of unity upon the fact, that God hath fashioned the hearts of all men alike. It seeks to fuse and blend the discordant elements of Christian opinion in the fervors of piety and the glow of moral feeling.

Without underrating at all the claims of religious philosophy or science, we may yet be satisfied that the gospel came first to the world, and wrought its great results, as an earnest, plain appeal to the practical, every-day mind, illumined by a living heart. Saints, holy men, not sages, were its heroes. Wiser, indeed, they were than the so-called sages, but with that wisdom which is spiritually and morally discerned. How else could the gospel have been made so widely and easily intelligible? How else could those humble men and women, with no New Testament as yet to study, with scarcely any thing written, except perhaps an epistle from the apostolic founder of their church and spiritual father of their faith, have mastered, so soon after such splendid services, the great lessons of Christianity? They had large and profound knowledge, many of these early believers; but every point of it, every article of their creed, glowed as fire in the heart. They had full and specific faith; and they gladly died for it, not from an obstinate fondness for their opinions, but because their convictions stood between their souls and spiritual death; because they were life for them and for their world, divinely provided to ward off despair, to supply strength and encouragement for the battle which no man may decline. They had entered into the feeling in which the holy Christ looked upon sin; they had learned to realize how much worse it is than bodily suffering or death, the fearful desolations which attend it in time and in eternity; and they were satisfied that the facts and assurances of the gospel, when translated into earnest experiences, are an anchor to

the soul, sure and steadfast. They spoke of believing with their hearts. In the heart there was an eloquent witness and advocate, pleading for each doctrine of life with the irresistible eloquence of life affection; calling up the memory of fears now put to rest; urging the new and strange peace, the joy unspeakable and glorious, the hope and courage, the unfeigned piety and disinterested philanthropy, all the acknowledged fruits of the great power of God, which had reached them through Christ and his apostles.

When Christians have gone farther and farther into separations; when the curious and persistent intellect has brought it to such a pass, that each man must have a religion of his own, a religion so different from that entertained by his fellows as to make all communion impossible; when every little village has its half-dozen distinct Christianities, each to a greater or less extent repelling and excluding the other; when the faith which Philip the evangelist explained in words so few, and with such a sparing use of Scripture citations, to the inquiring traveller, reading as he was driven along, has run out into endless details of new theology and old theology, interminable distinctions between pravity and *de*-pravity, natural inability and moral inability, sprinkling and immersion; when the time which belongs to the sinner, the degraded and oppressed, is spent in controversy, and the church is more than occupied with the adjustment of its own difficulties, — it is surely the day to begin, from this faithful saying, a reconstruction of the Christian edifice: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." How healthy, practical, tangible, and direct, the words are! a piece of firm ground, which has never changed its place; the steady under-current of Christian faith, which has held on its way through the ages. Let it be distinctly understood that this position is taken, not from any contempt of learning or dread of human reasonings, but from a distinct preference before them of what the Scriptures term prophecy; prophecy, that earnest, plain speech to the practical intellect and the true heart, which wins the common ear, and gives a religion to the multitude; not because we would not have the hardest sayings of the sacred oracles studied out and explained, but because, unless we comprehend that which is perfectly plain, we cannot advance to that which is more difficult. If we do not realize that Christ came to save sinners, what else can we know

and say about his coming, and his various lessons, which shall be significant?

Notwithstanding all that theologians and preachers have said about the "sinfulness of sin," the half has not yet been told concerning the inseparable connection of the gospel with the human heart and conscience; and the half has not yet been done to educate a sober, truth-loving, and earnest moral spirit. No effort, which is directed this way, can in the end be lost. The first effects may not include much that is specially Christian; they may even be antagonistic to the prevailing Christianity — they ought to be, if it has become merely a creed or a ceremony; but, in the end, the thoroughly awakened conscience and heart will cry out for the living God as Christ hath revealed him, reconciling a world unto himself, and opening paths of holiness, beautiful sun-paths, through the dark haunts of sin and misery; giving to us a Redeemer's cross and a Redeemer's kingdom. "He that is not against us is on our part," said the Saviour. Every influence which tends to deepen man's religious experience, to quicken his feeling of accountability to God, every earnest exposure of wrong-doing, every exhibition of the dreary picture of human wickedness, every peal of thunder and flash of lightning and word of command from Sinai, must help to awaken a longing for light and deliverance. Bring men to realize that what they want, most of all, is a kingdom of God in their own hearts and in this world, and they are not far from it; they must ere long realize still farther that Christ alone is empowered to establish such a kingdom. Eagerly does the gospel crave to be submitted to this practical test. Eagerly does it open its sacred books, and point to its most earnest days, and beg all men to see how faithfully it has wrought within the domain of conscience and the heart; how it has ever pleaded for righteousness and temperance; how hard it has ever been to degrade its spiritual doctrine into a mere ritual or partial creed. How foolish the common antagonism between the believer and the worker! what a fearful misapprehension does it indicate of the religion of that Master who went about doing good, and blended in his lessons the highest toned piety with the most uncompromising morality! It is only he who is eager to do the will, that has much encouragement to believe that he shall appreciate the doctrine.

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," "*of*

*whom I am chief*," wrote Paul the apostle. This is the key to the whole sentence. The apostle understood the mission of Jesus and the meaning of Christianity, through this vivid personal experience, through this exaggeration, as it would seem to many, of his own unworthiness. It was no exaggeration, no morbid feeling: it is not common for men to err on that side, to underestimate the excuses for their wrong-doing. There was one sin which seems especially to have weighed upon Paul's conscience: we mean his persecution of the church of God. To many it would have seemed venial, soon repented of and forgotten. His more faithful examination of his heart had enabled him to recognize it as the fruit of a cruel pride of opinion, a selfish preference of party to truth; he laid to his soul's charge, accordingly, not only a little excess of conservatism, but a sad want of mercy and the love of God, a dulness of spiritual and moral perception; and until men put aside excuses, and overrule indifference, and do justice to the moral power and the corresponding moral obligations of humanity; until they shall realize that what the world passes lightly over as foibles, frailties, and infelicities, are, in truth, damnable sins; until they shall understand the shame, the perils, the ruin, that cleave to, and follow hard upon, unrighteousness, — they cannot appreciate the faithful saying, or the Christianity whose chief and leading characteristic it announces.

"What is Christianity?" The cold speculations of the school, the hard and critical intellects of mere scholars, have failed to answer this question. They are utterly incapable of distinguishing essentials from non-essentials; they divide churches and multiply hostile sects; they raise more difficulties than they settle. The aid of the spiritual and moral nature must be invoked; and, in a genial Christian experience, the bewildered disciples of Jesus must find the one Lord, the one faith, the one baptism, of a heartfelt Christianity. R. E.

## THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XVIII. 15.—XIX. 30. COURTESY, SELF-CONTROL, JUST ESTIMATE OF OTHERS.

15 My child, among good things give no reproach,
Nor add to a gift a harsh word.
16 Will not the dew temper the heat?
Thus is a word oft better than a gift.
17 Lo! is not a word oft better than a gift?
But both are given by a gracious man.
18 The fool will ungraciously upbraid;
And the gift of the grudging hurteth the eyes.

19 Ere thou speakest, learn;
And ere thou art sick, care for thy health.
20 Ere thou judgest another, examine thyself;
So in the hour of visitation, thou shalt find mercy.
21 Ere sickness come, be humbled;
And while thou canst yet sin, turn from sinning.
22 Be not hindered from paying a vow promptly,
Nor wait till death to be justified.
23 Ere thou makest a vow, be ready to fulfil it;
Nor be like one that tempteth the Lord.
24 Remember the wrath that cometh in the end,
And the time of avenging when He turneth away his face.

25 Let famine be remembered in days of abundance,
Poverty and want in days of riches.
26 From morning till evening the hour is changing;
And all is fleeting before the Lord.

27 A wise man will in all things be prudent,
And, when he might sin, will keep guiltless.
28 Every man of understanding knoweth wisdom,
And giveth praise to him that hath found her.
29 Those wise to hear are also wise to speak,
And they utter pointed and forcible truths.

30 Follow not after thy lusts,
But keep thy desires in check;

31 For if thou givest thy soul to the caprices of lust,
Thou makest thyself the sport of thy foes.
32 Delight not in much feasting,
Nor be tied unto banquets;
33 Lest thou become poor, paying thy share from thy treasure,
And nothing remain in thy purse.

XIX. 1. A drunken workman will never be rich.
He that despises small things shall soon fall.
2 Wine and women lead wise men astray;
And he that gives himself to harlots is the greatest of fools.
3 Corruption and worms shall possess him,
And the foolish soul shall be destroyed.

4 He that hastily gives credit is fickle in heart;
And he that thus wrongeth himself, sinneth.
5 He that giveth his heart to pleasure should be condemned;
6 But he that hateth babbling shall have little evil.
7 Never repeat thy words:
The impression of them will not be lessened.

8 To neither friend nor enemy tell a secret:
Even if it be not wrong, do not reveal it.
9 One may listen to thee, but will guard against thee,
And on occasion hate thee.
10 If thou hear a secret, let it die with thee:
Fear not; it will not burst thee.
11 A fool, with a secret, is in travail;
As a woman with child, when in labor.
12 As an arrow sticking in the thigh
Is a secret in the heart of a fool.

13 Call thy friend to account; he may not have done it:
If he have, he may not again.
14 Call thy friend to account; he may not have said it:
If he have, he may not again.
15 Call thy friend to account; for 'tis often a slander:
So trust not to all that is said.
16 There are sins which are not of intention;
And who hath not sinned with his tongue?
17 Call, then, thy neighbor to account, ere thou reproach him
And leave him to the law of the Most High.

20 All wisdom is in the fear of the Lord;
And in all wisdom is obedience to law.
22 There is no wisdom in the knowledge of wickedness,
Nor counsel in the devices of sinners.
23 There is a craftiness which is abominable;
And there are fools most foolish in their fancied wisdom.
24 Better is one small in understanding who feareth God,
Than one great in intellect who transgresseth the law.
25 There is an exquisite subtility, which doeth injustice;
There are those who pervert right to appear just.
26 There is a wicked man, crouching in mourning,
Who within is full of deceit.
27 With downcast look, and pretending not to hear,
When unperceived, he does the unlooked-for deed.
28 Even if, for want of power, he be now hindered from sinning,
When he finds a time, he will do thee evil.
29 By his face is a man known,
And from his appearance his thoughts discovered.
30 A man's dress, and his smile,
Yea, even his step, will betray him.

CHAP. XX. — OF WISE AND OF FOOLISH JUDGMENT OF WORDS AND APPEARANCES.

1 Sometimes reproof is out of season,
And in keeping silence may one be wise.
2 How much better to upbraid
Than to bear a grudge!
Likewise he that makes acknowledgment
Shall be saved from humiliation.

4 The desire of a eunuch to corrupt a maiden,
Such is one that executeth justice with violence.*

5 Some by silence show their wisdom,
And some are hated for their much talking.
6 Some are silent, for they have nothing to say;
While others keep silence, knowing their time.
7 A wise man will be silent until his time;
But a babbling fool regards no time.
8 He that talks too much will be loathed,
And he that would be the only talker is hated.

* Comparing, perhaps, justice to a maiden, and the officers of law to the guards of her chamber. The verse seems to be out of its connection.

9 Some have success in things evil,
And there is a gain which is loss.
10 There are gifts which are no gain,
And there is a giving which brings back double.
11 Sometimes humiliation arises from honors,
And sometimes honor from humiliations.
12 There are some who buy much for a little,
Yet pay for it sevenfold.

13 The wise man gains love by mere words;
But the kind deeds of fools are thrown away.
14 The gift of a fool shall do thee no good;
For, in return for one gift, he looketh for many.
15 He giveth little, and taunteth much;
He openeth his mouth like a crier.
To-day he lendeth, and to-morrow will ask it again.
Hateful is such a man.

16 The fool saith, I have no friend;
Nor am I thanked for my good deeds:
They that eat my bread are tongue-tied.
17 How often, and by how many, shall he be laughed to scorn

18 It is better to slip with the feet than with the tongue:
Thus the fall of the wicked cometh speedily.

19 An unseasonable tale has no end in the mouth of a fool.
20 A wise saying from a fool's mouth will be rejected;
For he cannot say it at the right time.

21 There are those who are kept from sin by poverty,
And in their quietness know not remorse.
22 Some destroy themselves by false shame;
Yea, before a fool's laugh, lose their souls.
23 Some, through false shame, make promises to a friend,
And needlessly make him their enemy.
24 A lie is a foul blot on a man:
He is a fool in whose mouth it remaineth.
25 Better is a thief than a confirmed liar;
But both shall inherit destruction.
26 The habit of the liar brings him dishonor,
And his shame is with him for ever.

27 The wise man by his words gets honors,
And the prudent will please the great.
28 He that tilleth his land shall increase his store:
So he that pleaseth the great shall be pardoned his offences.
29 Presents and gifts blind the eyes of the wise,
And are a bridle in the mouth to turn away reproof.
30 Wisdom that is hid, and treasure that is hoarded,
What profit is there in either?
31 Better is he that hideth his folly,
Than a man that hideth his wisdom.

CHAP. XXI. — THE SINFULNESS OF SIN, AND THE FOOLISHNESS OF FOLLY.

1 My son, hast thou sinned? do so no more;
Rather ask forgiveness for the past.
2 As from before a serpent, flee from sin;
For, if thou goest near, it will bite thee:
The teeth thereof are the teeth of a lion,
Slaying the souls of men.
3 Like a two-edged sword is every sin,
And for its wounds there is no healing.
4 To threaten and do wrong will waste riches:
Thus the house of the proud is laid waste.
5 The prayer of the poor reacheth the ear on high,
And His justice quickly comes down.
6 He that hateth reproof is following sinners;
But he that fears God will heartily repent.

7 He that trusts in his power to talk is widely known;
But the wise foreseeth his fall.
8 He that buildeth on another man's wealth
Is like one gathering stones for his own tomb.

9 A roll of tow, and a company of the lawless, —
Their end is the flaming fire.
10 The path of sinners is finely paved with stone,
And leads to the pit of the under-world.
11 He that keepeth the law groweth strong in understanding,
And the fear of God becomes perfected in wisdom.
12 He that is not cunning refuses to be taught;
But there is also a cunning which gets itself sorrows.

13 The knowledge of the wise shall increase like a flood,
And his thoughts be like a living spring.
14 The mind of a fool is like a broken vessel:
There is no knowledge that he can hold.
15 If a man of understanding hear a wise word, he commends it
Yea, he adds unto it.
The senseless man hears it, and it is offensive to him;
Yea, he throws it behind him.
16 The talking of fools is heavy as a burden on the road;
But on the lips of the wise there is grace.
17 The mouth of the wise is sought in the assembly,
And his words are all laid to heart.
18 The wisdom of a fool is like a heap of ruins:
The knowledge of the senseless is in confused words.
19 A fool holds instruction to be fetters on the feet,
And like manacles on the right hand.
20 A fool lifteth up his voice in loud laughter;
But a sensible man scarcely smiles in silence.
21 Instruction is to a wise man a golden ornament,
And like a bracelet upon his right arm.
22 The foot of a fool is soon in a house;
But a man of experience has some consideration.
23 The senseless man peeps in at the door of a house;
But a well-taught man will stand without.
24 It is rudeness in a man to hearken at the door;
But the thoughtful man will fear it as dishonor.
25 They that talk as they should not shall suffer thereby;
But the words of the prudent are weighed in a balance.
26 The heart of fools is in their mouth;
But the mouth of the prudent is in their heart.
27 When the ungodly curseth Satan,
He curseth his own soul also.
28 The whisperer defileth his own soul,
And in his neighborhood shall be hated.

CHAP. XXII. 1—26. — THE FOOLISHNESS AND WICKEDNESS OF SINNERS ILLUSTRATED IN A WIDER RANGE OF REMARK.

1 To a filthy stone is the sluggard likened,
And every one will hiss at his disgrace.
2 To cow-dung is the sluggard likened:
Every man that touches him will shake his hand.

3 A rude son is a disgrace to his father from his birth;
A daughter becomes such when she falleth.
4 A prudent daughter shall gain a husband;
But the shameless one bring grief to her father.
5 She that is bold shames her father and her husband,
And by both is she despised.

6 A tale out of season is as music in mourning;
But the rod and instruction are at all times wisdom.
7 He can heal a broken crock who can teach a fool;
He can waken one from the depths of slumber.
8 He that talks to a fool talks to one in a slumber;
Who, at the end of the speech, will say, What is it?

11 Weep for the dead, since light hath failed him;
Weep also for a fool, since reason hath failed him:
Weep gently for the dead, for he is at rest;
But the life of the fool is bitterer than death.
12 Mourning for the dead lasts seven days;
But for the fool and the ungodly all the days of their life.

13 With a senseless man do not multiply words,
And to one without understanding do not go.
Beware of him, lest thou have trouble, —
Lest thou be defiled with his filthiness.
Depart from him, and thou shalt have rest,
And not be disquieted by his folly.
14 What is it that is heavier than lead?
And what is its name, but a fool?
15 Sand and salt and massy iron are easy to bear
By the side of a man without understanding.

16 As timber, girt and bound together in a building,
By shaking cannot be loosened;
So the heart established in wise counsels
Never in time of fear shall tremble.
17 A heart settled in wise counsels
Is like plaster ornaments on a smooth wall.
18 Pales, set on a high place,
Cannot stand against the wind:
So a heart, weak in foolish counsels,
Cannot stand against any fear.

19 He that pierceth the eye will bring forth tears:
So he that pierceth the heart will draw out its knowledge.
20 Casting a stone at birds frightens them away,
And reproaching a friend breaks off friendship.
21 If thou hast drawn the sword against thy friend, despair not
For there is a way to return.
22 If thou hast opened thy mouth against a friend, fear not;
For there may yet be reconciliation:
Except thou hast reproached him, or scorned him,
Or betrayed a secret, or given a treacherous word;
By such things would any friend be driven away.
23 Be faithful to thy neighbor in his poverty,
That thou mayst rejoice in his prosperity:
Be steadfast to him in affliction,
That thou mayst partake when he receives his heritage.

24 Before the fire, smoke and vapor;
Thus before bloodshed, reviling.
25 I will not be ashamed to defend a friend,
Neither will I hide myself from him.
26 And should any evil happen unto me by him,
Every one that heareth it will beware of him.

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## ON THE DEPARTURE OF AN INFANT.

Bright from the heavenly portal
He came, an angel-guest,
And waked a love immortal
Within his mother's breast;

Then spread his radiant pinions,
And gently took his flight
Up to the fair dominions
Of everlasting light.

Oh! raise thine eyes, fond mother;
For lo! with yearning love,
He, with his angel-brother,
Is waiting thee above.

# THE RESERVE OF GOD.

A SERMON BY REV. J. H. PHIPPS.

PROV. XXV. 2: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing."

IN the infancy of his Christian experience, man associates the mercifulness of God with that which conduces to his prosperity and enjoyment. Whatever corresponds, in its direct tendencies, with his desires, contributes to the accomplishment of his plans, or helps to some immediate and palpable advantage, — this is supposed to manifest the divine intelligence and love. In other words, it is the eternal fallacy of this primary epoch to limit the methods of the Infinite; to recognize his gracious wisdom in those events and workings which harmonize with our feelings; and no where else. All that is adverse seems indicative of disorder, and awakens no gladness, but lays a burden on the heart. If things do not work to suit his convenience and whim, man looks upon himself as the victim of a blind fatality, feels no longer the presence of an infinite beneficence, and surrenders himself to the embraces of despair.

This, however, is not necessarily a permanent condition. It gives way before the steady working of a reverent and earnest soul. In the light of that larger experience, which the vicissitudes of life, aided by the instructions of the revealed word, are calculated to produce, the narrowness of this primary interpretation of events is clearly discerned. In proportion as mankind are devoutly studious, a conviction is established, that the Almighty love may be displayed, not only in that which contributes to the fulfilment of their wishes, not only in that which appears advantageous, but in that also which defeats their schemes, and cuts off their expectations. It is seen, at length, that God is wiser than we; and that, when all things are apparently against us, he is for us. This, to be sure, is to many a secret science, a conviction at which they never arrive; not because it is not possible, but because they are too much disposed to thoughtlessness and levity, to gain it. The serious, earnest soul cannot miss it. Only such as think in the narrowest circle, and in the most superficial way, can fail to discover, that the adverse aspects of the divine Providence are witnesses to the Father's mercy, as

well as those circumstances that appear more auspicious. This, indeed, is one of the grandest accomplishments of man, so to have met and pondered the phenomena of life, as to know that God, in the exercise of his love, is not confined to one method, but may operate, so to speak, by many methods, — in ways precisely opposite. It is well for us when we have arrived at a knowledge of this salutary fact. It is well for us when we have escaped from that state of childishness wherein we think that God can only show his affection by the gratification of our desires, to that manlier wisdom which helps us to recognize the paternal love in that which is withheld, as well as in the richest gifts; to see, that, when he is working against us, he is really working for us; that, in thwarting our undisciplined desires, he confers a blessing on our souls, and glorifies himself.

This great fact — the fact that God shows his beneficence by various and even by opposite methods — lies at the basis of all just Christian philosophy of life. It is the key to many thoughts on which it would be pleasant to meditate.

For the present, however, we must contemplate it from a single point of view, as it bears upon the manner in which God enlightens, or refuses to enlighten, mankind upon those great questions which most deeply concern and interest them.

Let us consider the subject here presented. Certainly, it will appear obvious at a glance, that, as to many circumstances which most deeply concern and interest us, much remains unsettled and uncertain. The language of the apostle expresses the conviction of all thoughtful and discriminating minds: "Now we know but in part;" "Now we see as through a glass darkly." By a diligent and faithful use of his faculties, man may acquaint himself with the laws of some few phenomena; but as to those things which touch most directly upon his nature, condition, experiences, and prospects, all his efforts to attain to exact knowledge are almost utterly impotent. And even when we come to consider the revelations that God has made concerning these questions; when we gather up all that the holiest have been inspired to teach and tell, all that under any circumstances, through lawgiver or sage, through priest or apostle, prophet or Saviour, he has seen fit to reveal to the human soul, how limited, after all, is its positive knowledge in the higher and more interesting department of thought!

God, it is true, has not left us in ignorance, has not refused to enlighten us. Some knowledge of his providence and government he permits us to have; enough, undoubtedly, if we would wisely and earnestly use it. Blessed revelations he has given. In them the troubled and distracted soul may find repose. By the help of these, it can pursue its way through the labyrinth of existence, believing that neither vicissitude nor change nor death can remove it beyond the reach of God's benignant providence. And, for these revelations, the least we can do is to cherish unfeigned gratitude to Him who gave them; especially since it is by the light of these that we are helped to interpret the reserve of God, which is only less wonderful than his revelations.

Many things, I say, God has revealed; and, in a certain sense, this is true. But there is a sense in which it is not true. Compared with the multitude of things in which mankind are deeply interested, but which they cannot understand, it must be confessed, and it is not ungrateful to say it, God has revealed but little. The truth is, God is reserve. The language of the ancient record shadows forth this thought: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." While he reveals many things which it is infinitely important for us to know, there are, on the other hand, many things which most intimately concern us, that he does not reveal at all.

Whenever we give our minds to earnest contemplations, and go one step beyond the narrowest sphere of thought, and undertake to settle these great questions that grow out of life's experience, we soon discover that there is much that has not yet been told. It is soon impressed upon us, that there are many things of deepest and most absorbing interest, concerning which God has thus far maintained uninterrupted silence. Not once since the first dawning of creation has he condescended to explain these mighty mysteries for the satisfaction of mortals. Generation after generation, curious and anxious to know somewhat more, eager to catch some faint whisper from the Eternal Oracle, have waited and prayed, and heard no response. God was silent. So it has been, and so it is at this hour. On many of the most trying questions, questions which the insatiable curiosity of the undisciplined human heart is ever striving to solve, God has ever been, and still is, reserved. All that he does, compared with what he

might do, is to give some dim hints, some occasional glimpses. I say, in comparison with what he might do; because it is in accordance with our conceptions of the Infinite to suppose, that he might disclose more if he were so disposed; that he might pour a flood of light upon these dark events that environ us, and make them plain as the simplest lesson of childhood, enabling us to dispel the terrors and the anxieties they sometimes inspire. Doubtless he might make disclosures that would fill us with profoundest emotion. Doubtless he might dazzle us with a prospect, of which we have never yet conceived. It is only yielding to the spirit of wisdom and reverence to maintain the possibility; to look upon the perpetual reserve of God, in respect to many things in life, rather as a method adopted wisely, and by voluntary choice, than forced upon him by any necessity. At length, perhaps, we shall see the justification of the choice.

At all events, we must own, that, as to many things which we encounter, it is the unvarying habit of God to conceal much more than he reveals. He answers not one half the questions we ask; and, though we besiege him with ceaseless importunities, not one word will he utter in explanation of a single circumstance, or in justification of a single event, which appears ever so much like an incongruity in his Providence. Of many things with which our destiny is strangely mixed up, — many things that constitute, as it were, a part of our very life, — God has told us comparatively nothing.

If we contemplate any one of these difficult problems; if, for instance, we look at this dark question of evil, we are not long in learning, that, though God permits the evil, he conceals the reason why: he does not disclose its purpose. There is the tremendous fact confronting us, as it has the men of all ages: little or nothing does God tell us concerning it; little or nothing can we know about it. Whatever conjectures we may make as to its use, they are only conjectures at best. On this, as on many other subjects, God is for the most part silent.

As to the general truth we have been stating, it is forced upon us from every quarter: God is reserve. Nobody can deny it. But it is not so evident perhaps, that, in maintaining this silence, his wisdom is displayed as well and truly as in his most blessed revelations. Yet it is so. *It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.* To be sure, it is not always, or often perhaps, that we

can arrive at a full conviction of this great truth. Certainly, there are times in human experience, when it is deemed a defect in the divine economy, that God does not enlighten us on these questions touching life and destiny; that he does not tell us plainly why this or that is permitted to transpire as it does.

Sometimes we are quite impatient of this mystery that is thrown around existence, and make it the ground of accusation and complaint against the divine goodness. There is a restless desire to have every thing settled. There is a craving to explore the secrets of the Almighty. We are anxious to have all explained, and even neglect the revelations that God has made already, in vainly wondering that he has made no more.

But, just so far as we attain to the Christian point of vision, we see that God's ways, though contradictory in appearance, are not so in reality; but always conspire, in their ultimate tendency, to the highest welfare of the soul. It is as clear to the eye of devout wisdom, that the Almighty can and does show his affection as well in concealing as in revealing, — in withholding knowledge as in imparting it. Let not this announcement surprise us. Let us consider if it be not so. May not a parent show as much affection and a far deeper wisdom in refusing to gratify the unregulated desires of his offspring, than in yielding to their childish importunities? On the same principle, may not God, in leaving unexplained some circumstances about which we are curious, manifest his love as well as in conferring the most unequivocal blessings?

Yet it must be acknowledged, that it is not always easy to think so. There is often a wish, a craving, to know something more. For instance, how common is the desire to know something more definite about the future; to obtain some more exact conceptions of the life hereafter; to know what its employments, associations, enjoyments, and sufferings are! There are times when it seems a cruelty in God to keep us in ignorance of the details of the immortal life, when we would even die to learn the secrets of that mysterious realm. But these are not our wisest moments, or our best. It is well that the feelings of such moments are not gratified. Whatever the precise conditions of the soul may be beyond the grave, it is best that they should remain concealed, as in God's wisdom they ever are. It is easy to

conceive that a more definite revelation on this subject might be the occasion of vastly more of evil than of good.

And so with other subjects. Though we desire ever so much to know something more, it is well that we cannot always have our way, and that our craving for definite knowledge is not gratified. God is merciful in refusing to satisfy our unregulated curiosity.

Perhaps it is difficult always to comprehend the utility of this method of God of which we are now speaking, since we are so accustomed to think of his revelations as alone indicative of his interest in our welfare. Yet in some instances we can see, that in remaining silent he is acting for our highest interests. These strange events are as truly instruments of beneficent utility in the divine economy as the most effectual ministries of truth. Clearly it is not through any short-sightedness on the part of God that so many things are left unexplained. These mysteries are wisely purposed; they have a beneficent use; their chastening influence is needed; man needs it; man needs to feel this sense of uncertainty, this consciousness of ignorance, on many subjects of deep concern. This feeling of the imperfectness of all our knowledge, of the uncertainty of many things in life, is eminently salutary. There are no more effectual preachers than they. How impressively, how movingly, they preach! There is no voice nor language so solemn, so subduing, so irresistible, as they. Here is the great fact of death. We know it will come. All the rest, — the time and manner of its approach, the circumstances amid which it will introduce us, — all the rest is uncertain. How it preaches, how it threatens, how it warns, how it expostulates and invites, how it solemnizes life, how it sanctifies the spirit! Hardened and reckless men, who would not hear though one should rise from the dead and speak, must sometimes listen to the oratory of this mighty preacher. Men who laugh all other ministries to scorn cannot remain indifferent to its silent appeals. Few there be who can always resist it. No man can know, of course, how much he is affected by the strangeness and uncertainty in which this solemn event is ever enshrouded; yet almost inevitably it must, to some extent, exert a restraining and redeeming power over the soul. It is well, therefore, that it is as it is. I thank God that he does conceal these things from us; that we know not what the morrow will bring forth; that the

world of spirits is not open to our greedy inspection; that the hour of our dissolution is uncertain; that he does confront us with this stupendous mystery of death. Let it preach, let it warn, let it proclaim the emptiness of earthly triumphs. Let its awful and monitory voice be heard in the great councils and busy places of the world. Let mad ambition, and shallow levity, and impious worldliness, hear that voice, and be led to that repentance which is not to be repented of. Let death remain uncertain. For, with this so great mystery ever before us, some holier feelings are awakened; a more serious and earnest spirit is created; "some good is born, some gentler nature comes." Is it not so? Try this doctrine by your own experience. Are you the worse for not knowing what the morrow may bring forth? Does it provoke you to evil-doing because God does not tell precisely why he takes one after another of your supports away? When he destroys the idols of your hearts, are you hardened in spirit because he offers not one word of explanation? Far from it. The silence of God increases the efficacy of the chastisement he sends. If it were all explained, if we saw it as God sees it, it would possibly be no chastisement at all. "Let it remain unexplained" is the language of the devout mind. "Let the reason of my affliction, of my disappointment, of my conflicts, my pains, my calamities, let it remain a secret. The mysteries of life cannot harm me. If I will rightly understand them, they will only help to a larger experience, to a purer life, to a holier joy."

Though it is the custom of mankind to deprecate the reserve of God, they ought rather to rejoice. Taking our stand upon what he has revealed, upon the laws of mind, and upon actual experience, it can be shown to be eminently useful.

God refuses to enlighten us, refuses the explanation of a single circumstance, for the same purpose that he reveals "the way, the truth, and the life," in Jesus Christ; namely, to raise us to a life at one with himself. His silence is one link in that perfect and beneficent economy by which he would redeem us from sin; by which the discipline of life is carried on.

Viewing this reserve of God as a part of a system of discipline, it is easy to specify results that it may be designed to produce. Is it not calculated to create a feeling of insecurity, a distrust of all earthly supports? May it not tend to awaken a sense of dependence upon God? How can it be otherwise?

When we look around, and see how little we know of all this series of experiences and exposures we call human life; amid what a sea of uncertainty we are tossed and drifting; how ineffectual all our endeavors are to understand the calamities that are ever pending over our heads, — we can hardly fail to feel our own weakness. And out of a recognition of our own weakness, of our own short-sightedness, must there not come a more devout sense of the need of God, and of reliance upon him?

Then, again, may not this comparative silence of God have the effect of making us more diligent and persevering? To be sure, we are sometimes anxious to know what our exertions are to accomplish. We would see the end at the beginning. We would have a pledge of God that our efforts shall not fail. We would know what the result of all our toils and doubts, our sacrifices and tears, is ultimately to be. But God does not permit us to know. The complete results of our endeavors he keeps in concealment. He does not lift the veil from the future for a single moment. And in so doing, however much we may sometimes long to see the end, he does wisely and well. Might it not harm or hinder us to know the result? Might not the prospect exalt or crush us? Might we not be too much dazzled or depressed by it to use the present wisely, whereby alone any thing desirable can be accomplished? Certainly, in this our state of pupilage, we cannot bear much prosperity; and even the prospect of much exaltation might injure us. It is well that the result of our endeavors is not disclosed. It is the glory and wisdom of God to conceal it.

Still again, may not this uncertainty which attaches to many circumstances, contribute, in its ultimate effect, to our happiness? Perhaps this does not appear so obvious at first; but may it not be true? May it not be the grand condition of that satisfaction which is derived from acquiring knowledge by our own endeavors? Does it not help to keep alive that desire to know, to enlarge our experience, the gratification of which is so great a luxury? It is the remark of a distinguished thinker, as quoted by Dr. Thomas Brown, "that all philosophy is founded upon two things, — upon curiosity and bad eyes." Undoubtedly, our short-sightedness, or, what is practically the same thing, the reserve of God, stimulates our curiosity; and it is curiosity, in part, that prompts us to make those investigations which increase our knowledge, and thus furnish one of the highest enjoyments.

But, if all that most deeply concerns our souls, if the whole government of God, if the great future, the vast eternity, if all the facts of the spiritual world, were disclosed, what curiosity should we have about the ordinary events and phenomena around us? Would not our interest and attention be all absorbed by the glories of the celestial world? Should we not have as little inclination to investigate the laws of common creation, as we now have to investigate the most insignificant and worthless thing? Precisely because of these great mysteries, — because we cannot see all that concerns us, as God sees it, have we curiosity enough to study these other and humbler subjects, which enrich our experience and contribute to our enjoyment.

This brings me to the thought with which I will close these meditations. By his reserve, God keeps alive our curiosity in common things around us, and thus helps to augment the satisfaction of life; yet it is obvious that this curiosity must be restrained within its legitimate limits. Doubtless there are limits beyond which it should not go. And it is well when we discover where those limits are. Still better is it when we learn to respect them so much as to crave no more enlightenment upon subjects that have been wisely left unsettled; to respect them so much as no more to complain, or demand an explanation of the visitations wherewith God tries us. A happy day is that in our history when we are prepared to bow in affectionate submission before those circumstances which God has chosen to keep, to some extent, in concealment.

Let us not complain, that this event, or that calamity, or that subject, is not explained, however painful it may be. Let us rather, conscious of ignorance, believing in the wisdom and love of God, abide his dealings with resignation. While a field is open for the gratification of a reasonable and reverent curiosity, we must be grateful for that, and learn to regard the limits that are set to its indulgence, and to leave the rest with God; who, whether he reveal or conceal, lays us under equal obligations, and furnishes equal proof that we may without a doubt, in the fullest assurance, commit ourselves and all our destinies to his divine disposal.

## SELFISH GRIEF AND RESIGNATION.

Before Death came, my heart was whole,
The good round earth was beautiful;
I loved the grass, I loved the sky,
And friendly violet's meek blue eye;
The murmuring brook to me was dear,
Its song I always liked to hear;
It sang so soft and low,
As onward it did go;
It seemed to speak to me
With its full symphony;
Teaching my inmost heart
From the vain world to part.
Willingly, its lessons mild
I received like little child.
Ever, in its course, 'twas showing,
To my soul, in such school growing,
How the waters of my life,
Deaf and mute to earth's poor strife,
Never wearily,
Calmly, and cheerily,
Unheeding others' joy or woe,
Through life's vicissitude might flow.

But woe is me! I am bereft!
No solace to my heart is left.
What I have loved, Death takes away;
And friends, to soothe my sorrow, say,
"Our earthly home is fair;
The fields are green, the stars are bright,
The sun and moon shed pleasant light,
And flowers spring everywhere."
The sunbeam warm, and painted flower,
Fade, and grow cold, in Grief's dark hour!

Nature to sorrowing hearts doth wear
A face of sadness;
But meets the happy, all bright and fair,
With smiles and gladness,—
Gives always back to us our heart,
And never from ourselves can part.

The moment that Grief in my soul had its birth,
A mantle of sable seemed flung o'er the earth;
The light fleecy clouds looked dismal and drear;
The note of the spring-bird fell sad on my ear.
For comfort I went to my old friend, the wood,
By the side of the gurgling rivulet stood;
But the beautiful flowers, that always, before,
Had smilingly met me, looked cordial no more.
The pretty Houstonia circled my feet,
But welcomed me not to its quiet retreat;
The Hepatica's petals refused to unfold;
And the look the sweet Mayflower gave me was cold.
My troubled spirit now could see,
The answering flowers gave back to me
A joyless reflection of selfish thought,
That I to their peaceful dells had brought.

I entered the path that led from the wood,
And homeward strolled in a thoughtful mood.
The grass too green was growing,
Too free the wind was blowing,
Too cheerful was the robin's note,
The clouds too playfully did float
Over the face of the clear blue sky,
That looked on their sport too tranquilly.

The Wood-god played a dirge-like air
On the leafy strings of his pine-harp there.
As I came up beneath the tree,
I paused and listened gratefully.
The plaintive strains of the tune seemed caught
From the low key-note of my saddened thought.
I laid me down on the leaf-strewn ground,
And gave myself to the soothing sound.
'Tween the sighs and lulls of that grand, old hymn,
Earth soon, in my reverie deep, grew dim.

And now my grief-worn heart was free!
Loosed were the bonds of selfish strife,
Mid silent musings, reverently,
I hearkened for the words of life.

Then low, soft music filled the air,
Clouds of distrust were rolled away,
Resplendent forms of beauty there
Were chanting this melodious lay:
"Unholy murmurs dim thy view,
Veiling celestial visions bright;
Shadows of self wear darkest hue,
And screen from thee the world of light.

"From private woes, look, look away;
Learn that thy life is not thine own;
But, bound with all to work and pray,
Leave thou thy griefs with God alone."

New depths within my soul were stirred;
Again I listened! again I heard:

"All clouds of grief are clouds of love,
To temper God's great light above;
Shading the way, that souls on earth,
By faith, may have diviner worth."

Bowed down before the All-perfect Will,
My unrepining heart was still.

Sweet Resignation! never more,
Permit me darkly to deplore;
Hallow my grief, and let me see,
Through tear-dimmed eyes, the spirit free,
Climbing the golden stairs of heaven,
Wearing the crown to angels given.

I rose, and through the fields walked on;
Bright clouds were round the setting sun;
And every bird, and brook, and tree,
Now filled my soul with melody.
The flowers about my feet sprung up,
With fragrance sweet from every cup;
And, through the gathering shades of night,
An angel-face was shining bright.

S. F. C.

*Salem.*

# THE MANSE.

My heart is full of thoughts that plead for utterance; and yet perhaps they are feelings rather than thoughts, and cannot frame themselves into words. But come with me into the sanctuary of this "upper chamber," and let us walk awhile amid the shadows of the past. The past! how it speaks from these venerable walls, and in the majestic forms of these old elms; glorious structures, which have been builded up year by year, till they might tell of things which they witnessed near a century ago. Oh, what tales they might tell of the children who sported at their feet, long since carried to the grave, old and full of years! The bridal pageant, the funeral train, the mysteries of birth and death, — they have witnessed all; have seen whole families depart, and leave the place to others; and they may look down on other forms, when the heads they now shelter lie beneath the sod.

And then the various rooms in this ancient habitation! Each has its strong associations of joy or sorrow; yes, of mingled joy and sorrow: countless memories, which make what to the common observer is a mere parlor or chamber, seem to the heart that holds these memories as holy ground, the very gate of heaven. And so it is in this world of ours, so full of deep experiences, that one walks carelessly amid scenes which thrill the heart of another with thronging recollections of events, that cast their shadow or their ray of glory through all his future life. You see only the visible, where to my eye the space is filled with a spiritual presence; and I tread, all unconsciously, over ground which is associated with the brightest or the saddest hours of your life. So little do we know of one another's hearts; so little aware may even the closest friends be each of what passes in the depths of the other's spiritual nature!

But this old mansion, with its spacious halls and its secret lurking-places, — undoubtedly many a little romantic tale might be framed from the histories of its numerous occupants. Years ago, so long that it will soon be matter of tradition, in one of these apartments, three brides gave themselves away on a Sunday morning. One can almost hear the rustle of their sky-blue silks, as they swept from the domestic nuptial altar to the more

public altar of God, where probably their presence was regarded with more interest by many of the congregation, than the presence of the unseen Power who was the professed object of worship. I know not how many other bridal trains have gone out from these doors; for, in process of time, the house became the manse, and the torch of Hymen was sometimes lighted here for those who chose rather to come to the house of their pastor than to call him to their own homes. Well do I remember the disappointed bride-elect, a widow of very mature age, who, having marshalled the timid bridegroom into the clerical presence, was obliged to depart as she came, on account of some informality in the certificates of publishment; that of the bridegroom, I think, being wanting. The good man might have augured, from her conduct on that occasion, that the failure of the expected nuptials was not altogether a thing to be lamented by him.

Sweet recollections are here of childish sports and childish joys; of childish sorrows too, which now, by their apparent triviality, almost provoke a smile; when the death of a favorite kitten was a thing to be wept over with bitter lamentations, and recorded in a diary as the great event of the day; entertainments got up with all possible secrecy, and given to the older members of the family, in a chamber decorated with hemlock boughs, amid whose verdure were seen birds cut from white birch-bark, and painted with brilliant colors. These silent songsters proved much more tractable than the family cat, who was vainly urged to perform the part of a shepherdess' dog in an orderly and decent manner, his mistress occupying a recess in the room, while a mimic king and queen acted their pantomime in the central space.

And with these gayer memories comes that of the gentle being who watched over my infancy, and took her flight just as I stepped on the threshold of youth; on whose brow the hoary hair was a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. The very chair in which I now sit was hers; and many are the associations which cluster around the chamber she occupied so long, and the large Bible she loved to read, from the pages of which the beautiful St. John used to look indeed worthy to be "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

There come back also the images of other still, cold forms, whose "soft repose" sanctified the places where they lay, and

made them the portals of the spirit-world. Many a sweet friendship, many a dear and tender love, has had its birthplace here, but looks for its full maturity to the world beyond the grave. Yes, this place is sacred with the remembered presence of many a friend, departed in manly grace, in feminine loveliness, or in childish beauty. And thus they gather about us, year by year, these holy memories, making the earth a temple, in which we should walk more and more reverently from day to day; a vast cathedral, the pavement of whose aisles is ever and anon opening to receive the dust of our loved ones, and whose vaulted roof should echo more and more clearly with their spirit-voices, as the throng increases that calls to us, "Come up hither."

M. W.

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## THOUGHTS OF A TRAVELLER.*

LENGTHS of time or distance are always great or small by comparison with our own or others' past experience or present powers. A mile is a weary length to a little child on foot; to a man, it is a small matter; to the traveller on the railroad, it is a distance to be measured by two minutes of time. Again, to one who has compassed the earth, a thousand miles — and that passed over in three days or less — is but a short jaunt. To another, who has never before gone beyond the smoke of his own chimney, it is a great achievement. I may be permitted, then, to speak as one who has returned from a long journey. When a day and a night and another day had passed, ere I reached the end of my journey, — all which time I had been travelling at the rate of sometimes twelve, and sometimes forty miles an hour; and I knew that I was more than eight hundred miles from all on earth who are most dear to me; that, if evil should befall them or myself, I could not return, nor they come to me, excepting over the same stages which I had passed, which, to our impatience, would then seem slower than the movements of the snail. When the consciousness of my complete separation from earthly friends first fell upon my heart, it caused a momentary sickness. I felt that I was alone. I had gone over Erie, the great sea that lies between my home and the almost illimitable West. I had

* From Syracuse, N. Y., into Canada.

crossed an entire State, and passed around the head of another inland ocean. I was treading the hall of a hotel, where perhaps a hundred, all strangers to me, were wrapped in sleep, and was going to a solitary bed to seek repose. For a moment, I felt disconsolate; and, when I lay down, my eyes refused to close. But the thought that I had not come away from the presence of my heavenly Father at once comforted me. The beautiful language of the psalmist came to me as full of a new meaning. I had been flying on wings almost as fleet as those of the morning. I was dwelling in the uttermost parts of the sea; and there a moment's reflection brought me the assurance that God's hand had led me thither, and that his right hand was holding me there. What else but his wisdom and goodness could have so ordered it, that the many hundreds of my fellow-men who had been concerned in the management of the many and various conveyances by which I had reached that distant point, had all done their duty, so that not the slightest accident had happened to harm me, or to impede my progress for a moment? The men to whom had been committed those mighty engines which had propelled the boats or dragged the cars, — engines whose fearful power no human strength can withstand, though a single finger, directed by knowledge, may control them, — the men to whom those weighty responsibilities had been entrusted, had all shown themselves to be possessed of the requisite skill, and animated by a spirit of fidelity to their duty. The humblest agents on the railroads had been ever at their posts, to regulate the switches and ply the brakes, without which terrific disasters might have befallen us. The pilot of the noble "Mayflower" had passed a sleepless night, that her passengers might rest in the assurance that she would be guided aright over that lake of ill-repute; and all about the boat were men watching to see that her machinery worked as it should, and that no evil betided her. And now, when I arrived in a far-distant city, at a most unseasonable hour, when all the world is said to be asleep, courteous strangers were awaiting my coming, and had brought me to a most comfortable inn, where I found every thing needful to rest and refresh me. "Surely," I said to myself, "the goodness of the Lord, which causes my cup at home to overflow with mercies, has followed me hitherwards, to keep and to bless me. I will lie down and sleep securely; for thou, my Father, art present with me."

True, the infidel suggestion was made to me for a moment, that all these men, who had helped me and my fellow-travellers on our way, were not prompted by any love for us, or by any regard for the will or the law of our heavenly Father; but by the hope of gain, or by the need of a livelihood. Consciously, I grant, they may not have been moved by the good spirit of our common Parent. Many a man, along the roads over which we had passed, may have thought perhaps of nothing more than of maintaining his place, however high or humble, by his fidelity, and so ensuring his wages and his subsistence. And yet I believe that there were many, yes, that almost every one of them, dreaded the consequences which might follow to others, of any carelessness of theirs, and would have been grieved and shocked to have been the cause of injury to persons who were travelling over the highway which they were tending, in the confidence that those who had the care of the road would all be faithful. But concede to the suggestion, that the officers and agents and underlings of the railroads and steamboats and hotels, who had conspired to serve us, were actuated only by the lower motive, which the suggestion assigns for their attention and faithfulness; — concede that they were all seeking only their own living or profit. It is surely right and proper for men to seek after a living; and they may innocently labor for somewhat more, if they do so in honest and honorable ways. No one can deny, that the construction, maintenance, and right conduct of the ways and conveniences for travel is an honorable employment; and every individual, who, by his labor or his watchfulness, is contributing to this great result, is so far obeying the law of God, yes, doing his fatherly will, consciously or unconsciously. And is not the good providence of God to be seen in all this, and gratefully acknowledged? What else but his wisdom and his love would have so appointed that all men's individual interests should conspire to benefit the whole? showing us "that true self-love and social are the same." And what if the individuals, who, under the various motives which impel men to action, have, many of them, conspired unconsciously to perform the parts of a great arrangement for the public good; have acted without any *benevolent* intention to help the travellers on their way, and make them happy at their temporary resting places; what if this be the case with many of the agents and co-operators in this social system? It only shows that those indi-

viduals are entitled to no very high praise; but that the system itself is most admirable; attaching to its machinery, and making subservient to its great end, the willing and the unwilling, the selfish as well as the benevolent. It illustrates the goodness of God, however much it may expose the selfishness of men. To deny this, and to withhold our thanksgivings from that great Unseen who orders and governs all things so as best to promote the true welfare of man, — to deny that it is *God's hand* that leads and that upholds us, wherever we may go, in safety; that our transportation is effected by his good influence, working in and through those who have been the agents of safe and agreeable carriage from place to place; — to deny this, because some or many of these agents may not have been conscious of any kind feelings towards us personally, — may not have intended to do us a great favor; — to deny, I repeat, that, nevertheless, the goodness of God has been manifested towards us in this instance would be just as absurd as it would be to deny, that the preservation of the sacred writings of the Old and the New Testaments, and their transmission to this present time, and their general dissemination among the people, is owing to the good providence of the heavenly Father, because much of all this may have been done by librarians, scribes, paper-makers, type-founders, printers, publishers, and agents, who thought of nothing and cared for nothing but the money they should make out of the *sale* of the Bible. To deny that God works for our benefit through unconscious agents, and overrules the selfishness and perhaps sinister feelings and purposes of men, so that they work together for our good in the social arrangements of business and commerce, — to deny this, and withhold from him our gratitude therefor, is just as unphilosophical, irrational, and irreligious, as to refuse him the admiration that is his due, for the phenomena of the vegetable world; the regular succession of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest; the beneficent changes of day and night; and the varied exhibitions of power, wisdom, and goodness in the ordinances of the solar and the stellar systems, because, forsooth, the agents and instruments, by which these glorious results are effected, are all unconscious of the good they are doing, — of the power and beauty they are showing forth.

But I am by no means willing to rest in the concession, that all or a large portion of these persons who have the management of

railroads and steamboats were unconscious of the importance of the trust committed to them, or indifferent to the performance of their duty, except so far as it would effect their own livelihood. I think better of men than this concession would imply; and the more I extend my acquaintance with my fellow-beings, the more am I persuaded that there is much more goodness than wickedness in their hearts. *There is a great deal of* HUMANITY *in man.* Wherever I have been, on the railroads, in crowded steamboats, at the hurrying depots, in the thronged hotels, in our own country and in the British provinces, amongst Americans, Germans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Danes, Norwegians, white men and black, I have generally found them civil and kind, and, in the main, trustworthy. A proper request for a favor has never been rudely repulsed. Cases of suffering have uniformly brought out expressions of sympathy, and a readiness to relieve. I have often watched men in responsible places, and have seldom observed inattention to their duty. Now, if men indeed were, as the creeds of some churches declare them to be, set on mischief, wholly prone to evil, and averse from all good, how would it be possible to keep in successful operation all the parts of that vast system, by which thousands are transported daily in every direction? A large proportion of the agents of all this locomotion, though well paid perhaps, do not receive such large compensations for their services as would be any barrier to their malignity, if they were indeed bent on evil. Nor can they be under such supervision of their employers, that they are kept to their duty by that influence. No: many of them are alone, in solitary places, where no eye but that of the Omnipresent beholds them; and yet they are punctual and exact to do just what they are placed there to do; — a small service, it would seem, — merely the removal of two iron bars an inch or two; and yet they are there at the very moment they should be, by night as well as by day; for if they were not there, disaster, fearful, destructive, would ensue; and it must be the dread of evil, much more than the compensation paid them, that holds these men to their duty. Often, when I have looked out upon a man in a solitary place, waving a flag, or at midnight holding out a signal light to let us know the road was passable, standing there alone, it may have been in a pelting rain, I have wished I could stop and commend his fidelity. I have passed him by with a feeling

of respect, *as a being conscious of moral obligation.* He must have been held there not merely by the attraction of a dollar a day. Oh no! there was something more, something better, in that man's bosom, — the sense of right, the feeling of a duty, the dread of the evil of unfaithfulness. Now, there are thousands of such men all over our country, on whom the safety of the travelling public depends. And in their watchfulness and fidelity I see at least a slight manifestation of *the eye and the hand of God.* Not that these men are all, or many of them, perhaps, regenerated, sons of God, or, in the sense of any of the sects, very religious or highly moral men. No: they are only human beings, controlled by an ordinary sense of obligation to the almighty Father; held to the discharge of their several offices by a common regard for the welfare of their fellow-men. Were there not enough of this virtue in the bosoms of the children of Adam generally, on which we could depend, there could be no co-operation for any common end; no associated action. Society itself would be dissolved. Every man would live for himself; every man would die to himself; and the human race would soon run out.

A fair observation of the characters and actions of men generally must satisfy us, that the doctrine is not true that all men are by nature wholly prone to evil and indisposed to good. If this were so, we should not be, the whole community would not be, shocked, exasperated, as almost all are, by the terrible depravity, the unpardonable recklessness, which issued in the late unexampled steamboat disaster upon the Hudson River. If men were incarnate fiends, such accidents would be of frequent occurrence; and the scenes which they present would be gloated over with diabolical delight. But who has read the accounts of that transaction without horror? and who has not been moved by his humanity, *i. e.* his *human* nature, to exclaim, "How could men be so lost to all sense of right, and of obligation to others, as to trifle, as the officers of that boat did, with the feelings and the lives of hundreds!" Yet, even there, there was no deliberate intention to do the frightful mischief that was done; no malice prepense against the lives of the individuals that were slain. If it could have been clearly foreshown that the strife of that day would result as it did, none of the men on that boat could have been induced to engage in it. A regard for their own safety,

nay, for the preservation of their property, would have withheld them, if no higher consideration. But there doubtless was *humanity* enough in the hearts of all those men to have restrained them from their fearful experiment, if they could have foreseen how it would terminate. Nevertheless, their minds were seized, possessed, besotted, by another thought; the gambling, headlong demon of competition had entered into them; a presumptuous reliance upon chance took the helm; and, if report tells the truth, the continual appliance of alcohol kept up their insanity. God could not have been in any of the thoughts of the men whose folly wrought that destruction. Even that unconscious influence, which, as we have seen, he ordinarily exerts upon the hearts of men, must have been expelled for the time being, by the heat of strife and the fire of intoxicating liquor. It may be so expelled for a season (such is the power of our free agency; such the witchery of temptation); it may be expelled for a season, as it was from the bosom of Cain, when he persuaded himself to slay his brother; as it was from the bosom of Judas, when his avarice prompted him to betray his Master; and as it must have been from the bosoms of the officers of the "Henry Clay," when they were impelled by the miserable ambition of out-doing a rival boat, to laugh at the fears of their passengers, and set at naught all consideration of their safety. But the spirit of our common humanity, — the influence of the spirit of our common Father, cannot be kept out of their bosoms for ever. It will sooner or later return upon them, as it did upon the betrayer of Christ, and upon the first murderer. And though they may possibly escape, through the imperfections of the law, the punishment denounced against the slayers of men, they will suffer in their own reflections; and this may be to some of them "a punishment harder than they can bear." Moreover, the consequences of their folly shall be a solemn admonition throughout our land, that, we may hope, will make a salutary impression upon the thousands of men to whom the lives of our travelling public are committed.

One reflection more has been awakened by my late journey, that may be worthy of attention. It is, that our Creator made us to be co-operative beings; made us for united action; "made all for each, and each for all." The individual man is very weak, much weaker than many of the animals that roam the desert, or

have been subjugated to his service. But man collectively is indeed the lord of this lower world. All matter is subjugated to his control. Mountains are thrown down by him; valleys are built up; forests are cleared away; the rough places are made smooth, and the crooked plain; the winds are chained to his chariots; the lightning is sent on his errands. But all this he can do, by his united skill and strength, only on condition that he will do it in subordination to the laws of God. If he dares to set these laws at defiance, as was done the other day on the Hudson River, swift destruction may overtake him: evil of some sort surely will. When I found myself eight hundred miles from my home in less than three days' travel, I could not help reflecting how I should have gotten there without the aid of my fellow-men. So that, while they have been toiling perhaps for their own convenience or profit, they have all been working also for my good.

As this country was fifty years ago, it would not have been practicable for any individual, unless he were a native of the woods, to have threaded his path through the forests that then covered the land, and have subsisted himself on the way. Twenty years ago, with all the common roads that had been made for the convenience of the early settlers, a single traveller would have been months upon his toilsome march, and have impoverished himself to meet the expenses of his journey. Now, several lines of uninterrupted communication are established, which almost annihilate the distance between the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi river. Over these lines of communication, thousands are going daily in safety. Not the children of opulence and leisure only, nay, not one in ten of the travellers, are of this description; but the children of poverty are on the route. Yes, thousands of the pealed peasantry of Europe, as well as the unfortunate of our Eastern borders, are transported over these lines of communication, at an expense which almost the poorest of them can afford. And they are borne to regions, which a wise legislation, soon, I trust, to be adopted, will for ever protect against the blighting curse of land-monopoly; where all of the children of men that may inhabit there will for ever find it easy to obtain and secure a portion of "the common heritage from the heavenly Father," as a home for themselves and their loved ones; where society (if our government does its duty) will be built up on a better basis

than in the Old World, or in the older settlements of the New, — that basis *the good of the greatest number*, instead of the aggrandizement of a few; that basis which alone can be in accordance with the will of the impartial Parent of the whole human family. S. J. M.

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## WRITTEN AT NIAGARA.

I WATCHED the river where the waves grow white,
And leap and toss themselves in mad delight,
Lashing their rage on every puny rock,
To gather all for one tremendous shock;
And then I turned to where the cataract flings
Down its vast wall the wealth of thousand springs;
Where, in a robe of green and silver light,
It bursts to view in loveliness and might;
Where shifting rainbows span the scattering spray,
Like angels, smiling all its wrath away, —
And thought, how, in the ages that are gone,
The wondrous torrent had been pouring on
Exhaustless, while the everlasting rocks
Trembled and fell beneath its ceaseless shocks.
For night nor time brings aught of rest to thee,
Dread, glorious emblem of Eternity!
I gazed, too, down the insatiate abyss,
Where spirit-forms seemed rising through the mist,
Shouting aloud, like Heaven's great cherubim,
The awful chorus of their endless hymn.
My soul bowed, listening; and the eternal voice
Came to me ever with one word — Rejoice!
Trust, and rejoice! It is not trembling fear,
The lesson God would teach his children here.
He layeth bare his everlasting arm,
Showing the might that shieldeth them from harm.
The hand that hurls the torrent into spray
Guideth each drop upon its certain way;
The Love that lights the seeming ruin here,
With hovering rainbows, heeds an infant's tear;
And all the Power sublime that wields the flood,
Each hour we live, is over us for good! A. D. T. W.

## HUMBLE MONITORS.

UPON the topmost branch, opposite my study window, a solitary leaf was swayed to and fro by the autumnal blasts, apparently reluctant to quit its native hold upon the bough from which it had so majestically waved. The tree had been a pleasant object, upon which for months I have gazed. In early spring-time, it was the first among its kindred to exhibit precocious signs of maturity. The foliage grew thick and heavy; in its beginnings I could easily see through the interstices over to my opposite neighbor; but, as its tiny leaves expanded, and the twigs extended themselves, they grew so rapidly that I was quite shut out from gazing or being gazed upon. And now this tree became to me as a pleasant companion. It almost leaned against my window; and a robin cautiously stole, at early dawn, among its thickest branches, and poured out his morning song. And so it came to pass, that, with increasing growth, my attachment to this living production of nature's exquisite skill strengthened more and more. Oppressed with the summer's heat, its beautiful shade seemed to fan my fevered brow; meditating at even-tide, the pale moonbeams seemed to play among its foliage, and a lovely shadow fell upon rude masses of books and papers that lay promiscuously upon my table. When there was prospect of a coming shower, the winds played sighingly through its foliage, and warned me of what was forthcoming. When the shower had passed, its gentle dripping upon the walk below sweetly soothed my weary spirit; while its fresh ablution reminded me of the hydropathist, just emerging, with renewed vigor, from his daily bath.

By and by, the little robin whom we introduced came silently along, bearing a straw in his beak. He seemed to hesitate whether or not to deposit his treasure; for footsteps were pacing the street beneath him, and ponderous carts and carriages were rattling in the busy street hard by him. At length, however, he dropped his straw among some dark leaves and tender boughs, and soon flew away to return with another, and yet another, until his foundation was firmly laid. For some days after, he was not visible; and, as he left no traces of having been there in my

absence, my inference was he had finally deserted his first quarters. One day, however, chancing to look up as I was rearranging an obscure sentence, my attention was attracted to my little songster, who was busily occupied in still building his nest. And there he wrought on, occasionally peering through the branches, and casting a look toward my window, as if a little suspicious of the sincerity of my friendship. I then wished I knew the language of his tribe, that I might assure him of my tender kindness for him; but I silently accomplished my work, and he, unmolested, did the same. In the process of a few weeks, four little robins lay in that nest; and the maternal solicitude of the parent-bird might well have conveyed a lesson to many a human guardian. He never long absented himself in their most feeble state. They never cried for food, and never fluttered but with joy at their mother's return. Their growth, it appeared to me, was exceedingly rapid; for, just as I began more minutely to watch their progress, they had flown away, and the empty bird's nest was left dangling upon the tree, which a little urchin one day discovered, and, with a long pole, succeeded in demolishing its curious workmanship. And now the tree was robbed of its great attraction; and it was only as other green boughs, admired for its heavy shade, and a peculiar charm which seemed to endear it, because it was *mine*. And this showed to me how selfishly we are too apt to cling to what we call *our* possessions.

Autumn came. There was a slight frost; it looked no more than a heavy dew. Another frost, and, very shortly, the leaves began to assume a crisped look. Their verdancy was fast leaving them. A sallow complexion next presented; and a part of the most vigorous seemed to be the first to yield to the destroyer. Then there came a fierce gust, which shook the frail branches, stripped off its leaves, and sent them eddying about, dropping over curb-stones, and causing them to be washed away by the next torrent that swept down the street. Yet one remained: it was the first one upon that topmost bough. No wind, storm, or chill had removed it. It did not, however, look fresh and fair; it was sere, and much withered, yet seemingly reluctant to drop from its old station. I knew not why it lingered, unless to suggest to me an emblem of frail humanity, deserted by its early friends, — a solitary survivor left to witness the departure of

those who were early in our companionship; and, while I stood meditating thus, there came a rude blast, and the last leaf fell, leaving me still to pursue the analogy between *it* and *ourselves*, when left alone, until the final summons bears us away.

Now, in my recent companionship with my tree, I had derived instruction such as no audible teaching had impressed upon me in my whole summer friendships. I had witnessed how gently nature removes her fair objects, by agencies such as no man can employ; how she suspends her vital energies only to re-awaken them as the seasons return; and I thus knew that an Infinite Father, who employed such processes to regulate *material objects*, would never send a summons to call his children home, but to prepare them, by an educational training, to go on to higher and higher stages of perfection. So was I taught to submit without questioning; to feel resigned under a Father's discipline; and to look upon death as his great mandate and messenger of good, which transfers us from the autumnal frosts and wintry blasts of this life, to a perpetual sunshine in his more immediate presence.

Therefore, let us improve these autumnal teachings; and the great panorama of leafless forests, and the thickly strewn branches and deep covering of a pathway of dried leaves, may be our instructors even in a winter's day. We do not need great and startling providences to arouse us, if we will but attend to those silent ministers which are ever by our side. The roar of Niagara need not awaken us more than the silent and almost noiseless fall of a decayed leaf, provided we only keep our ears attuned to catch every melody of nature; and we shall find, that, keeping ourselves thus sensitive, we can continually read, in nature's open volume, all those teachings which the din and glare of daily life may have quite shut from our gaze; while our enjoyments will be so continually heightened, that the petty irritations of earth shall be despoiled of their power to overcome us; and the sunshine, which ever encircles all those who feel that they are rightly interpreting and improving every season and event of life, shall light our pathway from time to eternity. H. S. R.

## GOOD WORDS AND GOOD WORK.*

It is pleasant to listen to good words. There is an intrinsic charm in forcible and appropriate speech, and in perusing the written page of earnest thought. But this pleasure is immeasurably enhanced when the utterance is in a high and holy cause. And, if the writer has himself *worked* in that cause, our satisfaction becomes complete.

We like to go back with one who helped lay the foundations of some good and enduring institution, as he speaks to us of its early days. It shows us the debt of gratitude which we owe to those who toiled in the day of small things, and in obscure places, with hope and prayer for better things to come. The church has few benefactors superior to those who labor with humility and devotion in new enterprises consecrated to Christ.

We want more records of the deeds of such spirits as we describe; and we are glad that the author of the little volume before us was moved to write as he has, by a "desire to place in a more permanent form, such facts as were known to him of the origin and early history of the Ministry at Large, and of the Sunday-schools connected with our denomination in this city." In the nine Addresses delivered by himself, we have three on the Sunday-school, one on Temperance, one on Pauperism, another given before an Association for Mutual Improvement, and three before Religious Societies. With two exceptions, they all involve, more or less, historical matter connected with the topics they treat. The personal connection of the writer with the scenes he portrays, adds much to the interest of his Addresses. We are impressed, as we read, with the power of one earnest spirit, by diligent labor and untiring perseverance, to sustain a good cause, under trial and discouragements.

The picture of the origin of the Hancock Sunday-school, given us on page 39 of this volume, is full of interest to those who would do good to the young. Two individuals lay the foundation of a school, which, in less than seven years, becomes itself the parent

* Sunday-school and other Addresses. By Frederick T. Gray, Pastor of the Bulfinch-street Church. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene; Crosby & Nichols. 1852.

of another school, numbering some sixty children! But this is surpassed by the origin of the Howard Sunday-school. It was commenced on a severe cold morning in December, 1826, — the thermometer standing not far from zero! It was cheerless, indeed, as the winter's winds came whistling through the loose casements, — the windows covered with a thick frost, — to see, gathered around a small stove, three children and seven teachers! "But," as the writer well adds, "there were warm and true hearts engaged in this work; and no winter's cold or howling storm could check their ardor or chill their faith!" And these noble efforts were not in vain. Within twenty-eight years from the formation of the Hancock Sunday-school, the numbers had increased from five schools in the entire denomination to two hundred and thirty-six; and from four hundred pupils and sixty teachers to twenty-four thousand pupils and two thousand six hundred and sixty teachers! A result this which the most sanguine could not have anticipated.

These schools are to be prized, however, not for their array of numbers, but for their influence in producing religious faith and moral excellence. What we want in our children is personal piety and strong individual Christian principles. We have little hope of any means or exertions which stop short of this aim. As the writer before us says, in his address on the subject of Temperance, — "Young men, if you would strike at once at the root of this evil (intemperance), let religion always exert a deep and strong influence. This will open to you a glorious destiny, and give you a disgust for all sensuality. This will impress you with the dignity and worth of the soul." Until that sentiment can be awakened, we shall not be sure of success in saving our children and youth from the fangs of this vice.

The same devoted temper, which sowed the first seeds of the Sunday-school, began also the germination of the "Association for Mutual Improvement." Two young men, feeling the need of religious sympathy, join with themselves two others; and, on the evening of Oct. 2, 1822, meet to plan a new society for aiding the young in their search for Christian truth, and in promoting their own religious edification. In four weeks from that date, the society then established laid the corner-stone of the Ministry at Large. Who can recall the blessed fruits of that Ministry down to this present moment, and not pay a heart-given tribute to the

devoted Tuckerman, who toiled for its infancy, and lived and died its fast friend? Who can fail to give thanks for the early and steadfast sympathy it received from such spirits as Channing, Ware, and Greenwood? The little sketch of that humble "Friend-street Chapel," the "modest mother of poor men's churches," will excite a thrill of joy in every friend of these now world-renowned ministrations of charity.

We rejoiced also to see the old "Second Church;" and, in the foreground of the picture of the building, the venerated "Hancock School," twin-sisters in the glorious family of our early religious guides. Their very walls have to us an air of sanctity, as we think of the consecrated minister and the laymen baptised in the spirit; how many of whom, since those early toils, have gone to their reward on high.

As this little book is published to aid the cause of the Sunday-school, and "whatever profit may be derived from it will be devoted to this object," we bespeak for it a wide circulation and generous patronage. A. B. M.

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## JUDGING ONE ANOTHER.

In the first place, the records of human life show that we should not harshly censure others, because we cannot know what is the structure of their minds. Wonderful, very wonderful, is the spirit of man: you can never comprehend it altogether, even in yourself; how much less, then, in the brother you may undertake to judge! On many sides related to the spirits of light, and on many to the spirits of darkness, a man may seem to our limited sense a very angel or a very devil. And yet no man was ever either; although not a few have been judged to be either one or the other. David, the "man after God's own heart," was stained with at least some dreadful crimes. Let us look upon him as some who hated him did look upon him, and as we are all apt to look upon those whom we dislike, and we would probably censure him as a heartless villain. But you and I have no right to censure him or any other man so. We have no right to think of the murder of Uriah and the adultery with Bathsheba, and shut out from our thoughts his love for Jonathan, his mercy toward

his bitterest enemy, his noble kindness to that enemy's family, and those deep sorrows for sin that caused the pillows of Judea's ruler to be wet with the bitter tears of repentance, and the royal chamber at Jerusalem to resound with the wailings of a conscience-stricken king. The apostle John suggested to his Master to call down fire from heaven to consume certain of the Samaritans. Could any thing be more cruel? could any thing be more unfit for a follower of Jesus? Had John counselled the same thing against us, we should be likely to judge him as altogether a blood-thirsty wretch, and ready to give him over to any punishment. Instead of doing thus, it would become us to think of that deep kindness of heart, that beauteous gentleness of spirit, that purity and goodness, which made the same apostle the beloved disciple of our Lord and Master. Take other times and other men. Martin Luther had passed his youth and much of his manhood. He was, in the eyes of many, fickle and useless. At the age of thirty-eight, he had got for himself neither wealth nor power nor fame, hardly, I think, a fixed habitation. Had we no farther record of his life, I am afraid, that, forgetting the conscientiousness and want of health that kept him from action, we should judge or censure him as shiftless and idle. Thus we should disobey Jesus, and our judgment would be foolish and wicked. That morbid conscience and that sensitive frame, which, for so many years, paralyzed the Augustine monk, made him the only man able or bold enough to lead the human race in one of the most awful convulsions perhaps it ever saw. At the battle of Austerlitz, forty thousand Russians and Austrians were standing upon a frozen lake. Napoleon, riding up to one of his officers, said, "Serrurier, you lose time; fire upon the lake, fire upon the lake." The order was obeyed; the balls and bomb-shells broke the ice, and thousands of those who were upon it, shrieking and struggling for life, perished in the waters. The man who gave that order showed the deepest agony at the death of Duroc; at the last sufferings of the Duke of Monte Bello; and has himself told us how sadly he felt on a battle-field, at the moaning and watching of a dog by his dead master. Who can judge even Napoleon as a monster of cruelty, a heartless wretch? Shall you or I? or shall we obey the command of Jesus, and "judge not." I have drawn my illustrations from some of the most strongly marked characters in history; hoping to show, that,

if we cannot judge them aright, still less can we judge rightly of the less strongly marked characters we meet with every day. We cannot wholly understand any man's nature.

But, if we cannot understand another's nature, as little can we the situation or circumstances that influence him. Before we harshly censure Napoleon for his dreadful command at the battle of Austerlitz, let us think what we might have done, had we been brought up at a time when, and among a people with whom, military glory was thought to be worth more than any amount of human lives; what we might have done, had we been hardened in the bloody scenes of the French Revolution; what we might have done, had we, with passions all aroused, commanded on a battle-field.

A man may be influenced to do a deed by a hundred circumstances, of which we know and can know nothing: probably he himself is not conscious of all of them. For the deed so done we harshly censure him. And it is not impossible that only half of those same circumstances, working upon one peculiarity of our natures, might lead us to do the same deed.

Within a few years past, a physician told me he had once been called to attend upon a young woman whom her friends believed to be in perfect health. And he himself failed to discover any disease. Friends and neighbors sneered at, censured, and reproached her for being idle and wanting in energy, when she was plainly in perfect health. Sorely were her feelings wounded; but not many years. She died; and a *post mortem* examination showed to those who had judged her, that her life had been one of disease and languor and suffering. Those who were guilty did not think how dreadfully unjust and unkind they were. But they were guilty *because* they did not think. Thus again, when we consider how many thousands of circumstances there are which go to form a character, and influence and modify action, — of which circumstances we can know almost nothing, — we may see that Jesus' command was a wise one, that we "judge not." Bearing in mind that "with what judgment we judge we shall be judged," let us ask ourselves, — when God shall judge *our* acts (a long retribution, perhaps, depending on that judgment), whether we would have *him* unmindful of the peculiarities of our natures and our conditions. May we, in all earnestness, ask ourselves that!

Few ways are there in which we can more completely interfere with the happiness of individuals or of society. Very much of a man's reputation depends on what you say of him. More than once have I been led, from the language held to me, to suppose that certain persons were very useless, or very foolish, or very wicked. More than once have I found that the persons thus described answered to neither one nor the other of these descriptions. Not unfrequently the person describing had not the power to appreciate or the means of understanding the character which he had the recklessness to undermine. Instances like this you must all have known. Now, on a man's reputation may depend very much the friendships, the employments, the deeds of kindness, which make life comfortable. Suppose you have seen a man unsuccessful in certain employments: perhaps they were not to his taste. But you tell to one knowing but little of him, that he has no business-capacity; that is, you judge without consideration of his nature, or the modification of his condition. That stranger may have in his gift an employment fitted for the man you "judge." By your representation, the employment is withholden. Is harsh censuring of no harm here?

In the intercourse of life, we must speak to and of others. And in many instances we do not speak plainly enough. The true rule for us seems to be, always to speak the truth in love. The writers of the four Gospels have set us a notable example as to this. In writing the life of their great Master, they, of course, had to mention disagreeable facts. Such was Peter's denial; such was Judas's betraying; such was Herod's beheading of John the Baptist. All these facts are stated without censure or reproach. They, in truth, present facts in palliation of Herod's guilt. And it is thought, that, in mentioning the case of Judas, they meant to use a word which would not be so harsh as *betray*, but would use the milder expression, *to deliver up*. In doing this, they truly followed that meek and just and holy one, "who, being reviled, reviled not again." And well would it be for us to follow both them and him.

J. B. W.

THE

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## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

THERE is a more impressive lesson still, which should make this death-scene ever memorable among those who held the departed in honor. Whatever the cause, whether we are so prosperous that we wish for nothing better than we have on earth, or so busy that we think of nothing better, or so sinful that we dread to look beyond the grave, there has spread among us a vague, indefinite skepticism in regard to the *importance*, and sometimes in regard to the *reality*, of religious truth. As is well known, among other subjects of reflection, that of religion had always been one of profound interest to the mind of the departed. Few professed theologians had examined with more careful and discriminating thought the evidences of the Christian Faith. I do not speak with the idea that any one can be authority to another; but I am not aware that there was any thing in the mind or character of the departed, that rendered him liable to mistake the impressions of superstition for the convictions of reason. There is nothing in the circumstances of our times to lead such a man to affect a faith which he does not feel: there are not many who will imagine themselves more competent to understand the real force of *evidence*, or, what is of equal importance, the *points* on which the evidence should bear. It was not a question of an hour's thought to him, but one which had always been of serious moment: he

did not decide it in ignorance of the nature of the religion, for the Bible was a book which was daily read by him. Here, be it observed, I speak of a single point, — his *judgment of the import and value of the Christian evidences.* I do not say, that he was right or wrong; but I do say, that the deliberate, long-considered, unbiased, elaborate, settled *judgment* of such a mind, on a *question of evidence*, is something which they who knew the man, and believe him to have possessed the powers attributed to him, may reasonably take into consideration. If I could, I would not overbear any man's mind by authority; but, if there be any here whose faith wavers, who imagine that Christianity has nothing to rest upon but legends and myths and superstitious fears, I think it reasonable for him to consider, whether it may not be possible, in view of those facts of which I have spoken, that he has misapprehended the point to be proved, or the real weight of evidence, or that he has omitted considerations which affect that evidence. I think that the deliberate conclusions of such a mind as that of the departed, should, at least, do this: they should cause any one, who respected his power of judging evidence, to hesitate from any hasty or confident rejection of the worth of that evidence, deliberately believed by him to be of overwhelming force. Were his life to leave no result but that of making men pause with more careful consideration on the evidences of their faith, his life and labors would not have been in vain.

There is another consideration, which, though connected as it is with tenderest memories, I trust I may be pardoned for referring to. When the hour of death comes to any of us, we should be glad to communicate to those we love, that which we believe to possess the most intrinsic value. It seemed to be providential in the case of the departed, that not only for days was he aware of his approaching end, but that his mind retained its full vigor and clearness. Around him were those whom he loved the best in the world. The words he was speaking were farewell words, which by them would never be forgotten. It was natural that much should be said to soothe their sorrow; most natural his forethought, in the midst of pain, for their welfare; and as beautiful, as they were full of a tender pathos, were the messages of love which he sent to the absent; for he knew how these brief words would be cherished. But there was more than this, and it could have been prompted by nothing but the profound *conviction of its*

*supreme importance.* Men do not trifle at such an hour with those they love; and throughout all these days, mingled with all else that he said or did, was the evident desire to impress on those around him a deep sense of the *supreme importance of religion.* It seemed as if he had reserved himself to give on this subject his last, most solemn, and impressive, because *dying testimony* to those about whose welfare he was most anxious.* He spoke of immortality; he spoke at length of the Christian faith, and of how little there is in any thing else to give one hope in death. In petitions that a child might have uttered, he implored the mercy of God. And what was of such moment to him in that hour, we may well believe, is no fanciful dream. And here again be it observed — for it is this which gives force to what I say — I am speaking of the convictions of his judgment, the sober convictions of the judgment, respecting the highest interests of human life. Nor can I help remarking, that the great thoughts on which his mind rested were not those which enter into the strifes of parties or metaphysics of sects, but the great central principles of our faith; universally received; sublime as the heavens, but so simple as to be intelligible to the smallest child.

Am I attaching too much importance to this? I am sure you will not think so, unless you misapprehend the force of what I am saying. Were I speaking of one of whom we knew nothing, or of one who had never thought of these subjects till his last hour, his words would deserve comparatively little weight. But I speak

* It is understood to have been a cherished purpose with Mr. Webster to write a work on the Internal Evidences of Christianity. It was his intention to have founded it on a translation of Cicero's treatise, "De Natura Deorum," and to have made it consist of notes and comments on that work of the great Heathen moralist.

About a fortnight or three weeks before his death, he dictated what he wished to have, in substance, contained in his epitaph. After this was done, he said to the gentleman who was acting as his amanuensis (referring to the statement which he wished his epitaph to contain of his faith in the Christian religion): — "If I get well, and write the book on Christianity respecting which we have talked, we can then enter more fully into the matter. But, if I should be taken away suddenly, I do not wish to leave any duty of this kind unperformed. I want to leave somewhere the declaration of my belief in Christianity. I do not wish to go into any doctrinal distinctions in regard to the person of Christ, but to declare my belief in his divine mission."

of one of whom we knew, of one whose mind had a singular instinct for the *realities* of things; of one who had made the matter of religion the subject of his most serious thoughts in the best hours of his life; and of a man endowed with a faculty for appreciating the force of evidence, which we all believed superior to what is ordinarily granted to man. And here let it be observed, that, if he had the common imperfections of our mortal nature, this only made more impressive his humble submission to the authority of a religion which must condemn these imperfections. To see the great force there is in the view I am presenting, suppose that his words had been reversed; suppose that he had said to those around him something like this: "My dear children, my friends, in whom my life is bound up, there is one more subject, that of religion, in regard to which I wish to give you my real convictions. There is nothing so good as truth; every thing is finally determined by the truth; it can never be for our good to be under a delusion. As you well know, I have made the evidences of Christianity a study; and here, in the solemnity of this last hour, I am obliged to say that those evidences do *not* seem to me satisfactory: there is nothing in them on which a reasonable man can rely. Jesus Christ was undoubtedly a good man; he taught many valuable moral truths; but, in my judgment, they are mingled with a history, which, so far as it is miraculous, must be regarded as fabulous. I see no sufficient evidence that he wrought miracles, or that he himself was raised from the dead, or that his religion can claim any supernatural authority beyond what can be claimed by any good system of morals. The common idea, that Christianity was revealed from God and attested by miracles, is, in my judgment, without foundation." Had he said this in his last hour to those he loved, I think it would have astounded us all. We might not have thought his judgment correct; but many would have thought that it could not be unsafe to rely upon it, and all would have felt that a sober conclusion of this kind must have been founded on very powerful and cogent reasons. Those who believed would have felt that they were called upon to examine with greater care the grounds of their faith.

But the same judgment of evidence which would have been felt to be of so much weight, if given on the side of skepticism, has equal weight when given on the side of belief.

Or suppose further that he had said: "I admit the truth of Christianity; but after living long, after having studied the springs of action in my own heart, and having had large experience of mankind, I am obliged to say that Christianity has little practical value; it is not worth your while to trouble yourselves about it. The true plan of life is to make the most of the present hour: as for the future and the invisible, we know little about them, and the best way is not to think of them." We can well imagine what an impression such words would have made.

What I wish to say is, that an opposite judgment, expressing convictions which were the result of a life-long experience and observation, do not deserve any less attention because given on the side of faith. Certainly for us who put confidence in his wisdom, it is something to be remembered and seriously pondered, when such a mind chooses thus to give *its dying testimony in behalf of the truth and the supreme importance of the Christian religion.*

I am not pronouncing the eulogy of the departed, I am not speaking of character, but of deliberate and settled convictions of the understanding, respecting what is of most importance to a human being. I doubt not (such is the blessed adaptation of our faith to all conditions) there were at the same time, in many obscure homes, humble and ignorant persons meeting death as composedly as he, and with the same words of power on their lips; humble and obscure persons, trusting in the Saviour's promises and God's mercy. But we are made to be affected by the sober judgment of the wise and experienced: we should have lost one of the privileges of humanity, if we could not learn something from this; and the great teacher, Death, will have spoken in vain to us, if it have left no impression but that of loss and bereavement. For the dead, all earthly honors are over; all words of eulogy are lost in the air, and cannot rise through the clouds. I speak not for the dead, but for the living. Let those who think they should honor him for his services to his country, who read his volumes to gather from them the wisdom of his great experience, believe that the best lesson he taught was the last; that the highest truths he ever uttered were when he spoke of Faith, of Immortality, of God, and of life spent in obedience to his will. E. P.

## RELIGION AND ART.

RETURNING from a visit to the Düsseldorf Gallery, which is said, and I believe with truth, to be the finest collection of paintings in the country, the question rose in my mind, "Why may not this beautiful art be made to serve a higher purpose than it now does, — a purpose for which it seems originally to have been created, and which has still been adhered to with more or less fidelity in all ages, — that of awakening and sustaining devotion?" The Greeks adorned their temples with paintings and sculpture; the Catholic Church does the same thing, though differently; but in Protestant countries, with few exceptions, and especially in New England, this custom is almost wholly neglected, and even held in abhorrence. The severe faith of the Puritan stigmatized the picture-worship of the Papist as idolatry; and, no doubt, it often did degenerate to that. But, by going to the other extreme, and excluding much of the beauty and grace of the world from his forms of worship, he inflicted as grievous a wound on our religious nature as the opposite fault of the Catholic. For it is true, that as the service of God demands our entire powers, so it gives room for the exercise of all; and no man can be truly and thoroughly religious in whose soul the emotions of beauty and sublimity, and the whole exquisite harmony of the universe, do not awaken a deeper devotion and a tenderer and more steadfast love.

To the thoughtful man, all beauty is religion; for it is in this way that the wisdom and goodness of the Creator most clearly display themselves. The warm life and rich promise of the Spring, — the glory of the opening Summer, — the long, still, dreamy days of the sultry August, — the wondrous sweetness of the enchanted October weather, — who does not feel moved to prayer by these ever-returning yet ever-varied beauties? The graces of nature at once rebuke and comfort our failings. In a morning of freshness and grandeur, when the new-risen sun glorifies all things with his light, a life in harmony with this perfection seems easy. We are lifted out of ourselves and our little cares and worldliness, and brought nearer the fountain of truth. Who has not felt such impulses; and not once or twice, but often? Happy is he who can longest sustain these celestial flights, — who can

hold fast the angel till he gives his blessing. And surely every thing which tends to excite these moods in us should be regarded as a help to religious growth, — as a true and faithful ally of the spirit. Of this kind is our appreciation of the beauty of a fine painting.

It seems to me that few can leave the Düsseldorf Gallery no better than they entered it. It is true that the ideal of those artists has not been the highest: among the hundred subjects, very few are such as in themselves seem worthy of a place on the walls of a church. I have even heard it said, that the painters showed in their choice a degraded idea of art, — if not a denial, at least no recognition, of that high morality which should inspire the true artist of every kind. But I think rather that this choice is in accordance with that great principle, "The tools to him that can handle them," or "Every man to his trade." These Germans seem to say, "We are not Raphaels or Angelos; but that which we can do, we will do well." And in this consists their merit: their pictures are true to nature. One can forgive a painter for not spoiling a Madonna, when he can finish a Peasant Girl so exquisitely as that little picture by Boser, or give us the mortal maiden among the elves, so close beside it. A good "Reapers" is better than a bad "Transfiguration;" and, indeed, a blank canvass is better than that or any other profanation of sacred things by unskilful hands.

Besides, are we not a little too fastidious in our requirements? That is the highest genius and the purest which can draw the best lessons from things in appearance worthless. If I am filled with sweet and holy emotions before a picture of fairies, why should I wish them saints, or apostles, or angels? The end gained is the point to be seen to, after all. Above all, it is better to treat a subject of no great intrinsic worth well, than to attempt what is beyond one's reach, and fail, — better, at least as far as the picture is concerned.

To return to the Düsseldorf Gallery: I wished, while looking at these pictures, and admiring the various excellencies of each, — the exquisite coloring, the wonderful management of light, and all that goes to make up that indefinable essence which we call beauty, — I wished that these might be multiplied, so that no longer they would be confined to one city, but scattered all over the land, might everywhere teach the lessons which they do here, every-

where fill the eye and heart with beauty, and so purify them for the nobler and more beautiful. For this end, I thought, let the church be glad to lend its aid. If it acknowledge art, art surely will acknowledge the church. Many of these pictures might not unfitly adorn the walls of the sanctuary. Whatever is faithful to nature, and in accordance with the devotional sentiment, is worthy of admission there. The use of pictures is not to be calculated. There is an engraving of Faith, common now almost as the Bible, whose influence for good I cannot begin to estimate. Painted by the artist from the deep thought of his heart, or rather, one would say, from the experience or memory of such a character as is there portrayed, this sweet face of piety and trust has gone among millions of men, on its hallowing and elevating mission. What a history it has had, if one could but read it! — from its birth in the soul of the artist, as he walked by day or night under the eternal glory of those heavens to which *her* eyes are raised, or sat alone with thought or memory, through its slow progress from idea to form in the studio, till, at length finished, it enchants all eyes in some gallery or exhibition-room, and is engraved, and passes in this form through its own birth-land and over seas, always blessing, always sanctifying. One might willingly exchange the merit of his own virtues, even if they were many and great, for the good works wrought by this lifeless sheet of paper, stamped with the devout aspiration of an earnest spirit.

And this is but a single instance, and comparatively an humble and poor one, of the divine influence of Christian art on the hearts of men. Works far worthier than this there are in the world, with greater power to move, and born of a more perfect union of thought and deed: only this has been spoken of because of its familiarity. If, through this same medium of engraving (as is being done very rapidly), the pictures of those great masters, who, having labored with a noble purpose, have accomplished nobly, could become known to all the world, — to every poor cottager as well as to the rich and elegant, — who could estimate the blessing they would bring? For art, like philosophy, is of little consequence till it is brought down from heaven to earth. It can achieve but a trifling part of its great work, until it has made itself felt by the mass of mankind. It is doing this now, and with swiftness and certainty. But may not the church, *as such*, very much assist in this? Ought it to neglect this mighty instrument, so powerful if well-directed, and so easy

of direction? The church in New England is not poor, — at least, not universally so; and here it is complained that the arts need a patron. Let, then, the wealthy societies of our cities, when they are building their magnificent churches, and adorning them with all the appliances of luxury, remember this luxury of pictures, for which they take so little thought.

If men worship to gratify their vanity, or their love of ease and splendor, here surely is a way to please these tastes with greater refinement and a keener enjoyment. How much rather, if they have at heart the true service of God and the advancement of man, will they bring into that service all the force which they can command! There are pictures which inspire more holy thought, and purify the soul more, than volumes of sermons; and such are always at the command of wealth and taste. Why should they not preach from the walls of our churches, as the minister from his pulpit?

Thanks to the improvements of science, too, the beauties of art are not wholly above the reach of the poor. It is better to have the painting as it comes glowing from the hand of the artist; yet it is well to share in his beautiful conceptions, even after the engraver's fingers have, as it were, brushed the down from their wings. What church in New England so poor that it could not afford to enrich itself with engravings? And so, each assisting with its ability, — the wealthy more directly, the poorer indirectly, — our churches might encourage and elevate art.

Is this idea wholly visionary? Many will smile at it, no doubt, as the dream, and the foolish dream too, of some picture-smitten youth, who leaps from imaginations to results with ignorant haste. But let not a faulty treatment of this topic prevent any one from a serious consideration of it. These pages have been written merely to call attention, to suggest action; and there are many infinitely better qualified to speak on this point than the writer; many who have done so, and more, he cannot but hope, who will hereafter. For it is a subject on which many earnest souls think deeply; it deals with an instinct of the spirit which every one feels, and at some time recognizes as divine. There is a longing for the good, whose fruit is piety, — a longing for the true, and its fruit is integrity; yet the true integrity of the soul cannot exist, till its other longing, for the beautiful, be also satisfied, or at least acknowledged as legitimate. F.

(To be continued.)

## THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE walks a silent angel
  Through this our earthly home:
With comfort for earth's sorrows
  Our Lord hath bid him come.
And in his eyes peace shineth,
  And gentle grace abides;
He is the angel Patience:
  Oh, follow where he guides!

For tenderly he leads thee
  Through all thy earthly care,
And cheerfully he bids thee
  Hope for a future fair.
Even when thy heart fails wholly,
  He courage doth sustain;
Thy cross — he helps thee bear it,
  And makes all well again.

To quiet grief he changes
  The spirit's bitterest smart,
And bathes in still submission
  The wild and restless heart.
His power from out the darkness
  At last the day reveals;
And surely, though so slowly,
  Thy every wound he heals.

When he would soothe, he chides not
  The tears that fill thine eyes;
He stifles not thy longing,
  But calms and sanctifies.
And if, when storms are raging,
  Thou, murmuring, askest, Why?
He points to heaven, and gently
  Smiles on thee his reply.

Yet not to every question
  An answer may'st thou hear;
His legend teaches, "Courage!
  The resting-place is near."
And so he goes beside thee,
  And still his words are few;
His great reward far distant,
  Yet ever kept in view. F.

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## THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

THOSE who have read our remarks on the Old Testament will remember, that in the last article, the life of Moses, in connection with the Israelites in Egypt, was traced down to the time when he succeeded in obtaining an order from the king, granting him leave to remove them from that country.

We now take up and continue the narative; only turning aside, for a moment, to notice two or three collateral incidents.

1. And first, that singular command which it has puzzled so many to reconcile with their notions of morality: "Let every man borrow of his neighbor, and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver and jewels of gold." This command was given by Moses, it will be remembered, just on the eve of the departure from Egypt, and in conformity with a previous intimation from God that provision should in this way be made for their pilgrimage. For, in the third chapter of Exodus, God is represented as saying to them: "And it shall come to pass, that, when ye go, ye shall not go empty; but every woman shall borrow of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment: and ye shall put them upon your sons and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil the Egyptians." Of course, under these circumstances, whoever borrowed an article, whether of little or great value, did so, not expecting to return either the article or its equivalent, but intending to retain it. Now, it is asked, was this right? was it honest? was the representation made true? was not the whole transaction, on the contrary, deceptive and fraudulent? How, then, can it be believed

that God should not only permit, but actually enjoin, such conduct? We will endeavor to answer.

Look, first, at the peculiar case of these Hebrews. They had been held as slaves, kept under task-masters, cruelly oppressed, their toil unrequited, and, on grounds of strict justice, had a large debt due to them from the Egyptians. And they were on the point of leaving the land of their bondage for ever.

Look, next, at the case of the Egyptians. They had resisted, for a long time, the demand of Moses, in the name of the Lord, that they should let the Israelites go; but, at length, astonished and confounded by a series of miracles, struck dumb especially by "Death's doings" amongst them, they had consented. They must have felt, at the moment, that the Hebrews were specially assisted and guided by "the Powers above,"— that there was some mysterious connection between them and the God they worshipped; and this persuasion must have produced in them a certain awe of the Hebrews, and the inclination to do for them whatever they could to facilitate their departure.

In these conditions were the two parties respectively. Now, for the word "borrow," substitute *ask* or *demand*,— which is quite as true to the original, — and see how the morality of the transaction stands. In obedience to what they believed to be a divine direction, every one *demanded* of his neighbor jewels of silver and jewels of gold. They gave no promise, no intimation, of a purpose or wish, ever to return them. Well, certainly they had a clear claim to some remuneration for their long services. If it had been necessary to the success of their great movement, it is by no means a settled point of morals that they would not have been justified in taking such things as they could lay their hands on at the time, without saying, "By your leave." It was better, however, for them to *ask* the Egyptians for such articles as, being of little weight, and at the same time of much value, they could easily take with them and exchange anywhere, if they wished, for the necessaries of life.

Moreover, there is no evidence that the Egyptians were dissatisfied or complained. What was demanded they freely yielded. No doubt, some of them were loath to part with their jewels. That is human nature. But they must have felt, after all, that it was a pretty easy discharge from an indebtedness so great. Indeed, so far were they from finding fault, it is said, "The Lord gave

the people *favor* in the sight of the Egyptians;" and that "the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants and in the sight of the people;" — a state of feeling which could not have existed, had the Egyptians felt themselves defrauded or robbed by the Hebrews. So much for the borrowed jewels.

2. We will briefly notice, in the next place, — as it belongs chronologically to that portion of the history of the Hebrews now under review, — *the institution of the Passover.*

The Passover primarily commemorates that particular miracle of Moses which resulted in the decree for the manumission of the Israelites; namely, the *passing over* the dwellings of the Hebrews in the dreadful mortality which swept away, in a night, all the first-born of Egypt, so that "in the morning there was not a house in which there was not one dead." But while it was intended to be a perpetual memorial of that providential interposition, it came also, by natural association, to represent the more general fact of Israel's redemption, the memory of which it has preserved through all these ages down to the present day. Like the Christian rite of the Lord's Supper, the Passover, it may be well to notice, was instituted *before* the event it commemorates took place.

The manner of observing the Passover was, in many respects, peculiar. First, a *lamb* was sacrificed. Perhaps this animal was chosen from a sort of opposition to the Egyptians, amongst whom the lamb was venerated, but never sacrificed. When they ate it, they had their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, and their staff in their hand, like travellers all ready for a journey; thereby keeping up the remembrance of the haste with which they prepared to leave the country. Moreover, it was eaten "with bitter herbs, — such as were at hand, and could be gathered without difficulty, — partly to bring to mind their bitter sufferings, and partly to signify that they had no time to think of delicacies and luxuries. Also, for the same reasons, it was eaten with *unleavened* bread. The festival continued seven days: the first and the last of the seven being days of "holy convocation," or strictly *religious* days. On these two days no work was allowed; but the other five were distinguished from common days only by the fact that no leavened bread was used, — a regulation which was enforced by the penalty of excommunication. Finally, it was required of the

elders, at each anniversary of the feast, to instruct the children in the *meaning* of it, so that the knowledge of its origin and purpose might be sure to be handed down from sire to son, age after age, till the end of the dispensation. A particular form of words, setting forth that meaning, was prescribed; and every precaution was taken to preserve the simplicity and secure the perpetuity of the institution.

Now, this feast is a historical fact. We are not indebted for the knowledge of it to the books of the Jews exclusively. Until Jerusalem was trodden down of the Gentiles, it had been a *public* festival, universally recognized, as well known out of Judea as the heathen festivals at Alexandria, Corinth, Ephesus, Rome, were in Jerusalem. It existed in the days of the kings and the prophets. David tunes his harp to the praise of it. Isaiah refers to it often. It was observed in the time of Christ. He himself kept it. And Jews from all parts of the world resorted annually to the holy city to celebrate it. What then? Why, it is the best evidence in the world of the truth of the old Scripture records! Written records may be vitiated by interpolations or omissions or changes of the text. Errors may creep into them, in the lapse of time, perverting the original sense. Mere traditions, too, may be corrupted easily. But solid monuments, and especially memorial institutions, tell the same story for ever. Who can look on this Passover, so sacredly kept for ages by a whole people, and deny the historical fact upon which it was founded? As reasonably amid the firing of guns, and the ringing of bells, and the music and pomp of processions, on the Fourth of July, might it be doubted whether there were ever such facts as the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. As well, standing at the foot of the granite monument in Charlestown, might it be doubted whether the battle of Bunker Hill was ever fought. The day and the monument are irrefragable proofs of the facts. So, too, the Christian rite of the Lord's Supper is the most convincing proof of the facts it commemorates; and the existence of the rite can be explained on no hypothesis which does not admit those facts.

When we read in Exodus of the wonderful works wrought by the hand of Moses, — when we think of the uncertain but extreme antiquity of that book, — when we consider how prone narrators are to exaggeration, — when we remember how liable all men are to

misconception of facts, — we may perhaps pause sometimes in perplexity, half incredulous as to statements so extraordinary as many we meet with. But, when we see an institution like the Passover handed down from generation to generation, with no diversity of representation touching its import or its origin, — these being understood at every period precisely as the Bible represents, — how can the facts it professes to commemorate be called in question with any show of reason? So stands the Passover.

We now proceed to the circumstances of the Departure. The place of general rendezvous was called Rameses, — which may have been the name either of a city or of a district in Goshen. There the children of Israel assemble. Behold the vast multitude rallying to this central point, at the call of their leader, and with the concurrence of the monarch of Egypt, in preparation for their march for the land which had been promised to their fathers for an inheritance! What a company! What a scene! What strange emotions mount up in the bosoms of the old men! what unwonted hopes in the breasts of the young! And what fearful anxieties oppress, what heavenly assurances console, the hearts of Moses and Aaron! To prevent confusion and promote despatch, the company are distributed into bands, and arranged in a sort of military order. In the evening of the fourteenth day of the month Abib (or about the first of April), they keep the Passover; and on the following morning, — hundreds of Egyptians, doubtless, looking on, — they begin their unknown, eventful, majestic pilgrimage. Their first day's march brings them to SUCCOTH, a "place of tents;" in other words, a place suitable for encampment. Now, the direct route from this station to Canaan would have been in a north-easterly course, along the Mediterranean, and through the country of the Philistines, — a fierce and warlike people, whom it was not safe for the Hebrews, all unaccustomed to arms and broken in spirit by long servitude, to encounter. Another way would carry them around the head of the Red Sea, into a wilderness-country, from which they might proceed northward to Canaan, leaving the Philistines on the left. As if intending to take this route, they break up at Succoth, and advance another day's journey to the edge of a desert, which borders on the north and stretches away to the east of the Red Sea; the place of their encampment being called ETHAM. But instead of going forward, thence around the head of the sea, into the sandy

and barren region to the east, whither they could not be pursued by the chariots and horsemen of Egypt, they suddenly struck to the south, keeping the upper part of the sea on their left hand, and encamped before PI-HAHIROTH, quite near to the sea, and probably not far from the site of the modern town of Suez. This was certainly, to all human view, as insecure a position as they could have chosen, if they had had any reference to the danger of being pursued. They were hemmed in on all sides: on the left and in front, the sea; on the right, a sandy plain, terminating at a short distance in a high ridge of mountains; and behind, less than forty miles, — for that is the extreme distance they had marched, — their old oppressors. Yet they had been led to this place by the guidance of that mysterious pillar of fire and of cloud, which, in all their subsequent wanderings, was as an angel of Jehovah unto them. And, according to the testimony of the historian, God had a special purpose in conducting them thither. He had not yet done with Pharaoh. He beheld in him a spirit still unsubdued. He saw that he wanted not the disposition, had he but the power, to re-enslave the Israelites; and therefore he determined once more to make manifest his own sovereignty and to "be honored upon Pharaoh," that the Egyptians *might know* that he was the Lord.

The situation of the Hebrews became known at once to Pharaoh, and he instantly made ready his chariots, — six hundred chosen chariots, — and took his people with him, — his horsemen and his army, — and pursued after the children of Israel, and overtook them encamped by the sea. This was a moment of awful peril to the affrighted fugitives. All the horrors of their former captivity, renewed and increased a hundred-fold, must have risen up before their imaginations, and filled them with an almost frenzied consternation. In their confusion and terror, they now cry unto the Lord, and now pour bitter denunciation upon Moses. They passionately lament their attempt to escape from Egypt, declaring that it would be better for them to have remained in slavery, than that they should die in the wilderness. But what a contrast is presented by their great leader! In what strength and calm grandeur of soul does he stand up before them! So many enemies close upon him, walled in by sea and mountain, how unshaken his confidence in that Right Arm which had hitherto been his support! Where, in all history, can be found an example of loftier courage and faith than he exhibited on this occasion, or words

in which those sentiments are more forcibly expressed? "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you to-day; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."

But by what means shall deliverance come? How shall the calamity which threatens them so imminently be averted? "Stand still, and behold the wondrous works of the Lord." The pillar of cloud, — the dark robe, shall we call it, of the Almighty, — which had gone before them, suddenly shifts its position to the rear, intercepting the view of the Egyptians, so that they could not at all observe the movements of the Israelites; for movements are actually going on in that camp that will astonish the world! They are getting ready for a march, the like to which was never undertaken before or since. Has not that wand which Moses carried wrought wonders already, and may it not work wonders again? What if they shall attempt the passage of the sea *on foot*, will the sea answer to the wand, and open a path for them? A little while will decide that question.

From the point where they are encamped, in the neighborhood of Suez, a line running obliquely to the opposite shore would make the distance three or four miles. Over this part of the sea, Moses is commanded to stretch forth his rod. And what ensues? A strong wind from the north-east begins to blow, which continues all night, driving out the waters from the small arm of the sea which runs up by Suez, and leaving the shallow portions dry, while the more northern part of the arm remains covered with water. Thus the waters were divided, and a path was made in the midst of them, by which the Heaven-led bands might pass in safety. It is night. The strong wind beats in their faces as they advance in silence, and under cover of the darkness, to the water's edge. As the solemn midnight hour approaches, the numerous hosts begin to defile along the awful pass which God had made. In two hours or so, they complete the passage, and begin to feel a sense of security and the joy of a new-born freedom. But the ardor of this feeling is soon damped; for, as they look back by the light of the breaking day, they behold their bold pursuers entering the same path which had been made for them in the waters, with no apparent obstacle to hinder their overtaking them speedily. This places them in a new and perilous dilemma; and

what shall they do? What but remember the word of the Lord, stand still, and await its fulfilment? Flushed with the hope of speedily recapturing the fugitives and fearing no secret danger, the Egyptians make their way slowly and resolutely into the sea. But, as they advance, the wheels of their chariots either sink in the mud or are broken amongst the rocks, producing a scene of dreadful disorder, insomuch that they begin to doubt whether it will be possible for them to cross over, and to say one to another, "The Lord fighteth for them against us!" In the midst of the confusion, and to add to it, there comes a change of wind and tide; and, to their amazement, they behold the waters returning in their strength to their original place. As the morning brightens over them, they attempt to retrace their steps. But in vain. The waters know their place, and will have it again, though Pharaoh and his troops be buried out of sight! From either side they rush together, as if feeling a conscious pride in obeying Heaven's will, filling the broad chasm and overwhelming "the chariots of Egypt and the horsemen thereof." "Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore. And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses."

The biblical account of the passage of the Red Sea is not without confirmation from other sources. That occurrence is referred to and commented on, with more or less particularity, by several of the most ancient writers. Eusebius, in the "Preparatio Evangelica," has collected and preserved some of these testimonials. He quotes, for example, one Artapanus, a Greek historian of uncertain date, who wrote a work "Concerning the Jews," as saying that the Heliopolitans gave the following version of the passage of the sea: — "The king of Egypt, as soon as the Jews had departed from his country, pursued them with an immense army, bearing along with him the consecrated animals. But Moses having, by the Divine command, struck the waters with his rod, they parted asunder, and afforded a free passage to the Israelites. The Egyptians attempted to follow them, when fire suddenly flashed in their faces; and the sea, returning to its usual channel, brought a universal destruction upon their army." This would indicate that lightning was one of the instruments employed by Providence in the Egyptian overthrow, and the hint is confirmed by the language of one of the Psalms: —

"The waters saw thee, O God!
The waters saw thee and feared,
And the deep trembled.
The clouds poured out water,
The skies sent forth the thunder,
And thine arrows flew.
Thy thunder roared in the whirlwind;
Thy lightning illumined the world;
The earth trembled and shook.
Thy way was through the sea,
And thy path through great waters,
And thy footsteps could not be found.
Thou didst lead thy people like a flock,
By the hands of Moses and Aaron."

The subject, however, is not free from difficulties. Though, in the principal incidents, the account is not intrinsically incredible, but the contrary, and though it is corroborated by other evidence, yet there are some points in it which have always, and not without reason, been met with objections. But none of those objections can be regarded as very serious, except that which arises from the immense number of persons represented in the march through the sea. This certainly presents an objection not easily overcome. And it may be remarked generally, that the greatest difficulties which the student of the Pentateuch encounters are those connected with the *numeration*, whether of persons or of years, specified in those books. We know nothing of the system of *notation* in the early period of Jewish history; and it does not seem improbable, that, in bringing the original records into their present written form, important errors were committed. The number of Israelites at the exodus is set down at between two and three millions. Now, although in a former article we maintained that there *might* have been an increase so great from the original stock, yet, on more reflection, such an increase seems quite improbable. In the first place, it is not easy to conceive of so great a population subsisting in a district so small as that of Goshen, even though the most fertile part of Egypt. In the second place, we see not why the family of Jacob, who found, on entering Egypt, a populous country, should have multiplied in a ratio so much greater than that of the Egyptians as to have been, at the time of the departure, nearly equal to them in number, as they must have been, if our enumeration be true. For Champollion estimates the whole population of Egypt Proper, at the

period of its highest prosperity, long posterior to Moses, at from five to seven millions. But, in the third place, the grand difficulty lies in the utter impracticability of a multitude so large making the marches — encamping — provisioning — and crossing the sea, in the manner our history relates. Conceive of a population two or three times as large as that of the whole State of Massachusetts assembling in one place, a few miles at most in extent, and moving in one solid body! What an encampment! But if so many could be brought together and lodged in tents near the sea, — which seems incredible, — would it be possible for them, in two or three hours' time, — the extent allowed, — to ford the sea, — such a procession with their cattle and their goods? Ask any military man, accustomed to marshal troops. Yourselves have seen large processions marching in order to the sound of music and at quick step; and you know how long it takes five or ten thousand persons — here were two or three hundred times ten thousand! — to pass a particular point. True, we know not how many marched abreast in this mighty column; but suppose they went a thousand abreast, which would require the breadth of at least half a mile in the sea, the column would be more than two thousand persons in depth, or two miles in length!

The only way, it seems to us, in which the correctness of the scriptural enumeration can be maintained is by supposing a fact of which there is no hint in the Bible, but which is not improbable, viz.: that, during the day, the greater part of the vast company had crossed the sea, and only a remnant remained behind to go over during the night. At all events, such a supposition is better, or to presume an error in the numerical statement is wiser, than to contend for the literal exactness of the record against so stupendous improbabilities. The facts, which alone are of much importance in the narrative, are the safe departure of the Israelites from Egypt, under their Heaven-directed leader; the wonderful passage of the Red Sea; and the complete rout and overthrow of the Egyptian army in their attempt to recapture them. "He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up. So He led them through the depths as through the wilderness. And He saved them from the hand of him that hated them, and redeemed them from the hand of the enemy. And the waters covered their enemies. There was not one of them left." We will not say, So perish all oppressors! But rather will we say,

May the Lord open their eyes and turn their hearts, that they no longer provoke his anger against them!

When, from the other side of the sea, Moses looked back and beheld the fate of his enemies, in a spirit of exultant gratitude, he composed a hymn, to be sung in celebration of the event, which, for grandeur and sublimity, belongs to the highest grade of poetic conception. The chorus of this triumphal song, composed by his sister, and sung by all the women, each having a timbrel in her hand, and all dancing joyfully to the music, was in these words: —

"Sing ye to the Lord,
For He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider
Hath He thrown into the sea."

Thus ended the hallelujah of Israel's redemption, and the passage of the Red Sea. J. W. T.

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## WAYSIDE THOUGHTS.

### I.

In the pleasant perusal of the life of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, some months since, I was forcibly impressed with the importance that she attached to the habit of praying with and for her children. I have always had a strong conviction, that most children have the capacity of entering into the spirit of prayer, and comprehending their relation to their Father in heaven, at an early age, — much earlier than many parents suppose. And may not the failure of some to make their sons and daughters as upright and virtuous as they wish them to become, be traced to their neglect in making the religious element the primary part in their characters, — in trusting too much to their own strength, and seeking too little for the strength that can come from God alone? Is it possible that the prayer of a mother, daily asking for light and guidance to govern her child aright, and strength to do whatever is necessary for its ultimate well-being and happiness, — however painful it may be at present, — shall utterly fail, and fall

to the ground as nought? Is it probable, that the little child, who is taught, as soon as it can speak, to offer up its morning and evening prayer in simplest accents, telling its Father in heaven its little wishes and wants and troubles, will afterwards wholly forget or outgrow that habit, strong as the impressions of childhood are ever acknowledged to be?

I have known one child, not more than four or five years of age, when staying from home without her mother, ask to be left alone a few moments before going to bed, as she had been taught; and another, a year or two older, who heard her mother earnestly desire a blessing which God alone could bestow, and when he in his good providence saw fit to grant it, said to her, "Mother, I knew you would have it, for I asked God to give to you." She had knelt down and prayed him for it, as her mother afterwards ascertained.

Young mother, weighed down with the responsibility which comes upon you, as one after another is added to your little band, faint, weary, and almost in despair of ever leading them in the way you would have them go, try faithfully and perseveringly, among your other plans and methods, this simple one, — of praying with and for your children, and teaching them to pray for themselves. It can do no harm: with God's blessing, it must result in unmeasurable and everlasting good.

II.

How a familiar sound and every-day sight will sometimes bring vividly to the mind a striking thought or impression, which it never awakened before!

Many a time have I stood and listened, on a sabbath morning in summer, to the church-bells, that could be heard from the rocks and hills of my early home, till all unhallowed and turbulent feelings were softened and subdued, and my whole soul was filled with the peace and harmony which seemed to pervade all nature. Many a time during the week have I heard one of them calling the village people, at morning, noon, and night, to their labor, refreshment, and rest; and it appeared to me, that there was less of sacredness in the sound than when summoning them to church. But a few mornings since, as I was preparing for the duties of the day, its pleasant tones rung out, and the thought instantly occurred to me, What a striking emblem of God's voice

to us! He calls us on the sabbath to worship him in the temple which we have consecrated to his service; and he speaks in tones as clear and audible to us. if we will but hear and heed them, to serve and glorify him through the week, by the faithful performance of every duty which the week brings with it. Would that all who live within the sound of church-bells might be reminded by them, both of their sabbath privileges and their daily responsibilities!

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## "SHUT THE DOOR."

THE season has arrived when we are forced to shut out doors from all outward natural objects, and in smaller spaces we hold more private communion with each other. Now it becomes us to ask, How stands our relation with the family about us? I am grieved to believe, that, with too many of us, were we to listen to the expressions which confidential friends are breathing to each other, our peace of mind would be materially affected. Almanac-makers are prone to tell us what is best suited to autumnal work: those who sometimes give seasonable counsel would do well to find what kind of *small talk* is most current in close proximity to themselves.

For the past few months, families have been scattered. They are all returned now, and are arranging their plans for the coming winter. Would you like an ear-trumpet to convey to your private room the gossip which may be repeated about you? Perhaps your benevolence may be questioned; there may be unkind surmisings and uncharitable expressions in quarters where blood relationships ought to make them exempt from such crimination. He is a wise man who turns a deaf ear to all such calumny; but how can you do so, when that little petty retailer of slander serves it up again, it may be, with additional seasoning? I am sorry to believe that in some families the seeds of domestic strife and alienations are thus formed, and that even the ungoverned tongue of a child sometimes produces more mischief than the most dependent servant under our roof. At first, the communications made to us in the old phrase are "received in one ear, and go out at the other;" but, ere long, the repetition makes them

assume the form of petty annoyances. We begin to feel we are standing in untrue relations; that we are considered interested in our benevolence, and our equanimity becomes sadly disturbed. Now, unless we resolutely shut the door, our future peace is sacrificed; we must cut off all such communications.

It happened once to my lot to be so situated in a family. They were considered most worthy people. kind-hearted, well disposed, yet they were remarked for frequent changes in their household department, and no one ever definitely assigned a cause for leaving this family. There was, however, a darling little boy, who was the pet of his father: he was just old enough to be full of mischief, and just sagacious enough to retail all the petty foibles of the domestics. I have often been amused at his apparently artless manner of attracting attention. His father might be deeply absorbed in study: by and by, those little fingers would slightly tap at the study-door. He was generally sure of admittance, and always seemed brimful of events. which he hastily narrated. Once in my hearing. it ran on this wise: "Father, you don't know what our John said about you in the kitchen this morning!" He had evidently secured his attention: the pen dropped, — "My son what did he say? Come. tell father all;" and. in his anxiety to tell the whole, he evidently told a great deal more. "And did John really tell that to the cook, my son?" "May I believe every word of it? for, if it is so, I must send for him to my room." The little fellow, anxious to keep up a running fight, persisted in the truth of his statement, and added, "He said more, father, which I cannot remember."

John was accordingly summoned to his master's presence, and severely rebuked for what he had never uttered. The truth was, the man and the cook were playfully talking over the good qualities of their master. John facetiously remarked, "He has not all the good qualities, however, you attribute to him: he is lazy, Nancy; that you cannot deny." This led to some joking upon others; and little Arthur condensed the whole, and made his way to the study to communicate his budget of small talk. This was but a solitary instance of his proceedings. Strange to say, I never heard the child reproved for his tattling propensity. When the mischief of his tongue became apparent, the servants were displaced, and the offending cause passed along unrebuked.

In the circle of our friends, there may be some who are in the

habit of repeating matters, so that grave inferences are drawn from mere trifles; some housekeepers seem to find the principal fund of their conversation drawn from such materials; and, I blush for my sex to add, I have known hours of familiar intercourse mostly occupied in petty details of what had transpired below stairs, while the head of the family was absent! It is a notorious fact, that some ladies do make their domestic annoyances a fruitful subject of conversation. For one, I would desire to shut my ears, if not my doors, from companions who have no better sources of amusement than retailing the faults of their domestics, the many times they have been forced to change them, sometimes accompanied with a minute detail of all that passed between them. I may be thought out of place in these utterances; but were not such practices sometimes indulged by those who are called *Christian women*, I would not here allude to them. Surely, it would be far better to try and help each other out of our many infirmities, and then forgive and forget them, and place our minds upon more elevating topics.

In order to secure happy families, we must look at our annoyances, and resolutely set ourselves to work them off. Sometimes we may find an uncompromising spirit in ourselves; sometimes a jealous and suspicious disposition may be the bane of our enjoyment; a little child or an adult, unschooled to conform to household regulations, may cause us an unprofitable winter. With a becoming propriety of manner, we may often act so as to remove such annoyances. We are too apt to suppose evils are beyond our reach, especially when it requires much labor and effort to remove them. But now is the season to adjust our indoor arrangements so as to ensure an improvement in *ourselves;* and in no way can we secure such an end, but by the universal law of kindness. We cannot expect a perpetual sunshine; but we ought to learn to accommodate ourselves, and to be happy under the clouds, — nay, more, the very tempests of life; at least to be tranquil, and patiently wait for the end.

In all families there must be mutual concessions and compromises. To think the best of the worst features of another's character may greatly aid us in this matter of forbearance. To reflect under what different training others may have been placed; how different educational biases lead to varying conclusions, and the fact, too, that we ourselves stand in need of lenient judg-

ment, — may greatly soften all our asperities. This is a good time in the year to remantle ourselves with a Christian charity. If we are but half as busy in looking after the defects and repairing the blemishes of the interior life as we now are in arranging our winter garments, and only half as solicitous to be clothed with the garments of righteousness as that we may secure a comely outfit for our material bodies, such endeavors will secure the end of our desires, viz. a happy home, which we would not exchange for all the charms of the fashionable watering-place or the crowded sea-shore, only as such variety shall more sensibly endear it to our dearts. Thus we may shut the doors of our mansions against all outward decay, feeling we have a *true life* within.

H. S. E.

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## THE DEATH OF HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

A SERMON BY REV. JOHN H. MORISON.*

PSALM cxliii. 2: — "And enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."

THESE words express a feeling which we may always have impressed upon us by the death of any one who has been long in the world, and earnestly engaged in its concerns. However men may appear to us at other times, we can then only commend them to the merciful judgments of Heaven; for in the sight of God shall no man living be justified. The sentiment thus awakened should lead us never to exalt human virtues into a sufficient ground of acceptance with God; and, on the other hand, it should lead us to look with a lenient and forgiving spirit upon the failings and sins of our fellow-men. While we call on God not to enter into judgment with his servants, we, who share their weaknesses, who know from our own experience how easy it is to yield to sudden temptation, and fall short of the mark which we earnestly strive to reach, *we*, at least, should pass tenderly over their faults, and with tears of compassion and sorrow turn away from the defects of those whose lives have been marked by great virtues, and who, by their deeds and thoughts, have placed themselves among the eminent benefactors of our race.

* Preached at Milton, Oct. 31, 1852.

One such man, distinguished above all the men of our age and country by his intellectual endowments and his public services, has been called, during the past week, from his earthly labors to the judgments of heaven. Last Sunday morning, as we were on the way to this place of our devotions, the sound of distant guns announced to us the heavy loss which had fallen upon our nation. Since then, in all circles, this has been the one absorbing topic of conversation. Notwithstanding the near approach of the presidential election, political papers have spoken of little else but this one event. Public meetings have been suspended; torch-light processions have been given up. Resolutions expressive of profound sorrow and respect have been passed alike by political friends and opponents. The presidential candidate of the great national party whose general policy and measures he has so often opposed, has gone out of his way to speak of his virtues and his public services in terms of simple and affecting eloquence. The chief departments of our national government have put on the emblems of mourning, not merely that a high officer of state has been removed by death, but because God in his providence has taken away the mightiest intellect of our day, — one whose wisdom and eloquence, whose public virtues, and the powerful support which he had given to the great principles of our national government, had made him, in himself, a pillar of national security and strength. The Governor of our State, the municipal authorities in our principal cities, courts of justice, literary associations, meetings of citizens in our small towns, have all testified to the general sorrow; and, on the day of his burial, thousands went, with sad hearts and tearful eyes, to pay the last office of affection and respect to his mortal remains; while, from the sea to the mountains, the bells of a thousand churches slowly tolled the solemn dirge in populous cities, in quiet country villages, along the banks of mighty rivers, in peaceful dells among the hills, and wherever human beings are accustomed to meet together, from a sense of human weakness, for the worship of Almighty God.

It is good for us to be thus afflicted, and, in the presence of a common sorrow, to forget our differences, and remember only that we are citizens of a common country, having a common inheritance in the illustrious names which blaze along the pages of its history. As the divided members of a household, who have been

alienated from one another by jarring interests, are brought together by the death of a common parent, and, in the tears which they shed upon his coffin, wash away their enmities, and revive again, in all their tenderness, the affections which united them as children; so, in a great public sorrow like this, death, the grand pacificator, throws its pall over past estrangements, melts away hard and uncharitable judgments, and, in the sense of universal bereavement, draws us together by closer and more endearing ties. We learn then to respect each other's motives, to recognize each other's virtues, to forgive each other's errors, to lean with fraternal confidence upon one another, and to feel that we all have one country, and that whatever may affect its honor and happiness belongs alike to us all.

It is well, then, to give ourselves up to an occasion like this, and to dwell upon it even here, in the place of our religious meditations and instructions. This is indeed no place for indiscriminate eulogy on the living or the dead. "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O God! for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." In the sight of God's infinite holiness, or compared with the boundless love and perfect purity which we are here accustomed to commemorate, the brightest of human virtues grow dim, and a life of the widest usefulness seems narrow and imperfect. Still, it is well for us here, with gratitude to the Author and Giver of all, to call to mind the eminent services of those whom he has raised up to guide the public sentiment of a nation, to consolidate its institutions, or to infuse into it the elements of a loftier patriotism and a purer public virtue.

It is not my purpose to dwell, or even to touch, upon the political controversies which have agitated the country for the last forty years, and in which this great statesman has taken so conspicuous a part. But the spirit with which public men engage in their duties, the tone and bearing which they exhibit in their public conduct, is a subject for moral and religious reprobation or approval. In this particular, no man has set a higher example. He has never carried the manners of a bar-room, or the spirit of a party caucus, into the halls of legislation. Debates on national measures never, through any agency or countenance of his, have been allowed to degenerate into personal or party brawls. He never was, and never could be, merely a partisan. His intellectual perceptions were too broad; his views of national

policy too far-reaching and comprehensive; his sense of personal dignity too lofty; in short, his whole nature was made on too large a scale, to allow him to bring into our legislative debates those narrow party considerations and expedients which many of our statesmen have been so ready to employ, if only they could by that means secure the cheap and wretched victory of an hour. The influence of such a man, by his presence and his example, in preserving the decorum of our legislative bodies, and in giving weight and dignity to their proceedings, is no small contribution to the cause of public morals. His manner of discussing public measures was a still greater public benefaction. Let any one, with reference to this point, read his political speeches. Many of them relate to subjects which have little interest now, and from beginning to end are enlivened by no flights of eloquence. They are calm, business-like statements, relating to the matter in hand, appealing only to the understanding of his hearers, and therefore models for the discussion of such matters. But when the subject was one which involved higher considerations; when the honor of the nation seemed to him in danger; when principiples which he looked upon as the safeguards of society were rudely approached, — then a different chord was touched; he rose with the occasion; he broke through the restraints of party; more than once, he lent the authority of his great name, and the weight of his powerful intellect, to a hostile administration; and poured out those strains of impassioned eloquence, which have endeared him as a patriot to the hearts of the whole American people. In those remarkable speeches, which have engraved his name on the Constitution and history of his country, and which are so early on the lips of our children, while they are quoted as authority by eminent jurists and statesmen, it is always some sentiment of patriotism, some high principle of duty or of religious faith, that lends its inspiration to his words, and lights up the massive structure of his thought. He appeals to what is highest in man's nature. He sets before us, in language worthy of such themes, the principles of justice, liberty, and truth, eternal as the throne of God, which are the only permanent foundation of our national security.

He was born at the close of our revolutionary war. His early life was passed in the imbecile days of the old confederacy. As a boy, he saw the country rising at once into honor, security, and

greatness under the Constitution. In his legal studies and at the bar, he was brought into contact with men of the highest eminence as statesmen and lawyers, and was by them, as well as in his private studies, taught to look with something of a religious reverence to the Constitution, as the great bond of national union, and our only safeguard against the fatal encroachments of popular violence or despotic power. Its very dust was dear to him. He watched, therefore, and guarded, every one of its provisions with an extreme jealousy. He believed that the fortunes of our country, and the cause of civil liberty throughout the world, were involved in its preservation and support. Whatever might weaken its authority, or tend to break up the Union over which it had thrown its protecting shield, was regarded by him as tending to take away the last hope of free government from us, and from all the struggling nations of the world. If, therefore, at any time, he saw the elements of disunion gathering in the distance, and threatening to sweep away the defences of the Constitution; if, in the presence of formidable dangers, in the frenzy of political and sectional warfare, through a dread of the appalling evils which must ensue in the subversion of our government, he, on a single occasion, assented to an act which wounded the moral sensibilities, disappointed the hopes, and grieved the hearts of thousands of good men, we, in order to judge of his motives, must place ourselves in his position, and look at the subject from his point of view. I believe that it was a great mistake; that the measure then adopted, with the action consequent upon it, by the antagonism thus created between the authority of law and the claims of justice and humanity, has seriously undermined the foundations of our government, and shaken the confidence of multitudes of our most loyal citizens in the Constitution of the United States, and in the judiciary generally, as the great safeguard of personal rights. In this State, I fear, we are only beginning to feel its disorganizing and unhappy effects.

But, however this may be, we are not to arraign and condemn him for this single act, standing apart from the whole substance and integrity of his public life. For I know of no distinguished statesman, whose speeches and writings from beginning to end, running, as they do in this case, through a period of more than forty years, have been uniformly marked by so pure a spirit of

patriotism, by a political wisdom so far-seeing and comprehensive, or by so hearty and so constant a recognition of the principles of religious and moral truth, as the only foundation for private happiness or public security. Indeed, his works may be taken as an exposition and living embodiment, in their largest sense, of the best principles, political, moral, and religious, which marked the character of our pilgrim-fathers, which have been transfused into their children, incorporated in their institutions, and which, with every new tide of emigration from our shores, are spreading themselves in the greenness of a perpetual youth, through the whole vast extent of our country. Where do we find all that is noblest and best in those heroic souls who first landed at Plymouth set forth in language so affecting and sublime, as in this brief description of the Mayflower? "Solemn supplications on the shore of the sea, in Holland, had invoked for her, at her departure, the blessings of Providence. The stars which guided her were the unobscured constellations of civil and religious liberty. Her deck was the altar of the living God. Fervent prayers on bended knees mingled morning and evening with the voices of ocean, and the sighing of the wind in her shrouds. Every prosperous breeze, which, gently swelling her sails, helped the Pilgrims onward in their course, awoke new anthems of praise; and when the elements were wrought into fury, neither the tempest, tossing their frail bark like a feather, nor the darkness and howling of the midnight storm, ever disturbed, in man or woman, the firm and settled purpose of their souls, to undergo all, and to do all, that the meekest patience, the boldest resolution, and the highest trust in God, could enable human beings to suffer and to perform." *

In the oration at Plymouth Rock, it would seem as if those early martyrs in the cause of religious freedom and truth had risen from their graves, to pour out through him their weightiest and most stirring oracles of divine wisdom, to awaken the conscience, to enlighten the understanding, and to fix deep in the heart of a nation the principles of faith and duty, which shall stand when the pillars of the earth are shaken. In the orations at Bunker Hill, and the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, the doctrines of our American Revolution are embodied, glowing with life, and with their vitality quickening all around them. In

* Works, vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

his address, a century after the birth of Washington, is one of the most striking pictures ever drawn of a Christian patriot and statesman, and his influence on succeeding generations. "In the cities," he said, "and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the father of his country. And it will be so in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold: they will contemplate his character, till all its virtues spread out, and display themselves to their delighted vision; as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights." *

But I must not linger here. There was a singular nobility about the man. No one could meet him, or see him among the thousands of any great assembly, without feeling that here was one on whom God had fixed the impress of his greatness. His eloquence, to those who heard him when most excited, produced, beyond that of all other men of our day, the loftiest impression of eloquence, the sense of boundless energy, lifting the minds of his hearers up into the region of the vast and infinite. When he rose to address his fellow-men on any great occasion, before a word had been spoken, there was in the man, as he stood before them, a personal presence the most imposing and sublime, fitted to compel attention, and of itself to give a new sense of the capabilities of our nature. Every thing about him was on a majestic scale. United with that mighty intellect were aspirations, emotions, and passions, of the same colossal dimensions. How far he may have given way to passions too strong for him, how bitterly he may have wept over his faults, or how earnestly prayed to be forgiven, it is not for us nor for any mortal man to know. But with all his greatness he had the sensibilities, and almost the weaknesses, of a child. To those who knew him intimately, his heart seemed even greater than his head. He never outgrew the affections of his childhood; and this great man, with all his varied experience of life, and with all his engrossing

* Works, vol. i. p. 221.

labors and his ambition, retained to the last his early reverence for his parents, and for whatever was connected with their memory. He delighted to leave behind the cares of state to visit the scenes of his earliest hopes, and linger tearfully by the graves of his father and mother. There was always pathos in his words when he referred to them.

He was generous, even to recklessness, in the use of money; and, in those personal attentions which money cannot buy, no one could be more generous than he. In his own home, among his domestics, with his rural neighbors, he was looked up to with love and veneration; and he was followed to the grave by more than one whom he had generously redeemed from slavery. With all his wonderful powers of mind, and his consummate skill as an advocate, "he could not," and no higher word of praise has been spoken, — "he could not — and all honor to his name that he could not — argue a bad cause comparatively well. His perception of truth was too clear, and his love of it too instinctive," to allow him to be "the champion of error." Notwithstanding the stern severity and the self-reliance with which he sometimes stood up against the world, and bade it do its worst; notwithstanding the indignation and scorn which sometimes seemed as if they would smite into the dust every thing ungenerous or unworthy, there was no man in the world more ready than he to forgive. If he found the bitterest enemy that he had on earth in want, he would, it has been said, have given him his last dollar and his sympathies. "My friend," he wrote to Mr. Everett, the editor of his works, "I wish to perpetuate no feuds. I have lived a life of strenuous political warfare. I have sometimes, though rarely, and that in self-defence, been led to speak of others with severity. I beg you, when you can do it without wholly changing the character of the speech, and thus doing essential injustice to me, to obliterate every personality of this kind. I should prefer not to leave a word that would give unnecessary pain to any honest man, however opposed to me." And, in conformity with this request, some of his most brilliant passages have been removed, and speeches that were full of fire and point are left comparatively cold and tame. Here was the greatness of a generous nature. And shall we be less generous towards him? He had undoubtedly great faults, though I believe that no man in our day has been more cruelly misrepre-

sented and maligned. Faults undoubtedly he had; and let him who is without sin cast the first stone against him. Let us rather dwell on what was great and generous and noble in him. That tongue which once moved a nation's heart is now as silent as the grave in which it lies entombed; that form, the most majestic that we have ever known belonging to a mortal man, which seemed to rise and dilate with the loftiness and grandeur of his theme, is now lying motionless and dead by the ashes of those whom he loved; those features once kindling with emotion, instinct with intelligence, and glowing with an expression which seemed more than human, are now sleeping their long sleep by the sounding sea, where he loved, when living, to go forth at eventide to meditate on the momentous concerns of time and eternity. There let them rest, undisturbed by any uncharitable judgments or unkind remembrances of ours. We give him up to Almighty God with devout gratitude for the great thoughts which he has bequeathed to us, for the sentiments of patriotism and of high moral enthusiasm, and for the deeper emotions of religious reverence and faith, which he has kindled within us.

For here, after all, was the secret of his power over the minds and hearts of men. In his political dissertations he was often cold and heavy, but never when any subject of high morality or religion was his theme. And these, in his happiest private hours, were favorite topics of conversation. I never heard him speak with such subdued and melting pathos as when acknowledging his religious obligations to the younger Buckminster; "a man," he said, "whom I can never think of without emotion, or mention without tears."

On Sunday mornings it was his custom to gather the members of his household together, to read to them from the Scriptures, and then to lead their devotions. There was no question in his house about attending public worship; but usually, morning and evening, he was found in his place, listening reverently to the services of the sanctuary. And this he did, not to patronize what he regarded as a useful institution, but because he felt the need of it to his own soul for his own instruction and support. He often said, that he never heard a sermon from which he could not draw some useful lesson. "When I attend upon the preaching of the gospel," he said to his minister, "I wish to have it made a personal matter." No man in the church, said one who was

for years his minister, was so readily affected by any touching representation of God's mercy, or the humiliation and sufferings of Christ. He belonged to no sect, but loved to dwell on the central and life-giving truths of our religion, the promises of Jesus, and the great facts recorded in the Gospels. He was a devout and diligent reader of the Scriptures, and found in them food for his highest meditations and the deepest wants of his nature. We sometimes hear it said, that such faith is the mark of a weak mind. But it was not so with him. In speaking of an early associate at the bar,* a man of powerful intellect, who had just died, he said, "The very notion of a Supreme Being was, with him, made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man like him, with all his proper sentiments and sensibilities alive in him, must in this state of existence have something to believe and something to hope for; or else, as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart-sinking and oppression. . . . Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death." †

He had intended to prepare a work on the internal evidences of Christianity, to show his heart-felt conviction of the "divine reality" of the gospel of Jesus; and, three days before his death, he dictated a paper in a few clear, compact words, stating the grounds of his faith.

The particulars of his death you know: how calm, how thoughtful of others, how careful of whatever might add to the happiness of his friends, how tender towards those who had long been employed in his family, how lowly and devout his attitude towards God! He improved every opportunity to impress on those around him a sense of the reality and the infinite value of religion. His eye kindled, and he seemed to gain new strength as he spoke of the principles and the promises of our faith. There was no shrinking from death, and no presumptuous confidence. "His warm affections," said one whose privilege it was to be with

* Jeremiah Mason. † Works, vol. ii. pp. 490, 491.

him, "remained unchanged, overflowing to all around him; and he could not so have died if he had not been sustained by a religious faith, such as a mind like his must possess if it lives at all. No expression escaped him which would mark him as of this or that theology, or of any church, save the universal church of Christ. 'What,' said he to those who gathered about him, 'what would be the condition of any one of us without the hope of immortality? What is there to rest that hope upon but the gospel?' And it was while resting his hope upon that foundation that he could look back over his long life, and say, 'My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's will. I thank him. I thank him for the means of doing some little good for these beloved objects, for the blessings that surround me, for my nature and associations. And I thank him that I am to die under so many circumstances of love and affection.'" "My general wish has been to do the will of God!" — who of us, when we are entering the valley of the shadow of death, can, except presumptuously, say more than this? "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," were the passages which he asked to have read in his family devotion on the morning after his death, together with our Saviour's prayer on the evening before the crucifixion, requesting that his friends should dwell particularly on the words, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given to me, that they may be one, as we are." He did not rest on his own virtues or merits. His dying prayer was, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and take me to thyself, through Jesus Christ." There, in the hands of his God, we leave him, in the assured and blessed hope of the resurrection of the dead and of life everlasting.

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## THE VALE OF REST.

FROM UHLAND.

When, in evening's fading glow,
Cloudy summits, Alps of gold,
Rising westward I behold,
Often tearfully I wonder,
"Does my Vale of Rest lie yonder,
Lie between them and below?" F.

## RECOMPENSE.

If human words for ever fail
To tell of human grief,
They also fail to tell of that
Which brings the heart relief.

For deeper down, below the source
Of word, or even thought,
Lies that great Hope, with human grief
Mysteriously inwrought.

With mortal griefs, immortal joys,
High consolations come;
The star of Faith sheds brightest beams
Upon the newest tomb!

Eternal, death-subduing Love
Enters within the veil;
Shines brightest out from folding eyes,
When sun and stars grow pale.

No waters dark can quench this love,
Nor floods of Jordan drown;
It passes through the gates of Death,
And stands before God's throne!

For ever freed from earthly taint,
It burns with purer light;
And, unto trusting hearts reveals
More than is lost to sight.

Then, on dead faces, let us look
With calm and holy faith;
'Mid rising sobs, let open ears
Hear what the Spirit saith.

Except our dear ones go away,
No Comforter would come,
No shining path would light us up
To our celestial home.

S. F. C.

## DEATH OF REV. FRANCIS PARKMAN, D.D.

Dr. Parkman died on the twelfth day of November. His brethren in the ministry, and a multitude besides, will be moved to a sincere mourning by his unexpected departure. His cordial manners, his cheerful temper, his active habits, and animated speech, will form a delightful memory; but they will be greatly missed among us. His pleasant familiarity never transgressed the bounds of perfect courtesy; and, even in the less restrained moments of social intercourse, something was always present in his deportment to betoken his excellent professional breeding. It was his custom, indeed, to insist with considerable scrupulousness on the clerical proprieties and formalities that formerly, more than now, distinguished the ministerial vocation; and those whose taste in these respects was less exacting than his own, will long remember the good-natured rebukes with which he pursued their departures from the ancient rule. Another of the few representatives of the older school of gentlemen, and of the distinctive pulpit character of the last generation, has passed away.

In his relations to his brethren, Dr. Parkman was singularly urbane and conciliatory. Many preachers of his own denomination will now remember afresh, with grateful grief, how his friendly countenance encouraged their beginnings, — how the cordial grasp of his hand promised fellowship and fraternity, — how generously and thoughtfully he appreciated whatever was capable of being honestly commended in their performances. With an eye naturally quick to detect faults, as his friends could not but know, trained, too, by extensive observation and travel, with a constitutional relish of ludicrous incongruities, and with an honorable frankness in disapproving what he thought to be wrong, — he yet very rarely offended any by harsh judgments or inconsiderate criticisms. A more consummate skill in making language reflect the play of his own thought and feeling, in ordinary conversation, is not often found in any man. He knew how to choose fit and delicate terms. He loved scriptural quotations on all occasions, and kept the attention of the company awake by piquant turns of expression, and quaint phrases. Nor was his wit or eloquence wanting when the tone of the talk was raised. He had an admirable faculty of describing the peculiarities of public men, and the former events with which he had been conversant. These remarkable conver-

sational gifts, together with his refined social connections, contributed to the eminence of his position, both in England, where he was much respected, and among literary associations at home.

As a preacher, Dr. Parkman was uniformly serious and practical. In his long pastorate in the New North Church, his fidelity and devotion were untiring, as both the living and the dead might testify. He was a genuine respecter of humble virtue. He honored the poor saints. He blessed the widow and the fatherless. He was prompt in all the offices of consolation and charity. Family wealth never weakened his labors, nor enticed him to forget the claims of the least conspicuous in his flock, — and that is no light honor to his Christian conscience; but it did make him the constant and munificent guardian of penury and distress. His house was the centre of countless mercies to the various forms of want, as we happen to know; and there were few solicitors of alms, local or itinerant, whether for private suffering or public benefactions, that his doors did not receive and send away satisfied.

Though subject to occasional attacks of nervous illness, Dr. Parkman accomplished large labors. He contributed, throughout his ministerial life, to our principal theological and religious journals. He spoke extemporaneously with much ease, and often. He took much satisfaction in every evidence afforded him of the comforting influence exerted by the devout work he compiled for the afflicted. For many years he has been widely known and esteemed for his efficient interest in some of our most prominent and useful institutions of philanthropy. Among these we may especially mention the "Massachusetts Bible Society," the "Society for Propagating the Gospel," and the "Orphan Asylum;" the two former of which are indebted to him for a protracted term of official services, and many carefully drawn reports. Whatever cause he believed to promote the elevation or welfare of the community was sure to find in him an advocate and patron. Harvard College, of which he was a graduate, an overseer, and a frequent visitor, was very dear to his heart; and its concerns touched his personal pride. He was a zealous and consistent friend of the Unitarian denomination, but was too catholic in his feelings to favor an exclusive policy towards any Christian sect. One of the last acts of his life was to preside over the Unitarian Convention in Baltimore, a post to which his peculiar qualifications as a Moderator of assemblies often called him.

We cannot pass over his pre-eminent and singular endowments as the conductor of worship. It is not a matter to be

enlarged upon; but those who ever joined in Dr. Parkman's public prayers would feel any notice of him to be incomplete that did not advert to the beautiful and affecting union of fervor and simplicity, scriptural language, various allusion, and ever appropriate reference to circumstances and persons, which marked his petitions and thanksgivings.

In writing this sketch of the character of a good man and faithful minister, we have only obeyed the impulse of gratitude and friendship. We have done imperfectly for him what he often did for those servants of the Master who went to their rest before him; for he always delighted to honor the memory of the righteous. Our sympathies are with his bereaved household and kindred.

ED.

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## THE DYING FLOWER.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

POET.

STILL thou livest, gentle Hope,
That the Spring will come at last:
Do not all the blossoms hope,
Though they fade at Autumn's blast?
Still their buds, with hopeful trusting,
Wait the gloomy winter through,
Till again the sap is glowing,
And their verdure springs anew.

FLOWER.

Ah! no sturdy tree am I,
Green a thousand summers long,
And, its winter-dream flown by,
Singing new its vernal song.
I am but a little flower,
Wakened by the kiss of May;
And I die, and leave no trace
With the dying summer day.

* This poem is a dialogue (so to speak) between a poet and a flower complaining of her short life. "Yet a life, even without immortality, is good," says the penitent flower.

POET.

Yet despair not, though thou art
But a modest little flower;
For to every plant is given
Seed of self-reviving power.
Let the raging storm of Death
To the winds thy life-dust strew:
From that scattered dust thou shalt
Hundred-fold thyself renew.

FLOWER.

Where I perish may be seen
Many another such as I;
For the Whole is ever green,
But the One must droop and die;
If they are what once I was,
I myself am so no more;
Only now I really live,
Never after, nor before.

What though they the same sun's ray
Feel, that now on me is shining?
Still remains the sad decree,
Me to endless night consigning.
Sun! even now thy beckoning smile
To the future flowers I see;
Wherefore, with such chilling scorn,
Laugh'st thou from the lift at me?

Woe's me that I trusted in thee,
When awakened by thy ray!
Woe's me that I gazed upon thee,
Till thou stol'st my life away!
I, with that short life's poor remnant,
From thy kindness would be free;
In myself, myself enfolding,
Gladly would I hide from thee.

Ah! my stubborn soul thou meltest,
Till its ice in tears flows free:
Take my fleeting life, oh, take it
Everlasting unto thee!

Thou hast sunned from out my heart
All its grief and all its woe;
And, for all thy love has given,
Dying, will I bless thee now.

Thanks for every morning breeze
That I waved in, day by day;
For the butterflies around me,
Ever hovering, bright and gay;
For the eyes my beauty gladdened,
Hearts my fragrance filled with glee;
Since of beauty and of fragrance
Thou hast made me, thank I thee.

Adding grace to deck the world,
Lowly though my lot and poor,
Thou hast let me bloom in field,
As the stars in heaven's floor.
One last breath have I to breathe,
And it shall not be a sigh;
One look for the lovely earth,
One last gaze upon the sky.

World's eternal heart of flame,
Oh! receive my parting breath:
Heaven, spread thine azure tent;
Mine, all faded, sinks in death.
Farewell, Spring, thy gladsome sheen,
Morning breeze, thy freshening strain!
Without sorrow shall I sleep,
Without hope to rise again.

F.

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"ONE-IDEA" men will of necessity desire the concentration of all the progressive energy of mankind to their particular point of progress; but Heaven's plan is to diffuse it throughout all the departments of human activity, according to their proportionate relation to the final design. The Great Body must grow, at the same time, in all its members. As the hand enlarges, the brain enlarges. But it is better as it is, even though its motion be less perceptible. — *Craig.*

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — No. 20.

*Bartol's Discourses on the Christian Body and Form.* Published by Crosby and Nichols. — The purpose of the volume, as set forth in a carefully written introduction, — the style of which is less direct and simple than that of the sermons following it, — is to meet and resist the tendency of the times to disparage the Body-and-Form element in Christianity; a tendency which, as we suppose, has reached the aphelion, so far as this community is concerned, and already begins to show signs of a reaction. But the argument, the illustrations, and the emotional appeals of this work are all needed yet; and it becomes all believers among us to be thankful that they have proceeded from a writer evidently furnished by nature and the Spirit with the affinities for a subject so profound and solemn. Any touch of levity, complacency, or irreverence, would sadly deform the theme. There is a tolerably regular progress and methodical distribution of topics, from the first sermon, entitled "The Body of Christ," to the last, on "The Christian's Heavenly Vision;" although some of the discourses are much more immediately related to the main drift than others. While the faith disclosed throughout is in the best sense evangelical, the matter is not handled with such rigor of construction, or such narrowness of view, as to offend the liberal reader. All persons who are anxious to see a more thoroughly organized and consistently developed church-life will find their studies quickened, if not guided, by these sincere meditations. From the language at the close of the introduction, we should almost infer that the sermons had been written with explicit reference to their presentation in a connected series; but their contents would rather suggest that they have been selected and arranged by an afterthought.

*Memorial of John W. Foster.* By Rev. A. P. Peabody. Published by James F. Shores, jun., Portsmouth; Crosby, Nichols, & Co. Boston; and C. S. Francis & Co. New York. — In some sense, this work is a discussion of the whole object, working, and spirit of the Sunday-school system. Multiplied as the good causes were on which this good man expended his usefulness, his labors and affections particularly identified him with this institution. The editor of his papers and writer of the memoir would

seem to have been abundantly qualified for his task, by personal intimacy and sympathy. Apart from its value to the great multitude who loved and revered Mr. Foster in the city and neighborhood of his residence, this work possesses claims to a more general attention. Besides the memoir and two addresses on the character of the deceased, it contains a body of his letters, ten addresses, and seventeen miscellaneous pieces, chiefly occupied with subjects pertaining to personal piety and religious education.

*Miall's Footsteps of our Forefathers.* Published by Gould & Lincoln. — Much historical research appears to have been spent on this enthusiastic account of the progress and struggles of Christian liberty in England. It has the advantage of bringing into a compact and convenient form a great deal of general and particular information relating to the development of one grand idea. It is however, much more a sketch of persons and places than a history of the actings of a principle. It deals not only with Freedom, but with its opposite; being intended to exhibit, "in a form as little repulsive as the nature of the subject will allow, some of the phenomena of Religious Intolerance, especially as it has been displayed in a Protestant form, and to indicate the mistaken principle in which these melancholy results have had their origin."

*Chambers's Pocket Miscellany.* — From the same publishers we have received numbers four, five, six, and seven of this various and crowded series. Each number is complete in itself. We have before invited attention to the diversified matter that is here compressed into a cheap and portable shape. If it is not too late, we should be glad to suggest, at least for the sake of its juvenile readers, that the proportion of horrible incidents, and narratives of criminals, might profitably be reduced. May we also venture the opinion that the omission from the title-page of such an appeal to the vulgar eye as "Take this along with you, 'tis just the book you want," would be more than justified by the dignified position of one of our most prominent and successful book-establishments?

"*To Daimonion,*" *or the Spiritual Medium.* By TRAVERSE OLDFIELD. From the same publishers. — Partly historical, partly antiquarian, partly disquisitorial, partly hortatory, partly classical, partly conjectural, this treatise deals with the taking topics of the times, — witchcraft, pretended supernaturalism, divination, visions, swoons, nervous agents, charms, magic, magnetism, clairvoyance, somnambulism, oracles, media, rappings, thunder-showers, demons, fascinations, "seraphic eloquence," and even the "music of the spheres," — a class of subjects of which we can only say that it

requires a very urgent external stimulus to awaken in us that curiosity or concern for their investigation, wherein we are deficient by nature. So far as these books really help forward an inquiry which seems fairly cast upon the age, and in fact upon all ages before this, we ought certainly to rejoice in their multiplication. But so far as they only occupy incompetent minds with foolish fancies, seducing the unscientific from business really within their grasp, the public should be shy of them.

*Selections in Poetry.* For Exercises at School and at Home. Edited by EPES SARGENT. With Illustrations by Billings and others. Thomas, Cowperthwaite, & Co. Philadelphia. — In a well-proportioned duodecimo, very inviting to the eye and the heart, Mr. Sargent seems to us to have here apprehended both the intellectual and the spiritual nature of the young, and the wants of their unperverted taste. Out of resources provided by his ample acquaintance with the best English writers of verse on both sides of the Atlantic, from the earliest period of our literature, he has drawn rich contributions of lyrical wisdom and melody, such as no youthful student can grow familiar with, and not be moved to a better life. The selections are largely of a serious, contemplative and even religious character. In this choice the compiler has been guided not only by a poet's experience, but by a truthful observation of what children really are. Critics, that judge otherwise, need a deeper acquaintance with the facts. The breast of youth is not altogether the gay trifler it superficially seems. Under its radiant exterior there lie many broad and sombre shadows. Thoughts that are ready to lift their wings into the wide and holy sphere of immortality hide beneath that tender covert. Turn over the tattered scraps of poetry that almost any young person of either sex has gleaned from newspapers, or transcribed into an album, and you will see how uniformly they speak the language of some sacred and solemn feeling; how few flippant, merry, or grotesque fugitives find admission there. The whole spirit of this volume is pure as the sun's light; and, if its beam were to shine into every home in the land, the temper of the people would soon be serener and safer for it.

*The Cloud with the Silver Lining.* James Munroe & Co. — Equally touching, brightening, purifying, with its predecessors from the same hand, — "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," "Only," "Old Joliffe," &c. &c. First comes the cloud; then, the lining. Till this has been bought, nobody need hesitate about a holiday-present.

Crosby & Nichols have permitted us an early glimpse of a fascinating nest of children's books, called "Uncle Sam's Library for the Boys and Girls in his U. S. A." The titles of the six little volumes are as follows: — "The Christmas Eve," "Geordie and his Dog," "Stories and Legends," "The Picture Alphabets," "All for the Best," "The Eskdale Herd-boy." To the authorship of the greater portion we have no clue; but we have examined them sufficiently to be satisfied that both the five parts which are new to us, and the sixth, which is familiar, are all prepared by writers that well understand what reading children desire, and what they ought to have. The same publishers have sent us another snugly-arranged case, in six parts, similar in some respects to the preceding, but designed for older readers, and bound with great elegance. These are called, collectively, "Six Pleasant Companions for Spare Hours." The names of the six, in their order, are, — "Little Freddy and his Fiddle," from the German of A. L. Grimm; "Saddler Müller's Wendell," by Mary Howitt; "Little Lizzie and the Fairies," and "Sunny Hair's Dream," by Dinah Maria Mulock; "Tony the Sleepless," by Madame de Chatelaine; "The Road to Fortune," by R. Reimick; "Finikin and his Gold Pippins," by Madame de Chatelaine. All these are illustrated with taking, graphic, and comic engravings. By all means let the perplexed host that for the next month will be seeking to gratify childish fancies, inquire for each series at 111, Washington-street.

*Home Cookery; a Collection of Tried Receipts, both Foreign and Domestic.* By Mrs. J. CHADWICK. — This is beyond our faculty. It tells of more good things than we ever tasted, and rather more than a strictly apostolic diet would properly include. If Mr. Weller's condition of the eatableness of a veal-pie were to be applied to this volume, there are people enough assured of its merits already to devour it the moment it is served.

*The Farmers' Almanac* of ROBERT B. THOMAS, for 1853. Jenks, Hickling, & Swan. — Enough has been said, of this old favorite at New England firesides, when we report that it has throughout the familiar look, and preserves its features as unaltered as if the time, whose progress it chronicles and calculates, stood still.

We have the following pamphlets: *Rev. J. W. Higginson's Installation Sermon at Worcester, "On Things New and Old."* A performance from which we are reluctant to express our doctrinal dissent, without cordially testifying to the candor and clearness of its statements, the earnestness of its reformatory pleading, and the

catholicity of its temper. We hope to introduce some short extracts from it into our pages.

*The Letter of President Sparks to Lord Mahon* is as fine an example of the true dignity and refinement of literary controversy, as it is a successful and triumphant vindication of the writer's editorial fidelity. The polished bits of satire, that gleam out here and there, have the true Damascene edge; but they seem to be warranted by the rudeness of the attack.

*Professor C. C. Felton's Address at the Dedication of the New Academy Building at Taunton* is full of elegant learning and just counsel. An interesting historical account, by Rev. C. H. Brigham, forms a fit sequel.

"*The Christian Repository*" continues to be conducted with energy by Professor Stebbins and his coadjutors.

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The death of the Hon. Daniel Webster, as might be expected, has been the occasion of much fervid and able utterance in the pulpit as well as in legislative halls, courts, and popular assemblies. Such pre-eminence in intellectual power, in official honors, in the master-works of statesmanship, could hardly pass away from sight without these enthusiastic voices on every side. A preacher, who happened not so to use the occasion, is made to feel at once how fertile a theme he missed, and how well his speech could be spared. It has been charged on the liberal pulpit by a sharp critic, that, in its lack of devotion to doctrines of more permanent, universal, and scriptural interest, it discovers a singular appetency for treating awful calamities, departures of eminent persons, accidents of travel, and so comes to regard a steamboat explosion, or a railroad collision, as quite a windfall, making public disasters its chief advantage, and a shocking mortality its own life. In this case, however, the clergy of all denominations seem to have been equally large in their discourse. The dangers of sermons on the lives and deaths of distinguished men are probably these, — that the preacher will be tempted to speak with a view to meeting a supposed expectation in his audience, rather than out of a profound or real feeling in himself, and so will employ some expressions of grief not quite sincere, nor heard from him in his natural conversation; or that he will be led into ambitious efforts to set forth the personal distinctions of the deceased mortal, and to analyze his intellectual nature, — efforts comporting better with the weight of his subject than with the ministry of Christ; or else that he will speak without actual knowledge, presuming upon vague impressions and

fallacious rumors, so abusing his subject on the one hand, or the moral sense of his hearers, and the inflexible sternness of the Divine judgments, on the other. Dr. Johnson, we believe, hazarded the opinion, that the old Roman maxim, in strict loyalty to truth, ought to be inverted, and to read, — *De mortuis nil nisi verum; de vivis nil nisi bonum;* emphasizing the *de*, we suppose, in the last clause, thus marking the distinction between reproof and scandal. But this is a hard saying: let those receive it who can.

The discourses that have fallen under our notice, besides the one presented in our own pages, have been those of Rev. Messrs. Bellows, Thompson, King, and Bartol. They all dwell on the place Mr. Webster held in the nation — among other political leaders and jurists — in legislative, diplomatic, and literary relations; and as an expounder of the evidences of Christianity. Mr. Thompson deals more than either of the others with the religious aspects of the occasion, and leads us, through a series of affecting contemplations, to a solemn recognition of the impressive providence.

We cannot refrain, in this connection, from suggesting — diffidently, the practice of so many being against our judgment — a doubt whether the current oratorical use of Mr. Webster's last words is really quite just to his memory. Taken in their literal and only tolerable meaning, they seem to us of most touching and wonderful beauty. That such a man should wake out of a short and sickly sleep, into which he had fallen with thoughts of the infinite and impending Hereafter occupying his whole soul, and instantly say, with all the simplicity of a little child's surprise, "I still live," or "I am still alive, when I might well have expected to die in this sleep," — it discloses a composure of spirit, an unconscious superiority to the passing physical change, beautiful exceedingly. But now, to ring this phrase in our ears, perpetually distorting it to one of two other senses, viz. either a prediction of his personal immortality, which reduces it to a feeble common-place, or a boast of his posthumous renown, which sinks it into contempt, — what shall we say of this, but that it is an error and an injury? The eulogists have material enough without it. Of course, it may be explained that these constructions of the words are only accommodations; but then the accommodated sense is likely to be so overdone as to completely obscure the original one, and so to communicate to the remote audience and to history an impression any thing but creditable to the dying hero. It is a satisfaction to find, on competent authority, that another sentence, insignificant and conceited, extensively imputed to him, did not proceed from his lips.

# INDEX.


Among the Hills, p. 471.
Aonio Paleario, 193.
Bible Readings — Joseph, 241.
Case of Rev. Dr. King, 322.
Christianity a Message of Pardon, 437.
Christian Secret in the Keeping of the Christian Heart, 485.
Church of Christ, 25.
Convention at Cincinnati, 329.
Criticism and Candor, 190.
Death of the Rev. Francis Parkman, D.D. 570.
Definite Christian Faith desirable and possible, 293.
Doctrine of the Spirit, 271.
Dream (The), 433.
Early Sorrow, 402.
Editor's Collectanea, 186, 575.
Egypt, 368.
Erasmus, 413.
Extracts, 43, 56, 95, 96, 131, 157, 176, 333, 339, 353, 360, 369, 388, 412, 424, 432, 574.
Extract from a Sermon on the Death of Hon. Daniel Webster, 533.
Faith, 355.
Fitness for the Church, 97.
Foster (John W.), of Portsmouth, 182.
God in our Age, 37.
Good Words and Good Works, 527.
Holy Time in the Country, 324.
Humble Monitors, 524.
Incidents in the Life of Moses, 389.
Jesus Defending himself before the Sanhedrim, 317.
Jew and Catholic, 88.
Joining the Church, 10.
Judging One Another, 529.
Letter addressed to a Sabbath Scholar, 385.
Letter on Housekeeping, 480.
Letter to the Editor from Canada, 75.
Letter to a Student in Religion, 350.
Logging Encampment, 211.
Luther, his Boyhood and Youth, 104.
Managing Children, 358.
Manse (The), 513.
Moral Decision, 377.
New Beginning, 44.
New England Fathers, 1.
Orangemen, 419.
Our Life hid with Christ, 204.
Our Religious Wants, 57, 284.
Passage of the Red Sea, 543.
Patriarchal History, 49.
Perfect Liberty and Perfect Obedience, 145.
Persian, Jew, and Christian, 181.
Physical Endurance, 327.
Picture of Human Life, 13.
Publications, 48, 186, 238, 292, 340, 436, 483, 575.
Recollections of Early Life, 309.
Religion and Art, 538.
Result of the "New Beginning," 83.
Shut the Door, 555.
Sufferings of Christ, 111.
Talent and its Treatment, 151.
The Gospel divine, 341.
The Minister, 155.
The Three Baptisms, 370.
The Three Spinners, 456.
Thoughts on the Transfiguration, 445.
Thoughts of a Traveller, 515.
Three Chapters of a New Book, 89.
Two Kinds of Preaching, 387.
Unitarianism in Washington, 143.
Vision of Danger, 235.

Visions of Isaiah, 255.
Wants of our Sabbath Schools, 473.
Wayside Thoughts, 553.
What is Religion! 81.
White (Rev. John), 173.
Winter, 123.
Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, 177, 205, 258, 334, 406, 493.
Young Men's Associations, 188.
Zwingli's Cathedral at Zurich, 450.

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SERMONS.

Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives. By Rev. A. Lamson, D.D. 132.
Christ the Way. By Rev. Mordecai De Lange, 226.
God's Care in our Discipline. By the Editor, 461.
Identity of Man after Death, 158.
Message of the Church to Laboring Men. By Rev. Charles Kingsley, jun. 60.
Nearness of the Spiritual World. By Rev. F. O. Williams, 265.
Providence. By Rev. Hasbrouck Davis, 300.
Repentance. By Rev. W. P. Tilden, 361.
The Christian Theory of Life. By Rev. W. P. Lunt, D.D. 27.
The Death of Hon. Daniel Webster. By Rev. John H. Morison, 558.
The Rejection of Christ by the Jews. By Rev. Charles A. Farley, 425.
The Reserve of God. By Rev. J. H. Phipps, 501.

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POETRY.

A Disciple's Petition, 82.
Blind Pastor, 216.
Christ and the Soul, 472.
Death of an Infant, 87.
Lines, 74, 435.
Lines on the Prodigal Son, 254.
Lines written at Niagara, 523.
On the Departure of an Infant, 500.
Recompense, 569.
Selfish Grief and Resignation, 510.
Sabbath Bells, 9.
Sabbath in the Valley, 308.
The Angel of Patience, 542.
The Annunciation, 431.
The Dying Flower, 572.
The Metre of the Trees, 376.
The Shepherd's Sunday Song, 460.
The Stars, 483.
The Vale of Rest, 568.
Woman's Mission, 354.
Words, a Power and a Trust, 154.